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Grace Brown Gardner
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WHALESHIPS

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**"Whim-whams and Opinions"
Aboard a "Whaler."**

*A young man's journal of a whaling
voyage on a Nantucket ship over 100
years ago, presented in instalments.*

Chapter One.

I was born—no matter where; my parents were—no matter who. My disposition to roam having carried me to Boston, I resolved to take once more to the salt pond, without informing my parents of my destination. There being no ships at this place that were going on long voyages, I proceeded to Nantucket where I was confident they could be obtained.

This (Nantucket) is an island almost adjoining Cape Cod and partakes a little of its nature—being all sand. The latest history of its origin and the most probable is: Manshae, the Great Spirit, came on a visit to the Indians of Gay Head and, after partaking of a hearty meal, they collected all the tobacco on the island to fill his pipe. After he had finished smoking, he put one foot over on Naushon and, in this position, emptied the ashes of his pipe, which formed this island. With few exceptions, the inhabitants were avaricious, ignorant and superstitious. As they are all employed in the whale fishing, it does not entice much commerce nor intercourse with other parts—neither does the place (which is a dreary waste) have any charms for the invalid or stranger. In a national point of view, its benefits are many. Their enterprise and industry have carried our flag to nations and latitudes all over the globe. Their oil supplies our cities with light, their shipping employs a great many green hands who seldom go the second time but which, of course, supplies our shipping in other ports with hardy and able seamen. In a few words, it may be called the nursery of American seamen.

At this place, without counsel to aid or advise, I entered in the capacity of mariner on board the South Sea whaler, the ship "Hero", of Nantucket.

On the 8th of November, 1821, she sailed in ballast to Old Town for our provisions, boats, etc. This employ detained us until the 1st of January, 1822, when we weighed anchor and proceeded to Tarpaulin Cove. The wind being unfavorable, we were detained until the 4th, when we finally took our departure from the land of liberty.

Most all our hands being unaccustomed to the motion of a ship, those countenances that before had been expressions of pleasure and health, in a moment became dejected, pale and terrific—such a scene is difficult to describe. Literally, it was a floating hospital. Some would lay prostrate on the deck, as regardless of the spray as it was of them. Others were lying on their chests, sighing to be home where some friendly hand would administer to their wants, instead of which their shipmates, more accustomed to the boisterous elements, stood and laughed at their calamity. Our passage through the Gulf of Mexico was cold and boisterous. Af-

ter arriving in the trade winds, all hands once more mustered to duty and in a few days their countenances resumed their former vivacity and their stomachs their former appetites.

On board these ships it is customary to have a man at each masthead for the purpose of looking out for whales. This, instead of being a disagreeable berth, is, on the contrary, the most agreeable for, without neglecting your duty, you can recall to mind your past conduct, plan your future pursuits and consider your later end, without any annoyance save the chirping of the sea birds over your head.

Here, active fancy travels beyond sense,
And pictures things unseen.

The boats employed in chasing the whale are constructed of light materials, 18 or 20 feet in length, sharp at both ends so as to be propelled off and on. The apparatus attached to them includes: a line coiled a la mode Flemish, in a tub seated near the stern, at which place there is a loggerhead. Around this the line is taken, the end carried to the bow and the harpoon fastened to it. With this, when sufficiently near, the harpooner rises and strikes the whale.

The moment he feels the instrument the whale feels with his flukes for the offending object, but the boat, by this time, is sterned off. He then takes to sounding and goes under sometimes the length of the line, which is from 150 to 170 fathoms. His speed at this time may be judged by its requiring one hand to wet the line to keep it from firing the loggerhead, while the other hand is employed in holding on. After staying under from a quarter to a half hour, the whale then rises to the surface to "blow". The boats are then hauled on and the officer with his lance kills the huge animal—though sometimes with difficulty and considerable danger. Our boats were fortunate in being stove only three or four times.

Nothing occurred worthy of note (breaking out the hold every day excepted) until our arrival in latitude 28° S, when the man at masthead sung out "There she blows!" There was considerable confusion as most of us were ignorant of the manner of catching whales and, not being accustomed to a small open boat, it added considerable toward retarding the pursuit. After rowing a half mile we came up with the school and soon laid two of them dead or, as whalers say, "belly up". They were then towed alongside, their hide (or blubber) cut off and hauled in, where there are two pots erected for the purpose of trying. These two whales made seventy barrels of oil. Until this critical juncture my spirits and ambition had been at its height, but the filthiness and fatigue of the work, both day and night, made my high spirits leave this tenement of clay through every avenue in it.

We are now shaping a direct course to Cape Horn and, as we approach it, are taking every precaution in our power to withstand its boisterous shores. From what I had heard of it I anticipated considerable disagreeable weather. On the voyage I had read Commodore Porter's narrative which, in his description of the Cape, corroborated all I had heard.

After 60 days of buffeting the boisterous elements, accompanied with hail and snow, we finally succeeded in getting round. Such were my fears that I had anticipated more than was realized—though I admit we suffered considerable. In my opinion, Porter made a Judas of himself in his description of this place. He was only 15 days off here, with a fine, well-manned frigate under him. Yet thousands of his countrymen, in worse times and ships, seldom make mention of it—though an author must be allowed to say something (right or wrong) to make a book. We ran south as far as 61° but found no wind or weather to favor us. I should say Porter's directions concerning the route are correct for if you keep in sight of, or near to, land and a favorable wind should happen (which lasts but a short time, at best) you can take advantage of it. On the contrary, if far to the southward, it is of little benefit. We saw here a large whale, but it was, and always is, too rugged here to catch them.

We ran as far as Concepcion, and then commenced cruising. Formerly, at this latitude, ships could fill in a short time, but whales are seldom seen here in these days and, when found, they are so wild that they are caught with difficulty.

As we did not go into any of the ports on the coast of Chili, I can form no idea of the country, but I am informed that the soil is fertile—producing wheat, rye, corn, etc.; with all kinds of fruit in abundance—and very cheap. Valparaiso is the principal seaport and city on the coast, from which there is considerable commerce carried on, principally by Americans.

We proceeded along the coast, occasionally catching whales, until our arrival at Payta, a small town in south latitude 5°, on the coast of Peru. Nothing could induce any civilized people to reside here were it not for the good harbor, which attracts whale ships to stop here to repair and recruit. The town contains about 200 houses or huts. Both public and private buildings are constructed of bamboo and mud, one story high. The household furniture consists principally of an oak bench which extends around the room and answers a two-fold purpose of chairs and bedsteads. In the center of the room, a little elevated, stands an iron pot which, when they have provisions, is used for cooking. Let their poverty be ever so great, still the house is filled with half-starved domestic animals which make it dangerous for a person to eat anywhere near them without first securing them.

At this place there is no vestige of vegetation, nor any water fit for drinking purposes within ten miles. The town is situated at the foot of a high bluff to the top of which I climbed after great difficulty and, for my pains, saw nothing but a dreary waste. I am informed, however, that the interior, from whence they procure their substance, is very fertile.

At this place we were allowed one day's liberty—after being at sea for 150 days. While we were quietly seated in a private house, partaking of fruit, what was our astonishment when we were saluted by a ragga-muffin Spaniard carrying something that had the appearance of a musquet.

He addressed us with the words "largo boardo" ("go on board"). At first we hesitated to obey the summons, but, none of us understanding much of the language so that we could not ascertain the cause of the order, and seeing others come to assist him, we concluded that he was obeying orders from higher authority, and we tamely submitted and marched to the pier.

Here we found 50 or 60 seamen from other ships who had been escorted in the same honorable manner as ourselves, and here we also heard the cause of our being held in durance vile. The case was: an Indian belonging to our crew had become intoxicated and had engaged in a skirmish with four or five of the Spaniards. The masters of the ships in port had become fearful of serious consequences ensuing, so they had an order issued from the Commandant for us to be sent on board.

At the time my blood boiled with indignation to see a parcel of young men deprived of our liberty when we were peaceably enjoying ourselves (and that civilly) and molesting or injuring no one. To make the circumstances more aggravating we were ordered and guarded by a domineering and lousy Spanish soldier.

Had we been unanimous, the masters and the Spaniards would have

paid dearly for their presumptuousness. Our guard at the pier amounted to three, with muskets destitute of locks or bayonets. It was the wish of many (and it could have been done with ease) to knock down the guard and finish our liberty. Under all my chagrin, I could not refrain from laughing to see a small Yankee lad offer one of the guard a shilling to view his musquet and, after he had inspected it and found that it could not injure anyone out of arm's reach, calmly throw it down and make off. Others who were resolved to have their liberty out, bribed the guard for the sum of twenty-five cents and quietly departed; while others peaceably submitted and went on board.

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CHAPTER TWO.

Continued from Last Week.

The air at Payta is dry and serene. The vast mountains (Andes) that run through here are very beneficial in that they send refreshing breezes from their snowy caps to the valleys below.

It is very remarkable that it never rains in this country. This defect is supplied, however, by heavy night dews which sufficiently refresh the vegetable creation. Amongst all the inhabitants pride, laziness, avarice and jealousy are the most predominant passions. The lower orders are addicted to theft and often for trifling things murder is committed.

At present, all the sea ports, where Lord Cochrane could bring his guns to bear, have submitted to the Patriot cause. When his avarice is satisfied away goes the conqueror and leaves the natives to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling. My Lord Cochrane made these poor devils a visit uninvited and unexpected. He landed a handful of men along the coast, about six miles above the town, with directions to guard the roads leading into the interior, while he made his appearance before the town with a frigate and demanded its surrender to the Patriot cause. Supposing their retreat sure in the event he made an attempt to land, they refused. He then opened his ports, fired a few guns and then landed and marched into the town. In the meantime, the citizens had mustered all their valuables (most of which belonged to the church) and made for the country.

What was their surprise to find a band of men in their front and others at their rear. Without further opposition they surrendered and became Patriots.

Not finding much booty, Lord Cochrane decided to strike terror into the natives so had the town fired, which consumed most all the buildings and their contents. As they have to procure all their furniture from the whalers, it will be some time before they regain their former level.

Having procured a supply of potatoes, we weighed anchor and went to Tumbes, in south latitude 3° and west longitude 81°. Here, for the first time in six months, we were greeted by the pleasing sight of vegetation. This is a point of land extending into the sea for 5 or 6 miles and being about 2 miles wide. In the center is a small fresh water river extending inland for 9 or 10 miles, at the head of which stands the town of Tumbes. The soil on the banks of the river is fertile (equal to that of Louisiana), but it was with difficulty that we obtained a few vegetables. Would that ere long the industrious Yankees may become masters of this fertile region! Then the sea-worn mariner may let go his anchor with the hopes of procuring nourishment and being made welcome to the fruits of the land. Such a day, in my opinion, is not far distant, for, with their indolence, church tithes and wars, they are going to destruction on eagles' wings.

I was on shore but one day and had no desire to go the second, for the only thing worthy of attention is their fruit. This they raise in abundance and, as it requires but little labor, it is their chief sustenance.

The town is irregularly laid out and the buildings are similar to those of Payta, but there is a wide difference in the splendor of the furnishings. I dined at the mansion of the Commandant's son, in company with five or six of my shipmates, on a table "4 x 6" without cloth. At my plate, or piece of one, was an absence of knife or spoon but, fortunately, my jack-knife was in my pocket and it answered every purpose. Others were destitute of forks also, and even plates. However, as the good people took pains to carve before cooking, and as the food was quite dry, these implements were unnecessary. For the sake of dispatch, our dinner consisted of one dish—made up of goat, potatoes, cabbage, carrots and beans—all boiled together.

After the above was consumed, a few songs followed and, to change the scenery, our beverage consisted of cold water. The only disadvantage I had to labor under was being forced to make motions with my hands while transporting the food to my mouth, or else the dogs (who were hungry to starvation) would save me the trouble.

Had I had any desire to tarry the night, it would soon have been satisfied by casting my eyes on the place of rest, where every bone would have to bear an equal strain. It consisted of four crutches at right angles, driven into the ground, with parallel poles across on which were laid soft oak boards, and, for fear of hiding the ornamentation and workmanship of the bedstead, a narrow mat was spread. Others, more opulent, sleep in grass hammocks.

Though nature has beautifully bestowed her treasures and given everything for the convenience and comfort of man in most parts of this extensive region, notwithstanding they are as a nation the most degraded of any people extant. The Spaniards, like the Irish, have not that love of country at heart, nor that union, which is so necessary in attaining the independence and freedom they crave. Although they have made rapid strides towards the accomplishment of that freedom which is within their grasp, in my opinion that day will never come, for inbred despotism and avarice will be the means of holding them in bondage.

After procuring some fruit and vegetables, in addition to water, we weighed anchor and proceeded to Albemarle Island. After cruising at this place for two days, in company with several other ships, and finding no whales, we stood off for the north Galapagos Islands. These consist of a cluster of fourteen or fifteen in number, being in south latitude 21°, west longitude 91°. We visited Hoods Island and were so well entertained by the inhabitants we tarried there, free of expense, for seven days. On our first landing, when none of the inhabitants made their appearance, we travelled in the country for three or four miles before I discovered one of them regaling himself under a tree. At first his size and uncouth figure startled me. Supposing from the shortness of his legs that, were he disposed to attack, it could not be affected easily, I boldly advanced and without much difficulty seized him by the legs and secured him. As natives of other countries cause considerable speculation as to their origin, etc., I think there is a large field offered here, for they do not appear to resemble any of those of which we read as having been scattered over the face

of the earth from the Tower of Babel. On the contrary, they go on all fours, which are short and have claws like a bear. Their body is covered with a shell, from 6 to 12 feet in circumference. The neck and head is two or three feet long and, to give themselves a more stately and formidable appearance, they carry their heads erect. Their speed is from one to four feet an hour and they seldom exceed this rate unless they are pushed by hunger. Though their appearance startles, yet they are as harmless as doves. Their flesh when cooked is the most delicious of any I ever ate. Their quality of surviving without any sustenance for nine months, and still retaining their fatness and flavor, make them of great benefit to those ships which are on long voyages. We obtained three hundred of them, from twenty to one hundred and fifty pounds each, and though thousands have taken the same quantity, they are yet quite plentiful. They are a species of the land turtle, called Terrapins. The labor of bringing them four or five miles, over ledges or rocks with nothing to shelter you from the rays of the sun, with no water to quench your thirst, makes it difficult for one man to obtain more than one or two.

From this place we cruised between 3 and 8° south latitude and as far as 150° west longitude for four months, during which time we secured 1000 barrels of sperm oil. The weather in this ocean at all times of the year is mild and serene, which makes the voyages in this ocean (though long) quite agreeable—in consequence of which it obtained, and that justly, the name of "Pacific".

Our supplies of vegetables and water becoming short, we commenced edging to the northwest toward the Sandwich Islands. On the route we made Christmas and Fannings Islands in 3° 45' N., 158° W. They are of no great consequence, producing only coconuts, but they afforded wood and water. At Fannings, we found the ship "Lyon", of Nantucket (on her first voyage), commanded by Albert Clark, a complete wreck. While they had been attempting to get into the harbor the wind had died away and the current had carried her onto the rocks. Every exertion was made to get her off, but with no effect. They had sufficient time to save most of her provisions and tackle, but could save only 200 barrels of their cargo of 1200 barrels of oil.

On the third of February we made the largest of the Sandwich Islands, Owhyhee, in 22° N., 157° W. On the fourth we made Mowee and on the fifth, Woahoo. A favorable wind offering and the pilot coming on board, we ran in and came to anchor in the outer harbor. As we had been deprived of the good things of this world for some time and considerable hard labor had been its companion, we anticipated some relaxation from duty and considerable privileges. Our sails were soon furled, the decks cleared, and every precaution made for the reception of visitors. In a few minutes our decks were filled with females (or Whyhunas). Unlike females of other nations, they required no assistance from man, nor the usual conveyance on water, to bring them on board. Without any ceremony or fear they plunged in and, porpoise-like, came breaking towards us. Nor did their modesty forbid their appearing in nature's garb.

A smile or nod by the men was sufficient to win their affections and obtain them for the time being for a wife. In one instance that I saw myself, a finger was pointed at one, to observe her form, whereupon it was considered by her as binding and irrevocable as one of ours would to the words "I promise to take, etc.". At small expense and little trouble it will not be astonishing that every man took unto himself a rib.

The soil at this island is fertile, being chiefly in large valleys and producing corn, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, etc., with all kinds of tropical fruits.

The inhabitants are of a copper color. Their features, in the females especially, are regular and handsome. Their figures are a little inclined to corpulency, owing, I presume, to their indolent manner of living. The men do all the work, both in and out of doors, while the Whyhunas have nothing to do but to eat, smoke and sleep, in which they indulge to excess. As to their constancy and modesty, nothing can be said in their favor, for after you have given a proof of your affection and esteem by presenting them with a check shirt or an old handkerchief, they will, without any provocation, elope from your bed and board and fly into the arms of another lover. In our own country this would be an irreparable breach in the poor man's heart, but here you have only to signify your wish to be wedded and ere the setting of the sun your wants are all supplied.

I have known instances of one man being wedded and divorced seven times in one week and before the eighth could be accomplished the anchor was aweigh and the ship departing for other climes, leaving the broken-hearted maid weeping at the deception of her lover.

One of our men who was more particular than the others in choosing a bride, as to beauty and modesty, remained a bachelor for three or four days when, having been introduced to one whom he thought would partake of his joys and sorrows, he married one of the natives. Being a kind and indulgent husband, he granted her every wish. He presented her with a check shirt, a handkerchief and one dollar in cash. If she remained true and loyal she was promised that she should have her wish even though it be half his fortunes. On the morning the above covenant was made she desired leave to visit her parents, which he cheerfully granted. The weather being stormy, she asked him for the loan of his blanket to shelter her from its rude blast. This small boon could not be denied, and with attention and tenderness he escorted her over the side of the ship to the boat. She kissed him, with a promise of a speedy return, and took her leave. At the time appointed, the anxious and longing husband watched every boat that put off from shore but, alas, in this situation darkness overtook him and, no wife or blanket arriving, he retired to his berth dejected and alone.

Days—nay, weeks—elapsed and no tidings of his love. A thousand fears beset him for her safety. As to her proving inconstant—he banished the thought. That sickness or death was the only cause of separation was his firm belief. The first opportunity that offered itself he went in pursuit and, after considerable difficulty, found her on board another ship, in the arms of a Negro!

CHAPTER III.

The men, or Kanakas, dress the same as the females. They are a friendly race of people, though avaricious and addicted to petty thefts. The harbor, which is good, entices all the whale ships to resort here to recruit and repair. The town is situated in front of the harbor, on a level piece of ground three miles in extent near the entrance of a large and fertile valley. The buildings, or huts, which are about 200 in number, are built of sticks stuck at angles in the ground and thatched with grass. There are no windows nor flooring (save the earth) and only one small door. The King, Heo Heo, resides on this island. He has absolute power over all—to create or destroy—but, owing to his intemperance and pusillanimity, the helm of state is guided by William Pitt, a chief of considerable sagacity.

The only commerce that is carried on here is from island to island—a distance of 50 miles. In days of yore this was done in large canoes, but now the king has two or three brigs and each chief has a schooner. These they have purchased with sandalwood from Americans. The only distinction between the royal palace and the other buildings is in height and length. I had a great curiosity to view the inside but, not being acquainted with any of the family, I was fearful that it would never be satisfied. One day, while I was on shore on duty, dressed a la mode fisherman: tarpaulin, hat, bare shirt and oily trousers, I marched, without any invitation, into the royal apartments. His Majesty not being at home, it gave me a fine opportunity to view the decorations—even to the bed chamber, which contained a stained bedstead with a canopy and ornamented with blue chintz furniture. It being closed and not wishing to be too particular, I guessed at the inside of the canopy. On one side of the setting, or drawing, room is suspended some old mutilated pictures representing: our naval victories, Cupid, Hope, Charity, and some obscene caricatures. There was also a full-length portrait of the king, by a Chinese artist, miserably executed. On the other side of the room was suspended a large pleasure boat, to protect it from the weather, underneath of which was allotted space for the repose of his suite. For the flooring, large mats were laid without any order or regularity. I was twice laid prostrate by ends of them sticking up in my path. On this excursion I was escorted by the Prince himself—in his shirt tail.

At Woahoo, hogs, vegetables and all kinds of fruit can be obtained at reasonable prices for cash. Formerly ships could procure their supplies for old iron hoops, and to this day they are current at Owhyhee and others of the islands. The most of our spending money, while ashore, consisted of the old standard files and jack-knives. As they are getting more refined in Woahoo, old hoop is uncurrent and files, knives and beads are a little below par.

On the Sabbath after our arrival we went on shore and found that there were three missionaries, with their families, stationed at this island. They had been here for three or four years, had made considerable progress in the education of the natives, built a comfortable church, a framed dwelling house for themselves, and had gained the friendship and esteem of the natives. In the morning I attended divine Worship in the native tongue. The king, with his wives and chiefs, attended, in addition to a large number of other natives. There appeared to be considerable attention paid to the discourse, and decorum was observed throughout. When the Psalm was sung all joined in with devotion, but with little melody.

At eleven o'clock the English service commenced. Mr. Bingham, the principal of the establishment, a man of piety and zeal and considerable literary accomplishments, delivered the discourse to upwards of one hundred who understood the English language.

After church, in my perambulation through the town, I observed the natives—both male and female—all employed either in reading or writing, in which employ they take great delight. No other recommendation is necessary to gain their friendship than to inform them that you are acquainted with either.

Mrs. Bingham, the wife of the Reverend, stands high in estimation among them. She has been sedulously employed in teaching and improving the manners of the females. It is a proof that whatever station or situation a sensible and amiable woman is in, she can make herself useful. Mrs. Bingham is a convincing proof of this for she is as well calculated for spiritual as temporal instruction, and is a great acquisition to the missionary corps.

I did not ascertain whether there were many true converts to the faith, but from the little observation and intercourse I had with the natives, I am sensible that they have done much good in reforming and instructing them. In dress, manners and customs they endeavor to imitate Europeans. This is especially true of the chiefs, who dress with as much neatness as any nation known.

March 22, 1823—After procuring an excellent supply of goats, hogs, vegetables and water, we weighed anchor and proceeded to sea, leaving in port 40 or 50 sail of whalers. We shaped our course to the westward and ran down to 19° N., 179° W., then hauled on a wind to the northward.

In latitude 25° N. we saw the first whale and found them from that place to latitude 37° N. and as far west as 160° east longitude, capturing them as fast as we could take care of them. To give the labor of trying out a zest we had fogs and squalls or rain continually. In four months we filled the hold, amounting to twenty-two hundred barrels of sperm oil, worth one dollar per gallon.

July 4th—This being the anniversary of our independence, at the close

of day we met in the fore-castle to celebrate it—so far as was in our power. In the course of the evening one of the tars mounted a chest and delivered the following oration to an attentive audience.

"Shipmates: Though we are far distant from the land that witnessed our birth—that land of sweet delight—that land of liberty—America—yet still we are not forgetful of the joys and rejoicings that this memorable—this ever to be cherished day—produces in the hearts of all true-hearted Yankees. We have been these two years tugging on the briny deep, worn out with fatigue and reduced by the usual nourishment that seamen have to take up with, yet we are not forgetful of the blessed day—the Fourth of July.

"We have met in a social manner to express our feelings that this day produces in our hearts. Short of the means we have been accustomed to celebrate it with, still I can perceive a smile of joy on all your countenances that convinces me that it does not require those superfluities and privileges that many have to make it a day of rejoicing. Our situation, though confined and disagreeable, might be made comfortable on a day such as this and our means more enlarged were our officers as patriotic as they are avaricious. But, shipmates, cheer up, our situation is not half so bad as thousands of our countrymen and fellow mariners have met yet they celebrated it with the greatest of glee. I allude to those Americans who were prisoners in the late war with England. Though on board the enemy ships, and in their dungeons, they did publicly before them in their decks, express joy by every demonstration in their power. It makes my heart dilate with joy when I think of that enemy suffering the Yankee stars and stripes to be furled on board their ships and allowing them all the privileges that any prisoners could expect—with double rations of grog. And this by those with whom they were at war and whom our fathers had conquered. They were our enemy, but on this day their generosity cancelled, in a measure, their former cruelty.

"Though we are on board an American ship, commanded by American officers, we cannot expect, from their general conduct towards us, as much as those prisoners of war received. Let them act or do as they please, they cannot deprive us of contemplating the benefits of that all cheering and inestimable blessing—liberty. Shall we say, who have had it given to us without struggle or danger, that the day that gave us freedom and independence shall be forgot? Heaven forbid! Or shall we say we have no means with which to commemorate it? God forbid! For we have abundance of means without the aid of any. We can call to our recollection our fathers' first attempt to accomplish this emancipation from royalty and despotism—their struggle with the gripping hand of poverty and the want of discipline, with foes at home as well as abroad. If this is not

sufficient to raise a flame of patriotism in our cold bosoms, let us invoke the shade of the immortal Washington to descend among us and kindle those dead embers within our breasts. With this prize—our independence—so dearly bought, let us cherish it as the apple of our eyes and when we see those who attempt to rob us of it, let every arm be nerved to annihilate him in an instant. And should our country call upon us to defend her rights, may we all say: 'So I come—and that quickly.'

"As a nation, we enjoy the greatest blessings of any in existence. At peace with all, respected by all, rich in all the abundance of the earth. Our fields, white with the harvest; our boards groaning with the weight of their burdens; our banners unfurled and floating in every direction; our ships protected from the insolent foe and the audacious pirate; our civil and religious privileges protected by government, and our females the handsomest and most chaste of all nations of the earth. So long as we protect them in their present situation they will stand with wide extended arms to receive us and will forever chant:

'None but the brave,
None but the brave,
Deserve the fair.'

"After these innumerable blessings and those that are daily conferred upon us—our escapes from dangers, seen and unseen—our preservation in health—our success in all our undertakings—and the promise, if we live soberly, honestly and godly here, we shall live happy hereafter. Do not all these blessings cry aloud to us: 'Serve thy God?'"

Dec. 25, 1937 over

Once more we shaped our course for Weahoo. The winds being contrary to our wish and we being anxious to tread on terra firma again—having been for 150 days deprived of this luxury—it made progress slow and tedious. To make our misery more complete, we did not go into the harbor upon our arrival. Added to this there was a "taboo", or embargo, laid on all supplies to ships by the natives. Of course, we were deprived of fresh provisions and vegetables. The cause of this was the absence of the king to the other islands. In a case of this kind, it is the prerogative of the protom king (or chief) to lay taxes and monopolize the trade. The natives are compelled to bring him all their produce that is saleable, under penalty of severe chastisement if they sell one cent's worth for their own gain. The king often goes on one of these excursions, merely to gratify the avarice of his favorite. What was my surprise when, having had one day's liberty, from ten to four, the captain came on board and ordered the anchor to be weighed. Such was my chagrin and disappointment that, had there been any chance of earning a livelihood, I should have sacrificed my voyage and tarried. With considerable dejection I lent a hand to get under weigh. Never did I leave land with so much regret as at this time—and never had I more cause to rejoice, for, from a land of heathens, we were going to our favorite land and our countrymen—to our affectionate and anxious parents, and, lastly, it would be our liberation from a whale ship.

Nothing occurred worthy of note until the 5th of September. While all hands were busily employed seated on the quarter-deck sewing on sails, the cry of "land" by one of the men who had had occasion to go forward was so unexpected and it being so near that it threw us into considerable confusion. Without any regard to the situation of the ship, the helm was put alee and brought on the other tack. As soon as reason had resumed her seat, we found that there was no danger, for the land was three or four miles away—although at first it had presented the appearance of being close at hand. It proved to be an undiscovered island, 8 or 10 feet in height and 2 miles wide by 10 miles long, with a very white beach. It lay in the form of an angle, running north and south, in the latitude of $5^{\circ} 32' S$, and west longitude $155^{\circ} 55'$. We made an attempt to land on the west side near the north end, but at this place it was inaccessible on account of rocks. As it is indented with bays there is no doubt there are many places where boats could land. We made but the one attempt, merely through curiosity, as it has no other temptation, being a dreary waste. It is the abode of nothing save sea fowl, although its situation is such that if soon made known may save the lives of thousands as a refuge in time of need. I am confident it will never cause contention among nations, unless the Emperor Alexander extends his claim of latitude from the north-west to include this as a park.

On the 6th of October we made the island of Manuie, one of the Society's in latitude $17^{\circ} 44' S$ and longitude $151^{\circ} W$, being distant about 60 miles from Otaheite. On our near approach a canoe came off with a letter from the resident missionary, Mr. Bueoff, requesting a passage to the island of Bola Bola, if not out of our course. The captain went on shore and stayed five or six hours. Finding an abundance of wood, he initiated his wants to the natives, with a promise of payment on delivery. With dispatch the wood was cut and brought to the place of delivery. As they had been cheated by a vessel touching here before, they demanded payment before delivery. What was our surprise when they demanded 150 dollars for about five cords of wood. This exorbitant price may be imputed to their ignorance of the value of money. If the proper measures had been pursued at first, it would have been procured for a trifle, for they made but little distinction between a dollar and a gilt button.

After making every reasonable offer of clothes and money and finding they would not abate a cent, we made all sail and left them on the beach to carry their wood, coconuts, hogs, etc., from whence they had brought them.

At this place there is a petty king ruling over about 300 males and females. They are of a lighter color than the Owhyhenians, with handsome features, and are stout, hearty-looking fellows and are individually very hospitable. The missionaries are held in high esteem among them. They are quite proficient in reading and writing. They have built a handsome, airy church in the native style, to which they all resort in time of worship.

The females are very coy and will run from a stranger if far from their huts. Others, more forward, will indulge you in a few liberties. For anything further, marriage is necessary. Prostitution and bastardry is punished by death. On the whole they have arrived at considerable perfection.

From the renegade conduct of some masters of vessels, who are compelled to touch here, may be apprehended some difficulties arising, as they will be the means of giving the natives a poor opinion of the doctrine and morals that the missionaries inculcate, and in a degree retard their progress and perhaps, if repeated, will be the cause (as at other islands) of shedding innocent blood.

On the 8th we made the island of Otaheite and, the wind being ahead, we stood to the southward.

On the 12th we made the island of Ohitatoora. Seeing no good place to land, and the wind blowing fresh, we stood on.

We are now 4000 miles from Cape Horn without wood sufficient to cook one meal a day for that distance. O Tempera! The greatest beverage to sailors in cold and stormy weather is warm tea. Of course this luxury must be dispensed with and I am of the opinion that ere many days our diet will consist of raw beef and pork. God forbid! Though what must be, must!

All hands are now employed in repairing the ship and stopping the breaches in their clothes to stem the chilling blasts of Cape Horn. Trousers that in moderate climes had been condemned are brought forth. Many who have not the same quality for patches, stop the break with canvas. Skirts that would have disgraced Falstaff's soldiers, that have been kicking under foot and have supplied the place of foot mats, are washed and receive first place in our chests.

Ships sailing from warm to cold climates generally carry thermometers to give notice of the approach of ice, land and the variation of the atmosphere, but this article can be disposed of in a whale ship, for the actions of the crew give timely notice of the same.

November 15th—Not yet arrived at the Cape, though in a fair way if wind and weather hold as they are at present. Clear and warm, wind north-west, steering east by north, distant 400 miles. Yesterday being extremely pleasant, we lowered the boat and took an excursion for pleasure and game. In half an hour the boat returned loaded.

Without any material change in the weather we passed the Cape. The Diego Rameriz bearing north by west, distant 40 miles.

November 25th—Latitude $53^{\circ} S$, longitude $45^{\circ} W$. At the close of this day, without any apparent change in the atmosphere, we discovered two large islands of ice directly ahead. They were about 200 feet in height and ten miles long. On the following morning we discovered another off our lee bow. At its first appearance we took it for land, until the rays of the rising sun discovered its hoary soil. Well may we exclaim with the Royal Psalmist: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters. These see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep."

November 28th—It is now 40 days since we were deprived of warm breakfasts and suppers, and in a fair way of soon losing the cheery steam off our duff. Alas, alas, the day that I came a-whaling. For what profiteth a man if he gain the whole world but in the meantime starveth to death?

"Happy famine" might the prodigal son have said, when it was so sore that he was glad to eat husks—that it opened his eyes to see his former happy estate and caused him to return to his father and acknowledge his disobedience and prodigality. "Happy sufferings" may I say, if they compel me to follow the example of the prodigal.

December 6th—Yesterday spoke the ship Constitution of Norfolk, which generously supplied us with some wood. They also furnished us with New York papers, from which I learnt of the death of my brother-in-law, Marcellus M. Van Gieson. As a father, his family has met with an irreparable loss; as a friend, I have lost my only and best one (my mother excepted) that this earth affords; as a citizen he was well-known for his honesty, integrity, sobriety and humanity. He was a "man"—take him for all in all. I shall ne'er see his like again.

Nantucket, March 1st—This day, by letter from New York, I was informed of the death of my two sisters—Catharine Van Gieson and Hannah Booraem. Oh, my God, may this dispensation of thine be the means of making me prepare to meet thee when thou doth send thy summons forth.

Nantucket, March 4, 1824.
Miss Sarah Snow,
Dear Girl:

As you requested me, I lend you this Journal and, as it is probable the wind will be fair for New York before you peruse it, it is my wish you would immediately destroy it, as it was not written for the inspection or amusement of any one but myself. There are many errors, but consider it was written by a poor tar.

With sentiments and respects
and esteem, I remain, yours,
Moses E. Morrell.

Begun
Dec. 11, 1937
Ended
Jan. 1, 1938

The Whale-ship "Henry."

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

In the office of a banking house, on State street in this city, is a model, about three feet long, of a whale-ship, which is said to be the ship "Henry" of Nantucket, built about 1845. I have never heard of a ship of that name owned in Nantucket, and write to ask if you will not kindly answer, through the columns of your valuable paper, if any such ship was ever owned on Nantucket, and the name of the owner.

I am much interested in the "old ships" of Nantucket, and your kind attention would greatly oblige

Truly yours,

Lincoln Mitchell.

Roxbury, Mass.

[The ship Henry sailed from Nantucket on her first voyage, October 23, 1836, under command of Capt. George G. Chase, consequently the date "1845" on the model referred to is not correct. The Henry had a profitable voyage, for she returned home January 16, 1840, with 2436 barrels of sperm oil. She next sailed with Capt. William Brown as master, leaving Nantucket, June 1, 1840, and returning April 16, 1844, with 1641 barrels of sperm and 60 barrels of whale oil.

On the 1st of July the same year, the Henry again sailed with Captain Brown in command, was gone nearly four years, arriving home April 24, 1848, with 1150 barrels of sperm and 552 barrels of whale oil.

Three months later (July 15, 1848) she sailed under Capt. Benjamin A. Coleman, and was gone over five years, making a "poor voyage," for when she arrived home August 10, 1853, she had taken but 600 barrels of sperm.

Her last voyage was made under Capt. David Bunker, 2d, sailing October 18, 1853. The Henry had another poor voyage and took but 400 barrels of sperm, which was sent home and the ship condemned.—Ed.]

The editor of the Nantucket Inquirer acknowledges the receipt of a quantity of Whale Scrops taken from a forty barrel whale captured by the ship Hamilton the day after she left port, which ship returned on the fourth day in consequence of unfavorable weather. The editor of the Inquirer undoubtedly thinks that it is an ill wind that blows no one any good.—Marblehead Mercury.

You are mistaken Mr. Mercury we did not say any such thing. We referred to the Schr. Hamilton, a little craft about the size of your fishing smacks. This vessel has been capturing the humpbacks this year with about as much ease as a mackerel catcher would take mackerel. Let her, and her crew, have the credit of their success, if you please.

Log of Whaling Vessel Supports United States' Claims.

A dispatch from Washington says that the National Academy of Sciences dusted off a 118-year-old log of an American whaling ship here to support the United States' claim to the Antarctic continent.

The Yankee skipper of the sloop Hero—Captain Nathaniel B. Palmer, of Stonington, Conn.—reported discovery of Antarctica in 1820, according to the Library of Congress.

Lawrence Martin, in charge of the maps and charts at the library, told the Academy that the Hero's log furnishes "singularly attractive proof" of United States' claim to the South Polar region. Great Britain, France, Russia, Spain, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, German and the Netherlands all claim parts of Antarctica.

The United States never has recognized any of the claims, but has not actually pushed its own. The region has been important only as a whaling base, but many scientists believe it may be rich in minerals.

No. 6.—Who was Capt. Shubael Coffin who commanded the brig Harrison, which brought to Boston, May 16, 1776, the first account of the repeal of the Stamp Act, which occasioned a general rejoicing, ringing of bells, &c.?

GREASY LUCK AGAIN.—A letter received in town last Thursday, from Capt. Charles Grant, of ship Horatio, of New Bedford, reports him at Russell, July 30th, whither he had returned after a five weeks' cruise, with 230 barrels sperm oil. He had met with heavy weather, and lost a large head during a recent gale. Up to August 4th he had taken 1290 barrels all told.

A FINE LOOKING SHIP.—Ship Horatio, Capt. Grant, Messrs. Taber, Gordon & Co., of this city, agents, which arrived in port yesterday afternoon from a whaling voyage of a little over four years in duration, has attracted a good deal of attention, and many persons have supposed that she had just been fitted for sea, instead of having returned from a voyage. The Horatio is a new ship and returned yesterday from her first voyage. Her first suit of sails lasted 43 months, so that she came into port with canvas nearly new. Her hull is freshly painted, her cables in the best of order, and all around the decks and below, from the smallest object to the largest, are evidence of the watchful care which has been exercised. The painting and graining of the cabins, the various articles in the pantry, and even the lanterns, look as if just furnished, and Capt. Grant may well feel proud of bringing into port such a tidy craft. How much of the neatness and order is due to the womanly supervision of Mrs. Grant, the captain's wife, is not stated, but it is safe to say that she exerted a controlling influence over objects which came within her sphere.—N. B. Standard, Thursday.

A Young Man's Description Of a Whaling Voyage.

Nearly a hundred and sixteen years ago a young man named Moses E. Morrell ran away from his home and, without giving his parents any information of his intentions, he went to Boston. He hoped to find at that port some ship about to sail on a long voyage, but as none happened to be fitting out at the time, he came to Nantucket and signed up for a voyage on the ship Hero, Capt. Obed Starbuck, which sailed on the 4th of January, 1832. The ship was gone three years, returning to Nantucket on the 9th of February, 1824, with 2173 barrels of sperm oil—a successful voyage.

Young Morrell, during those three years, determined that he did not care for the sea. Yet he kept a careful journal of the experience, and at the end of the voyage presented it to a young lady friend with the request that she destroy it, which she failed to do. This journal recently came to light among other papers handed over by Mrs. Lillian Folger, widow of George Howland Folger, to be placed in the archives of the Historical Association.

Morrell was a beautiful penman, used excellent language, and made a note of things which are usually passed by in the whaleship's log-book. He gave descriptions of the South Sea islands, the customs of its people, the life board ship and the habits of the crew, which may seem a trifle frank in places, but were, nevertheless, followed by those who went down to the sea in ships more than a century ago. On the first page of Morrell's journal he writes:

"The whim-whams and opinions of M. E. Morrell, written by himself for his own amusement on a voyage to the South Seas on board ship Hero of Nantucket—1822-3-4."

His journal is a valuable historic document, for in it he records descriptions and events that transpired long ago, and especially the daily happenings aboard ship that were not entered in the log-books. Although at the close of his journal, Morrell requested of the young lady to whom he presented it, that she destroy it, it is interesting to note that she failed to accede to his request and that more than a century later it has made its appearance and "makes good reading" long after the glamour of the whaling days has passed away.

Believing that readers of The Inquirer and Mirror will find Morrell's tale of a whaling voyage (recording his own impressions) of more than ordinary interest we will re-print it in instalments under the heading "Whim-whams and Opinions of a Whaling Voyage". Although occasionally there appear comments which seem rather "frank", we trust our readers will accept the same with the realization that they were written by a young man "for his own amusement".

The first instalment of this unusual journal of 116 years ago appears this week.

Correspondence of Inquirer and Mirror.
BROOKLYN, April 29th, 1890.

Mr. Editor:

Excuse me for taking the liberty of addressing you. Will you please give these few lines a space in your valuable paper. On the 24th of November, 1832, I sailed in the ship Charles and Henry (owned by Charles and Henry Coffin), on a whaling voyage around Cape Horn. Returned and anchored off the bar the 19th day of July, 1836, with 2540 barrels of good old sperm. George F. Joy was captain, Charles Ware 1st mate, Charles Swain, 2d mate, Stephen Gibbs 3d mate, Soseph Marshall, Able Norcross, Stephen Modley, Peter Ray, boat-steerers. If there are any of the old boys around I would like to hear from them. I am 75, well and hearty.

CHARLES D. BUTLER.

183 Stuben st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Brig Homer for Sale.



FOR SALE, the fine Whaling Brig HOMER, as she returned from her last voyage.

The HOMER was built in 1818. She is One hundred Twenty Seven 85-95 h tons, carries about eight hundred barrels. She is a fast sailing vessel, and remarkably well adapted for the Whaling business. She has a large inventory, consisting in part of about 150 barrels good water casks, 300 barrels oil casks, 12 barrels good Provisions, 4 barrels of Flour, and other stores, 8 coils, mostly new, Whale lines, 1 cask new Cordage, a full and complete set of Cutting gear, 4 Boats with a full set of Craft, 5 Whaling Guns and 90 Bomb Lances, Chronometer, Charts, &c., &c.

For further particulars, inquire of
s21—3t E. G. KELLEY.
New Bedford Mercury and Barnstable Patriot copy three times.

Brig Homer, of this port, 127 tons, ten years old, has been purchased by Messrs. Damon & Judd, Fairhaven, for the Atlantic Whale Fishery; to be fitted and sail in the ensuing spring.

SOLD.—Ship Harvest, of this port, has been purchased by Charles E. Hawes, Esq., of New Bedford, upon private terms. She will be towed to that port to-morrow by steamer Eagle's Wing, and remain until next spring, when she will be fitted for the North Pacific whale fishery.

ELEPHANTING.—Brig Homer, of this place, has been taken upon the railway preparatory to being fitted for the sea elephant business, under command of Capt. George Haggerty. Our enterprising friends, Capt. Edward McCleave, Joseph B. Macy, and others, are the moving spirits in this work, and we hope they may meet with a like success that has attended the other vessels engaged in this pursuit.

Queries.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

The communication from Lincoln Mitchell, relative to the former whale-ship Henry, of Nantucket, which appears in your last issue, together with the editorial data and comment thereon, was to me of special interest, because of remembered family touch. However, if my memory is correct, then the date you give—October 18, 1853—of the sailing of the ship Henry, under command of Captain David Bunker, is wrong.

My memory from early childhood has been that my brother Rowland was in the Henry with Captain Bunker. He was in the Ganges, with Captain Thomas Coffin, a Nantucket ship which sailed from Edgartown, October 19, 1853. Now it is at once apparent that there is conflict between my memory of my brother Rowland in the ship Henry with Captain Bunker, and the sailing on the date which you give of that ship under that master mariner.

To ascertain which is right is the purpose of this communication. It is difficult for me to admit the presumption, yet I do so, that the date you give of the sailing of the Henry under Captain Bunker is correct and that my memory is deficient. My impression is that Captain Bunker's voyage in the Henry was next to the last of that craft. Can some one give me, from old newspapers of that time, or from other data, the names of the officers and crews of those two ships—the Henry, sailing October 18, 1853, and the Ganges sailing the next day?

Am I asking too much of some one, if possible, to give me the names of officers and crew of the Nantucket ship Navigator, sailing about 1848 or 1849, and of the Nantucket ship Spartan, sailing about that time; also like information of this last named ship sailing about 1853—on that voyage under command of Captain Sylvester Hathaway.

My two older brothers, Charles and Rowland, early in life entered upon a sea-faring vocation, and from my memory they are associated with the ships I have named, yet I cannot definitely state the real facts.

My thanks in advance are here extended to anyone who can give me the information I seek.

J. E. C. Farnham.

Providence, July 8, 1914.

From the "Catalogue of Nantucket Whalers," we take the following facts regarding the ships referred to by our correspondent:

The ship Henry sailed under command of Capt. David Bunker, for the Pacific ocean, October 18, 1853, sent home 400 barrels of sperm, and was condemned.

The ship Ganges sailed under command of Capt. John B. Nickerson, for the Pacific ocean, on October 19th, 1853, sent home 249 barrels of sperm, and was condemned at Sydney.

The ship Navigator sailed under command of Capt. George Palmer, for the Pacific ocean, on August 27, 1849, and arrived home June 19, 1854, with 837 barrels of sperm.

The ship Spartan sailed under command of Capt. Cromwell Mosselander, October 6, 1847. The ship encountered a gale of wind, losing topmast, boats and sails. She returned, refitted, and sailed November 21. Arrived home June 21, 1851, with 868 barrels of sperm.

The Spartan again sailed October 24, 1851, under command of Capt. James Wyer. Arrived home November 14, 1853, with 630 barrels sperm and 1570 barrels whale. Bought the whale oil at Navigator Islands of ship York.

Her next voyage was in 1854, under command of Capt. Elihu F. Turner. She returned June 21, 1858, with 1600 barrels sperm.

Perhaps some of our readers can give Mr. Farnham further facts bearing on the matters he refers to.—Ed]

Ship Hero, which has been undergoing repairs, was launched from the ways of Fisher & Holmes at Brant Point, on Thursday. She fluttered a little, stuck, jerked, sprang, and then glided handsomely into the water, to the great satisfaction of the "Bos" and the hundreds of spectators. The Hero will be fitted for sea with the utmost expedition; and when she again returns to this port, may she be full, even unto "ile on deck."

Ship Hero was towed to Edgartown on Tuesday night to complete fitting for sea. She is to sail under command of Capt. Edward B. Hussey. This is the fifth ship that Messrs. Starbuck have fitted within one year, all of which are well pointed, and we trust will meet with a success that will amply recompense them for their enterprise.

The following is a list of the crew of Ship Hero, of this port, which sailed from Edgartown the 19th, for the Pacific Ocean. Capt. Edward B. Hussey, of Nantucket; mate, Andrews, of Edgartown; 2d mate, Tirrell; 3d mate and boat steerer, Manuel D. Rodgers; Boat steerer's, Manuel Andrews, Jacob S. Poulton; Cooper and Ship Keeper, Charles H. Rodgers, of Nantucket; Steward, James W. Lovett; Cook, Robert Williams. Crew, Albino de Silva, James Young, Cyrus Hunt, John Lewis, Antone Caton, Rinaldo E. Hackney, Canston W. Nickerson, Richard H. Scott, John Lockwood, Dennis Kelley, Conrad Barne, John H. Jackson, Phineas Coffin, John Smith, John Wilson.

Brig Homer at Auction.

WILL be sold on Wednesday, May 19th, in front of the Com'l Insurance Office in Nantucket, the fine whaling brig HOMER, as she returned from her last voyage. The Homer was built in 1848. She is 127 85-95ths tons, and carries about 800 bbls. She is a fast sailing vessel, and remarkably well adapted for the whaling business. She has a large inventory, consisting in part of about 150 bbls. good water casks, about 300 bbls oil casks, 12 bbls good provisions, 4 bbls. flour, and other stores, 6 coils, mostly new, whale line, 1 cask new cordage, a full and complete set of outfitting gear, 4 boats, with a full set of craft, 2 whaling guns and 90 bomb lances, chronometer, charts, &c. For further particulars inquire of

E. G. KELLEY, or N. C. CARY, Nantucket.

[Barnstable Patriot and New Bedford Mercury please copy and send bills to this office.]

Ship Hero, of this port, belonging to Messrs. G. & W. Starbuck, is now being fitted for a whaling voyage to the Pacific Ocean, to be commanded by Capt. Edward B. Hussey. This will be the fourth ship fitted by these gentlemen this present year, and the fifth within twelve months, she having been preceded by the Norman, the Alpha, the Alabama, and the Three Brothers. The enterprise and public spirit of these owners is highly praiseworthy. Who will follow their example?—[Mirror.]

SCHR. HOPE & SUSAN FOR SALE.

THE good schr. Hope & Susan, of 75 tons burthen, in first-rate order, well found in sails and rigging, cables and anchors, will be sold at a bargain, if applied for soon. For further particulars apply to Capt Winslow, or to the subscriber. G. C. FOIGER. a17

EXECUTORS' SALE.

WILL be sold at Public Auction, on Friday next, October 13th, at 11 o'clock, A. M., in front of the Commercial Insurance Office, (if not previously disposed of,) three sixteenths part of the ship Henry, as she came from sea, with a like proportion of the returned outfit and appurtenances to the same belonging. Payment in approved endorsed notes, at 4 months on interest. By order of the Executors of the estate of Daniel Jones.

The "Islander" Brought Home Big Whale's Jaw.

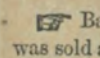
"Has Nantucket ever had another craft named the *Islander*?" we were asked the other day.

It has. The first "*Islander*" was a bark, built new in 1856 and sailing on the 19th of August in that year for a Pacific ocean whaling voyage under command of Capt. Charles E. Starbuck, and returning in June, 1861.

In 1862 the *Islander* again sailed from Nantucket under command of Capt. William Cash, arriving home July 13, 1865, with 2,400 barrels of sperm oil and 500 barrels of whale oil. It was on this voyage that the *Islander* captured one of the largest sperm whales ever reported by a Nantucket whale-ship and brought its jaw home.

The whale was 87 feet long, 36 feet in circumference and weighed over 200 tons. The jaw measured 17 feet in length and is now a part of the Nantucket Historical Society's collection.

The bark *Islander* was sold to New Bedford parties after she came home to Nantucket in 1865.

 Bark *Islander*, of this port, 348 tons, was sold at auction in New Bedford, on Thursday last, for \$8,800. She was purchased by Capt. William Cash, of this town, and will probably continue in the whaling business under command of her purchaser.

 **BARK
ISLANDER,**
Will be sold at Auction
IN NEW BEDFORD,
THURSDAY, JULY 11th.
Sale Positive.
Nantucket, July 3d, 1861. tw

Scrap-Books Made On Board A Nantucket Whaleship.

Miss Mary E. Starbuck, of Pleasant street, well known islander whose book "*My House and I*" is a charming and authentic portrait of the Nantucket scene, has in her possession two unusual scrapbooks which she wishes to dispose of either to a collector or an interested individual.

The scrap books were made on board the whaleship *Islander*, of Nantucket, by Miss Starbuck's father, Capt. Charles Starbuck, while the ship was cruising in the Pacific Ocean, during the years 1856 to 1861.

She describes the books as follows: "The Captain's health failing, a small 'house' was built for him on deck, forward of the steering gear. A large wing-chair was made from his own design, and well stuffed on back and sides, and cushioned comfortably. The covering was French calico, like that used for pillow-cases on board ship. A deep drawer for papers and 'tools' ran easily in its grooves under the seat.

"In this little cabin, the Captain spent the days, navigating the ship, and using the long hours in cutting and mounting an occasional wood-cut from the newspapers, but chiefly making scrap-books. There was one, very large and awkward to handle, that was given away.

"Two rather smaller ones, with the names of his two children in large letters, cut from newspaper headings, on the respective covers, are now the property of the Nantucket Historical Association. The remaining two make up the 'edition'.

"From the dates of the newspapers it seems probable that exchanges had been made with other ships, as was gladly done when the chance offered for a 'gam' in that limitless region 'at sea.'

"One of these books is 13 by 11½ inches; the other 15 by 11 inches. Both covers are of newspaper—one of them varnished. Both are in good condition in spite of having been read by men, women and children for so many years."

"The *Islander*" Was Her Home For Eleven Years.

From the Brockton Enterprise.

What this column had to say about a new book having to do with Nantucket brings an interesting contribution from a Whitman reader who had a very personal acquaintance with the whaling bark *Islander*, commanded for a time by Capt. Starbuck, father of the author of those chronicles of a notable old island. Miss Amy L. Swift of 29 Pearl street, Whitman, who in her girlhood spent several years cruising aboard the *Islander*, writes as follows:

"Dear Mr. Random Noter—It has always seemed to me that when one has particularly enjoyed the work of a writer it is no more than fair to say so; therefore, I am writing to express my enjoyment of the review recently given to Miss Starbuck's book, '*My House and I*.' What especially caught my attention was the indication that her father, Capt. Charles E. Starbuck, had been a former captain of the whaling bark *Islander*; this because the *Islander* had been my home for 11 years. I understand she was built on Nantucket (hence her name), and possibly her later history will have interest for those who like to follow such things.

"Her last voyage from an American port began from New Bedford with Capt. Hamblin as master, and my father, Hiram E. Swift, as first officer. About two years later she was sold to a syndicate in Albany, Western Australia, and my father was given command, promptly sending back to Massachusetts for mother and myself to come out and join him.

I was then two and a half years old, and until my 14th year we lived on the vessel, scouring the Indian Ocean up to the equator for sperm whales with, of course, regular intervals in various ports for supplies, discharging the oil, etc. At the end of that time father resigned to return home, the *Islander* was sold in Hobart, Tasmania, where she was dismantled, the whaling business having become too poor to warrant refitting, and was used for a time as a coal hulk.

Later still she was broken up, and our former first officer sent me a bit of the newel-post from the swinging bed in the captain's cabin as a final souvenir. This I still have; probably the last existing fragment of the fine old vessel. I might add that although after the sale to the Australian people the *Islander* was registered under the British flag she always carried, and frequently flew, her own 'Old Glory,' and that to the end of her days, as I knew them, she carried on her stern a large American eagle with widespread wings."

Miss Swift's chapter in the history of the old sailing craft will assuredly appeal to Miss Starbuck, another daughter of a whaling captain. We have a conviction that Miss Swift, were she so inclined, could write a story of the sea quite as readable as Joan Lowell's recent florid venture along that line and better grounded in nautical knowledge.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

Nantucket's Whaling Days Revived.

A Beautiful Model of the Ship *India* donated to the Athenaeum Museum, by one of the descendants of Tristram.

For many years the Athenaeum Museum has been a rendezvous for strangers in search after the curious relics of maritime life and adventure among islands far and near. Its register records the names of distinguished visitors, ladies and gentlemen; many of them scientists, in eager quest for the rare and singular, who seek to add to their fertile storehouses of knowledge, other valuable contributions. Under its present management, and through the courtesy of its custodian, Capt. Swain, this unique department certainly claims one visit from the tourist, and is as much an institution of Nantucket, as Pilgrim Hall, and its treasures of the forefathers are of old Plymouth!

Among the knights of the oar, men who have won renown as bold and reliable navigators, the name of Capt. Joshua Coffin finds worthy mention. His surviving comrades of the sea tell me that they remember him as a man of resistless energy, who ranked among the first in his profession. At one time he commanded the ship *India* which belonged to New Bedford, long years afterwards one of the hulks, sunk off Charleston harbor, with others, to prevent blockade runners from entering the channel.

During a voyage in the *India*, Capt. Coffin, who was a very ingenious as well as thorough workman with edge tools, made an exact model of his ship by actual measurement, and presented it to his son after returning home. The shrouds and rigging were regularly "laid up," as that of a large ship. For a figure-head there is a cornucopia neatly attached to her prow—quite a remarkable design in a line so difficult and artistic. It was on exhibition here some years ago, when Capt. Coffin was a resident, and at that time was much admired by connoisseurs in ship building. Now, after the lapse of time, the son, Mr. Fred M. Coffin, of Auburn, N. Y., honors the father by presenting this correct model of past maritime architecture, to the trustees of the Athenaeum Museum. Mr. Coffin first addressed me by letter, desiring me to communicate his wish to give this beautiful miniature ship to the Museum. It was at once readily accepted, and the thanks of the officers freely tendered for so liberal a donation to the interesting collection of Nantucket's novelties. Indeed, so appreciative were the committee, that the chairman of the board, Mr. T. W. Calder, an early friend of the donor, courteously expressed to me the willingness of the trustees to pay the expenses of safe transportation from Auburn, N. Y., to this place. This valuable contribution is now daily expected.

As this is the year for a great family reunion, it is hoped that Mr. Coffin may be able to visit us, as very many of his personal friends here would gladly grasp the generous hand which wielded the artist's brush and pencil so dexterously years ago; whose sketches were full of quiet humor, and grotesque as any word-painting of our favorite Dickens. Mr. Coffin, in later years, illustrated a book for Fanny Fern; and these inimitable designs were pronounced the best of all that were executed for this gifted authoress.

This public gift to our Athenaeum I hail as the *avant courier* of others soon to follow. The early fathers are remembered, and the sons will not forget. And thus our dear old island home will become a grand repository for relics of by-gone thrift and industry. The children, thus taught by contemplation of the solid work of the past, will find new incentives to labor in the future. The new may jostle the old; but they will never be quite separated.

A. E. J.

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**"The Islander" Was Her Home
For Eleven Years. 1929**

From the Brockton Enterprise.

What this column had to say about a new book having to do with Nantucket brings an interesting contribution from a Whitman reader who had a very personal acquaintance with the whaling bark *Islander*, commanded for a time by Capt. Starbuck, father of the author of those chronicles of a notable old island. Miss Amy L. Swift of 29 Pearl street, Whitman, who in her girlhood spent several years cruising aboard the *Islander*, writes as follows:

"Dear Mr. Random Noter—It has always seemed to me that when one has particularly enjoyed the work of a writer it is no more than fair to say so; therefore, I am writing to express my enjoyment of the review recently given to Miss Starbuck's book, 'My House and I.' What especially caught my attention was the indication that her father, Capt. Charles E. Starbuck, had been a former captain of the whaling bark *Islander*; this because the *Islander* had been my home for 11 years. I understand she was built on Nantucket (hence her name), and possibly her later history will have interest for those who like to follow such things.

"Her last voyage from an American port began from New Bedford with Capt. Hamblin as master, and my father, Hiram E. Swift, as first officer. About two years later she was sold to a syndicate in Albany, Western Australia, and my father was given command, promptly sending back to Massachusetts for mother and myself to come out and join him.

I was then two and a half years old, and until my 14th year we lived on the vessel, scouring the Indian Ocean up to the equator for sperm whales with, of course, regular intervals in various ports for supplies, discharging the oil, etc. At the end of that time father resigned to return home, the *Islander* was sold in Hobart, Tasmania, where she was dismantled, the whaling business having become too poor to warrant refitting, and was used for a time as a coal hulk.

Later still she was broken up, and our former first officer sent me a bit of the newel-post from the swinging bed in the captain's cabin as a final souvenir. This I still have; probably the last existing fragment of the fine old vessel. I might add that although after the sale to the Australian people the *Islander* was registered under the British flag she always carried, and frequently flew, her own 'Old Glory,' and that to the end of her days, as I knew them, she carried on her stern a large American eagle with widespread wings."

Miss Swift's chapter in the history of the old sailing craft will assuredly appeal to Miss Starbuck, another daughter of a whaling captain. We have a conviction that Miss Swift, were she so inclined, could write a story of the sea quite as readable as Joan Lowell's recent florid venture along that line and better grounded in nautical knowledge.

1929

Tragic Incidents of Mutiny on a Whaleship.

(Written for the Lewiston, Me., Journal.)

Living in Auburn at 81 years is Charles R. Mansfield, a hero of the Civil war, a forty-niner in the California gold fields, sailor, shoe manufacturer and member of Lynn Post, G. A. R., the largest in the country. He also is undoubtedly the sole survivor of the crew of the famous whaling ship, Junior, out of New Bedford, which in 1857, was the scene of a cruel mutiny and dreadful slaughter, the details of which crime are recorded in the annals of the United States circuit court in Boston.

"I was born," said he, "up in the little town of Charlotte, Vt., where I learned how to farm and work long hours—at a time when a 16-hour day was expected of every laborer. I lost my parents early in life and so when I was 20 years old I decided to try my fortunes in Boston. I set forth and made my way thither by means of a cattle train. My first job was in a big mercantile plant on Merchants' Row. I knocked around the city at various kinds of work until the following spring of 1857, when I decided to try the sea. Going to New Bedford I shipped as steward for a three years' voyage on the bark Junior, little dreaming of the terrible experiences that were to be my lot.

It was with a high hope in my breast that I watched this vessel pull out of port on the Fourth of July, for I longed to see the world. I was only a green country lad, used to hardships. But the life aboard that ship opened my eyes to some of the worst phases of human nature. For the ship's officers, as was shown in the subsequent trial in Boston, were arrogant and cruel, the food was poor and dissatisfaction reigned.

We had been out of Buzzard's Bay hardly five weeks before trouble began to brew. It started in the steerage with the boat-steerers, one, Cyrus Plummer from Providence, R. I., being the instigator. He did not want to go north, whaling, and he frankly declared that rather than do this he would take the ship himself. Working on the discontent of the sailors, Plummer secured their co-operation, these men swearing on the Bible to stand by each other.

The first attempt to capture the ship, out of the hands of Capt. Archibald Mellon of Nantucket, was made when the bark was off Fayal in the Western Islands. It proved a fizzle. The second attempt came when the Junior was cruising in the South Atlantic, and this, too, failed.

Then came Christmas night—horror of horrors—when we were in the South Pacific, between New Zealand and New Holland. Plummer had charge of the watch on deck and the captain and officers were asleep below. We were in the fore-castle when Plummer rushed in, a blood-dripping dirk in his hand, and announced that he had killed the captain and proposed to take the ship to Australia.

We soon learned that the mutineers had armed themselves with hatchets and whaling-spades, while Plummer and two of his ring-leaders had firearms. They had descended into the cabin when the officers were sound asleep. Capt. Mellon was shot in his sleep, but was able to spring from his berth in an effort to escape. Plummer, however, downed his man and drove the steel into the captain's head. Meanwhile Third Mate John Smith, out of Boston, was being slaughtered with a whaling-spade by Cornelius Burns, who hailed from Little Falls, N. Y. Henry Lord, second mate, who had closed with Richard Cartha, another mutineer, was shot, point-blank, but was not killed and later was able to reach the deck. There he was found by the mutineers and bound and gagged. The fourth officer attacked was First Mate Nelson Provost, who while still asleep was shot by his townsman and neighbor, John G. Hall, and was left as dead. But Provost escaped with a flesh-wound and hid in the hold.

Provost's narrow escape proved a miracle of grace, inasmuch as it developed that Plummer could not manage the ship nor make port anywhere. After five terrible days, during which the bodies of the two murdered men were thrown overboard with no further ceremony than curses, and a fire which started in the cabin was extinguished in time to save the ship, the search to find Provost ended. The latter was all but dead from his wound, hunger and exhaustion. The mutineers wanted to string him to the yard-arm, but Plummer knew Provost could steer the vessel to land and, fortunately, Plummer had no special grievance against him. Thus, on Provost's promise to take the vessel to port, he was allowed to live, though kept under constant guard.

When the Junior was within 20 miles of Australian shores, the mutineers threw all the whaling equipment overboard, took valuables and put off in two boats to make their escape. Provost and the loyal crew went on with the vessel to Sydney, where the tragedy was reported to the authorities. Within two months all the mutineers were hunted down except Burns and Hall, who were never heard from by people interested in the Junior.

It was through my identification that Plummer and his companions were caught. The American consul had taken me to Cape Race, where the men were under arrest for smuggling, for this purpose. The men were sent back to Massachusetts on the return voyage of the Junior, but I remained in Australia for a time. Later I had my experience in the gold fields of California, but decided that cooking for the miners was more profitable than mining and that was my lot until I again came East.

In the meantime, after a long trial in Boston, with able legal talent and a mysteriously vigorous defense of the mutineers, Plummer was convicted for murder and his companions for manslaughter. Plummer, however, did not hang. He was sentenced for life but was pardoned out by Governor Talbot 15 years later. Curiously enough, from the time of this pardon in 1874, Plummer was not heard from for 23 years, when it was reported that his dead body had been found in a hermit's hut near a famous Vulture mine in Arizona. He died friendless and alone."

Correspondence of Inquirer and Mirror.

MESSES. HUSSEY AND ROBINSON:—Noticing some remarks recently in the *Inquirer and Mirror* about shipwrecks, brought to my mind the loss of a sloop that left Nantucket in October, 1813, in which the following-named persons, Timothy Folger, pilot and ship-keeper, Obed Ray, captain, Job Coleman, mate, Alfred Alley and Benjamin Barney, boat-steerers, Charles Macy, Alexander Swain, Francis Macy, Samuel Barney and Daniel Chase, seamen, took the sloop Juno, owned by Joseph Austin, victualled, manned and fitted her for fishing and humpbacking on the shoals. Left the wharf Saturday afternoon; Sunday saw and got nearly on to a humpback but failed to secure it. Tuesday forenoon, a number of fishing vessels in sight—nearly calm. In the afternoon, a breeze from North East; when four fishermen as we supposed, bore up for us. When quite near, one of them hoisted the English flag and fired a shot athwart our bow. She proved to be the privateer Dart of Halifax. Soon after sent a prize crew on board with orders to detain one man to go in the Juno to Halifax, and put the rest on board one of the fishing vessels. As it was not a pleasant cruise, it was decided by lot. The married men, and Charles Macy, whose marriage was to take place in Friends' meeting were exempted. The lot fell to Alexander Swain. At dark we left the Dart, the prize and Mr. Swain. The next day the rest of us landed at Great Point and then home. It blew a gale of wind for several days. When it cleared, we saw a sloop at the west end of the island; we thought it might be the Juno, and took a sloop and went to her; found it was a vessel drifted out of the Cape. The Dart drifted in the storm off Newport and was taken. The Juno was never heard from afterward.

BENJAMIN BARNEY.
Huntington, Sept. 18th, 1874.

Clipper Sch Eliza Jane, 130 Tons.

ON Tue-day, June 28th, at 10 o'clock on the Straight Wharf, the clipper schooner Eliza Jane, as she now lies at said wharf—This vessel was built at Holmes Hole in 1859 of the best materials, is coppered and copper fastened, and can be sent to sea with a very small outlay. For further particulars call on

JOSEPH B. MACY, or
EDWARD McCLEAVE, Agents.

Is This the Ship Judith?

Workmen engaged in excavating for the Front street power house of the Broadway cable road, near the southeast corner of Front and Broad streets, New York, have just uncovered the remains of a three-masted, 90 foot ship.

The hull is buried almost 20 feet below the level of the street. The foundations of the old buildings did not go deep enough to reach the ship.

The oak ribs were as solid as if they had just been turned out of a ship yard. The ribs were 8x10 inches and fastened together with wooden pins. There was not an iron nail found about the vessel. Her ribs were covered over by, and the intervals between were filled with a black looking oil, which the old sailors who live in that neighborhood said was whale oil.

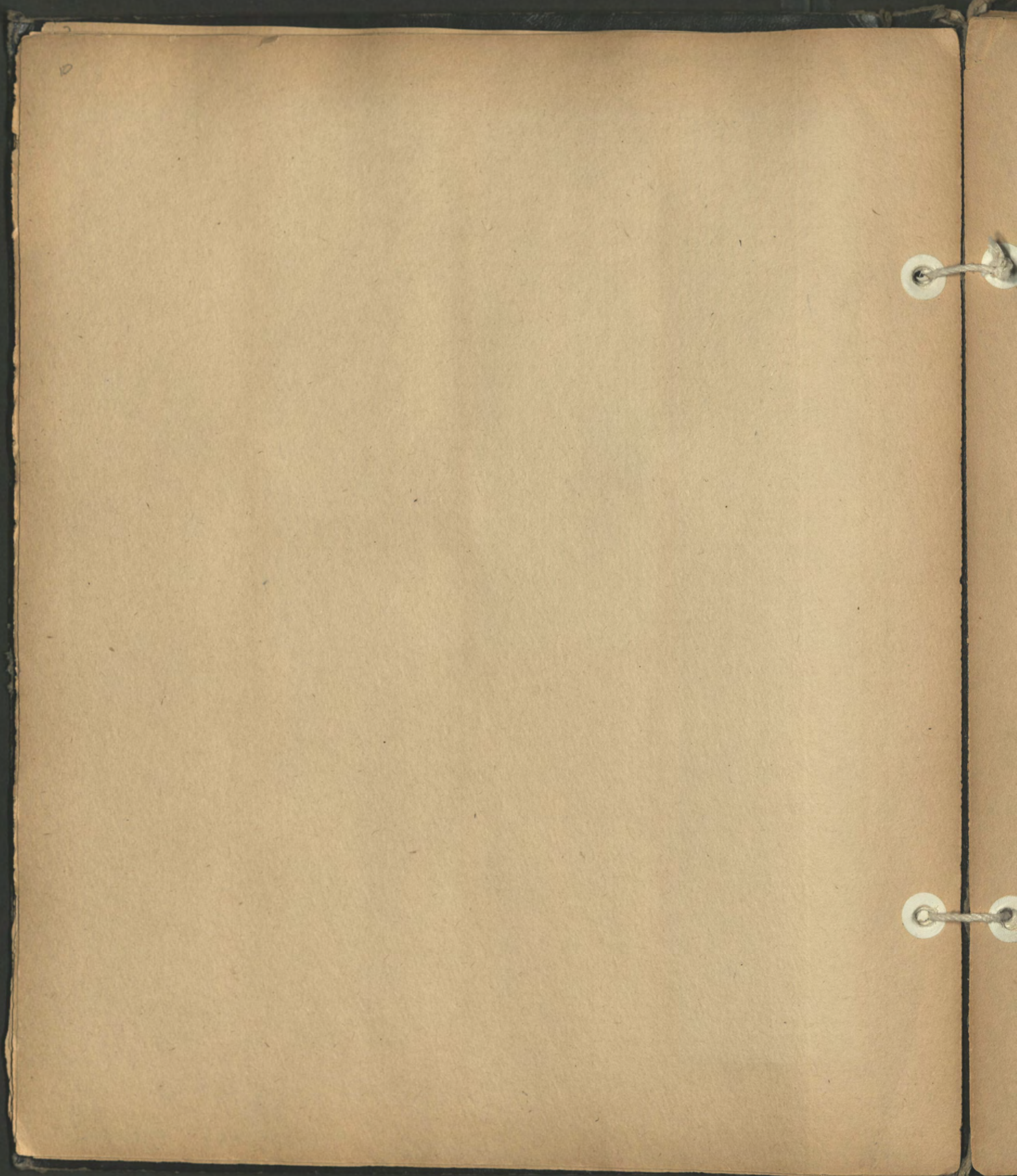
Old maps of the city show that just where the vessel was found was at one time a dock fenced in by a breakwater. It is thought that the vessel sunk there about 1760. It was about this period that the territory in the neighborhood was filled. It is not thought possible that this ship could have gone down here at a later period than 1775. A number of coins and other relics were found in and about the ship.

The ship Judith, a Nantucket whaler, was sunk "off the Battery" in July, 1740, when the Battery was not so big as it is now. The Judith sailed from Nantucket in April, 1738, Peter Swain, master, with a crew of 14 men, and after a two years' whaling voyage in the north Atlantic, cleared for New York, consigned to John Ludlam & Bros., East India merchants, on Garden street now Exchange place.

The story told by Peter Ludlam, son of John Ludlam, to his great grandson, now living, relates that the Judith lay to off the battery, in full view of the Ludlam residence, when she sunk suddenly without warning, carrying down all hands.

Feb. 6, 1893

March 23, 1918



When the Whale Sank the Kathleen.

Capt. Thomas Jenkins, the veteran whaler who died at New Bedford last week, wrote the account of the loss of the Kathleen in 1902, when she was struck by a maddened whale, the manuscript being in the possession of the editor of the Mercury. The story will call to the minds of Nantucketers the loss of the whaleship Essex nearly a century ago. Captain Jenkins, of the Kathleen, wrote:

"A few days after March 17, 1902, was one of the finest whaling days I have ever seen—smooth water and a clear sky. At 1 p. m. the man aloft raised white water, which proved to be sperm whales—a lot of them—heading one way and another. When we got within a mile of them we lowered four boats, and soon after Mr. Nichols, the first mate, struck a whale. The other whales went to leeward, and I followed them with the ship till I was sure the boats saw them.

Mr. Nichols then had his whale dead, about one mile to windward, so I came to wind on the port tack; but it took us some time to get up to the mate, as we could not carry any foretopsail or flying jibs, as the topmast had given out. Mr. Nichols had wafed his whale and was chasing others. I ran the ship alongside of the dead whale, and after darting at him two or three times managed to get fast and get him alongside. Just then it was reported the boats to leeward were out of sight.

I went up to the topmast crosstrees and sat down to look for the missing boats. I then heard a whale spout off the weather beam, and glancing that way, saw sure enough, a large whale, not more than 500 feet from us, coming directly for the ship. Mr. Nichols was alongside, just going to hoist his boat.

I told him there was a whale, a big fellow, trying to get alongside and to go and help him along. He took him head and head and did not get fast. I do not know why. He was certainly near enough, the boat steerer said too near, and did not have a chance to swing his iron.

Instead of that whale going down, or going to windward as they most always do, he kept coming for the ship, only much faster than he was coming before he was darted at. When he got within 30 feet of the ship he saw or heard something and tried to go under the ship, but he was so near and was coming so fast he did not have room to get clear of her.

He struck the ship forward of the mizzen rigging and about five or six feet under water. It shook the ship considerably when he struck her. Then he tried to come up, and he raised the stern up some two or three feet, so when she came down her counters made a big splash.

The whale came up on the other side of the ship and lay there and rolled; did not seem to know what to do. I asked the cooper if he thought the whale had hurt the ship any, and he said he did not think so, for he had not heard anything crack.

A few minutes later one of the men went to the fore-castle to get some dry clothes and he found the floor covered with water. He cried out and then I knew that the ship must have quite a hole in her. I immediately ordered flags set at all three mastheads, a signal for all boats to come on board, under any and all circumstances.

I set two gangs at work getting bread and water and then went to the cabin and found Mrs. Jenkins reading. She did not know there was anything the matter with the ship. I told her the ship was sinking, to get some warm clothing as soon as she could, but not to try to save anything else. The first thing she did was to go for the parrot and take him on deck. Then she got a jacket and an old shawl.

By that time it was time to take to the boat, which we did without any confusion whatever. There were 21 of us in the boat and she was pretty near the water, so deep that the water came over the centre-board, so that some of us had to keep bailing all the time, while the rest were paddling down to the boat that was still lying down by the whale. The ship rolled over to windward five minutes after we got clear of her."

The ship's company was distributed among the other boats and a course was laid for Barbadoes, 1060 miles away. The following day a steamer picked up the boat's crew. Another boat, which carried 10 men, reached Barbadoes nine days later, the men having subsisted for that period on a little ship bread and five gallons of water.

Only two other vessels were ever sunk by whales—the ship Ann Alexander in 1850, and the Essex in 1820.

Apr. 22, 1916

Ferocious Whales.

The story of the "monstrous bull whale" sinking the New Bedford whaler Kathleen is indeed a thrilling story of the dangerous deep.

Whales in the sea
God's voice obey,

As the New England Primer feelingly remarks.

The New York Sun in a description of the ramming says: "In all the salty annals of New Bedford and Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket there is but one story like that of the Kathleen."

Now the great sperm whale, the most majestic, is the most formidable of all whales. Herman Melville describes his "pre-eminent tremendousness" in "Moby Dick" and quotes Olason and Povelson "declaring the sperm whale not only to be a consternation to every other creature in the sea, but also to be so incredibly ferocious as continually to be athirst for human blood." In the earlier days of the sperm whale fishery many pursuers of right whales could not be induced to embark for the capture of the more ferocious variety, for they swore that "to chase and point lance at such an apparition was not for mortal man. That to attempt it would be inevitably to be torn into a quick eternity."

Melville gives instances of the destruction of vessels by whales.

In 1820 the ship Essex, Captain Pollard, of Nantucket, was cruising in the Pacific. She saw spouts and boats were lowered. "Suddenly a very large whale escaping from the boats, issued from the shoal, and bore directly down upon the ship. Dashing his forehead against her hull, he so stove her in that in less than 10 minutes she settled down and fell over. Not a surviving plank of her has been seen since. After the severest exposure, part of the crew reached land in their boats."

The ship Union of Nantucket was in 1807 lost off the Azores by a similar attack.

In the early thirties an American sloop-of-war from the Sandwich Islands to Valparaiso was so rammed by a whale that the vessel was obliged, with all pumps going, to make for the nearest port.

Lansedorff in his "Voyages" tells of his ship almost running into a whale. "The gigantic creature, setting up its back, raised the ship three feet at least out of the water." Captain D'Wolf, who was in command, was an uncle of Melville, and in 1851, the date of "Moby Dick," was living "in the village of Dorchester near Boston."

Procopius way back in the sixth century mentions the capture in the Propontis of a great sea-monster, which had destroyed vessels for a period of 50 years.

And Melville claims that if the sperm whale, once struck, is allowed time to rally, he then acts "not so often with blind rage, as with willful, deliberate designs of destruction to his pursuers."—Boston Journal's Talk of the Day.

May 3, 1902

Quick Whaling Voyage Made by Capt. Obed Starbuck.

The Nantucket Inquirer of September 11, 1830, announced the arrival from a whaling voyage of the ship *Loper*, Capt. Obed Starbuck, from the Pacific ocean, with a full cargo of oil and remarks:

"The *Loper* was absent only 14 months and 16 days; and to form a climax to success before unequalled, Capt. Starbuck took a whale on Sunday last, and did not finish boiling until a few hours previous to his arrival.

In commenting on this short but profitable voyage, the New Bedford Mercury said:

"On the voyage the *Loper* often had several large whales alongside at once, was full of blubber between decks, and two boats off after more. This was whaling with a vengeance; and it must be that Capt. Starbuck possesses the spirit of enchantment, which attracts the leviathans of the ocean around his ship. If his unparalleled success is the effect of superior skill on whaling, would it not be proper for him to communicate it to others of the same profession, who are now three years in performing exploits for which he requires little more than one?"

Nantucket Insurance Case of 100 Years Ago Set a Precedent.

One hundred years ago this month (Sept., 1837) the Supreme Court of this State handed down a decision in a marine insurance case which established a precedent in maritime law. The case had to do with the loss of the Nantucket whaleship *Loper*, and the controversy over her insurance between Joseph Starbuck, her owner, and the New England Marine Insurance Company, the underwriters.

The moot question concerned a vital clause in the policy. Prior to this time it had been considered a fixed principle of law that to secure the validity of a policy a vessel must not only leave her original port in a seaworthy condition but must, also, depart in like good order, if practicable, from every port into which she may put in the course of her voyage.

Joseph Starbuck had effected insurance on the *Loper* to the amount of \$12,000, with the New England Marine Insurance Company of Boston. On her passage home in June, 1835, the *Loper* had foundered and the crew barely escaped with their lives. The underwriters refused to pay the insurance on the ground of unseaworthiness at the time of putting to sea from her last port-of-call, Talcahuana, Chili, prior to the disaster. Starbuck immediately took the matter to the courts.

The insurance policy was dated as of the 1st of November, 1832, by which the *Loper* and her outfits were insured to the amount of \$12,000, for a voyage from Nantucket to the Pacific Ocean and elsewhere on a whaling voyage and return, with the usual liberties.

The case was first tried before the Supreme Judicial Court sitting at Nantucket, Judge Putnam presiding. After considerable presentation by the various attorneys the jury decided in favor of the plaintiff.

In Judge Putnam's charge to the jury he stated an important opinion adverse to the rule of the law as concerning the ascertainment of a seaworthy condition in the last port-of-call of a ship.

The N. E. Insurance Co. took exception to the verdict and carried the case to the Supreme Court of the State, sitting at Boston, for final adjudication.

The high tribunal, after a full and learned argument, affirmed the verdict of the jury in Nantucket and Judge Putnam's directions, thus providing a startling precedent for future rulings in maritime law.

The whaleship *Loper* had made a number of successful voyages from Nantucket prior to her loss. Her owners, Joseph and Levi Starbuck, had fitted her out during the fall of 1832, and she had sailed from Nantucket on the 24th of November, with Captain John C. Cotton in command.

The voyage to the Pacific Ocean was pursued with untoward incident, and the spring cruise on the "off-shore" grounds in 1833 was moderately successful. In the following November, however, while cruising in mid-Pacific, the *Loper* experienced a severe shock, like a submarine earthquake, which caused the ship to tremble violently, creating much alarm among the crew. She continued fishing, however, occasionally touching at various ports, and in March, 1835, put into Talcahuana, Chili, to prepare for the homeward voyage.

At Talcahuana repairs were made to the *Loper's* upper works, but her bottom was not examined. It was proven by the evidence that the ship did not leak any more than all whaleships do, and that all the repairs that were made at this port were those believed necessary by Captain Cotton.

On March 24, 1835, the *Loper* left Talcahuana for Cape Horn and home. All went well until May, 1835, when on the 19th of the month the ship suddenly began to founder. The crew took to the boats and escaped with a quantity of provisions. The locality in which the ship had sunk was somewhere just below the equator in mid-Atlantic, but nearer land than in any of the latitudes north or south of the position. The ship had a cargo of 1700 bbls. of sperm oil below hatches.

After being at sea eight days in the open boats, Capt. Cotton and his men landed at Maranham, Brazil. Here he was welcomed by the English and Portuguese agents and wrote a letter to Nantucket, which was taken to Para and there put aboard the schr. *George*, of Lynn, bound home. After a passage of 23 days the *George* arrived home and the letter was immediately dispatched to Nantucket.

In order to show some adequate cause for the ship's foundering, the plaintiff, Joseph Starbuck, introduced evidence tending to prove that it arose from a defect in her bottom caused in November, 1833, (at the time when she received the shock mentioned) by the blow of a horned fish. Many witnesses were examined by the plaintiff, who several testified that Sword, Bill, and other horned fish abound in the Pacific Ocean, and that vessels have often had their bottoms pierced by said fish, so that their safety was greatly endangered.

A notable instance was that of the whaleship *Foster*, of this port, which a few years before had been struck by a Bill-fish, which thrust its horn through the ship's planking and caused her to leak 1000 strokes an hour. Fortunately, the *Foster*, being thus made aware of the injury was able to get to port and have the hole fixed.

In respect to this evidence, the insurance company contended that the injury to the *Loper* should have been repaired while the craft was in Talcahuana, where the defect could have been discovered and repaired; and that, this not being done, it showed negligence on part of the captain.

However, the jury was instructed by Judge Putnam that if the ship sailed from Talcahuana with a defect in her bottom which afterwards caused her loss, the defendants (underwriters) were still liable; unless the captain had a reasonable cause to suspect a serious injury to the ship when she was in her last port-of-call, or had reasonable cause to believe that the ship could not proceed safely home without having the same repaired.

The jury returned a verdict for Mr. Starbuck for a total loss.

While it may seem peculiar that the plaintiff should admit that the loss of his ship was due to an unsuspected injury, it was evident that he proved the injury an external one—something within the terms of the policy.

The outstanding fact which was brought out by the testimony was this: The neglect to repair leaves the assured liable for all the injuries; and the obligation on him is the same, whether the master exercised a sound discretion or otherwise.

In other words, the captain's opinion in regard to the seaworthiness of the *Loper* was not at the risk of the owner's insurance policy. If the captain's opinion is to govern, then the insurance would be, in effect, on the soundness of his opinions. And if the ignorance of the condition of the vessel excused in this case, it does not alter the fact that the *Loper* might have been or was unseaworthy when she left Talcahuana. The rule of law was apparently unyielding and pre-emptory.

The jury, by its verdict, found that there was an adequate cause of the loss by the perils of the sea; that the captain had no reasonable cause to suspect the existence of a defect when in Talcahuana; that he had reasonable ground to believe that the ship could proceed home in safety.

The question came: "Is it evidence of negligent navigation so as to avoid a policy of insurance, if the vessel is lost by a defect—produced by perils of the sea—which is secret and unknown to the master—who sails from an intermediate port with this hidden defect?"

Hardly any whaling vessel during a long voyage but would reveal concealed defects, if hove out and her sheathing removed. But when a ship does not leak alarmingly or betray injury, a captain exercises ordinary prudence by not going to the trouble of heaving his vessel out.

If Captain Cotton's admissions were evidences of negligence no insurance policy for any other whaleship could stand a test, for the voyage of the ship is necessarily left to his judgment where he is of competent skill.

What is not known does not exist as far as the captain is concerned—this was the contention of the plaintiff. To guard against what does not exist is hardly required.

In his charge to the jury, Judge Putnam mentioned these factors. In delivering the opinion of the Supreme Court, Chief Justice Shaw gave as an illustration that where a stroke of lightning strikes a ship many months before, and she exhibits no sign of injury and continues her voyage for a year or more in safety, he would not be called negligent because he did not heave her out at the next port of call and search for an unknown injury.

The Chief Justice asserted that, while it was the duty of the captain to repair the ship so as to keep her seaworthy, this duty is varied by time and circumstances. In the first place, the master must know of the injury. In the next place, he must repair as soon as possible, and this latter also depends upon the multitude of contingencies.

As a rule, the law requiring a vessel to start her voyage in a seaworthy condition, and to go from every port in which she might be made so, must be governed with reference to the exercising of discretion on the part of the captain.

The loss of the *Loper*, while not a financial catastrophe for her owners, was a tragedy to her crew. After completing a three-year voyage, homeward bound, the whalers were forced to watch their earnings sink with the ship.

One of the ironies of whaling is contained in a notice in the June 20th, 1835, issue of *The Inquirer*, where the *Loper* is reported "all well" in the marine column by a newly arrived ship which had spoke her in the South Seas, homeward-bound. At this time the ill-fated craft had been lost a full month, unknown to the relatives of her crew as well as her owners.

In commenting on the first direct intelligence of the ship's foundering, *The Inquirer* said:

"We learn that the owners were insured to the amount of nearly \$20,000 dollars—\$12,000 in Boston and the remainder in this place. The master and mate were partially insured—and we should hope that the poor seamen, who have been toiling between two and three years, for what their share of the proceeds might produce, may have also provided against the loss which has befallen them."

Lydia

The old whaleship Lydia which was owned by James Athern of Nantucket in 1840, and which made one voyage from this port and was then sold to Fairhaven, is now at San Francisco to be broken up. Her hull is reported as sound and tight as when she was launched 60 years ago.

June 7, 1901

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

James Loper.

"Nantucket, Jr.," has, with his usual promptness and zeal, searched up the documents, and given us "what he knows about" the mythical James, who is almost as intangible as the *ignis fatuus*—by the time you think you have got your finger on him, he is gone.

Soper is, as your correspondent says, a Provincetown name; there are Sopers there yet. But the man we are in pursuit of is evidently Loper, and not Soper. The name is plainly written in our Records, "Loper," and the extract from the "Annals of Salem," showing him to have been a veteran whaler, is very good evidence that the Loper of 1688, is the same as the Loper of 1672, with whom our ancestors made the agreement.

Now here is a little matter which may have escaped the attention of the historian of Cape Cod. I find this in the Plymouth Colony Records, vol. VI, p. 195, under date July 9th, 1686:

"The Court ordered the constable of Eastham, by warrant sent to him, to attach Jacobus Loper, and carry him before a magistrate to find sureties for his good behaviour & appearance at ye next Court."

Again, vol. VI, p. 203: "At Octobr Court, 1686, Jacobus Loper & Lidia Young, having been presented by the grand jury (at June Court last) for unevill cariages to or with each other, as pr the sd presentment on file more at large appeareth, at this Court appeared to answer their sd presentment, and sd Loper traversed his presentment & put himself upon tryall by a petty jury, who found him not guilty & so he & sd Lidia were released."

Now, as *Jacobus* is very good old Latin for James, there is little doubt that we are again on his track, as having been at Plymouth, or Eastham, in 1686. This may help us a little, showing that he did sojourn on Cape Cod, before he went to Salem. So don't let us give up the chase, yet.

While on this subject, I may add, in reference to John Savidge, the cooper, that two children were born to him on this island. I find in an old book now in the Town Clerk's office, and still in good legible condition, these entries: "Susannah, Daughter to John Saviges wife, was born ye 23d of March, 1673."

"John, ye son of John Savige, was born ye 24th of June, 1674."

But I find no mention of the name of Loper in this odd volume.

QUERIST.

Aug. 3, 1872

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

JAMES LOPER.

MESSES. EDITORS:—Your correspondent "Querist," has indeed started a question of some interest, relating to the original whaler, James Loper. I hope we shall hear from some one upon this subject, if any one has evidence to offer. If James Loper is really nothing but a myth, we have been for two centuries awarding undeserved honors to him, and wasting sentiment upon him.

I do not, however, understand "Querist" to doubt the authenticity of the document quoted from the Records. There is no doubt that an agreement was made; but he seems to doubt whether it ever was carried out, or whether Loper was ever a resident there for two years, as agreed upon. This may be a very difficult point to settle, in the absence of any direct proof. I would ask, what evidence can be adduced that he did not reside here? and what has started "Querist" at this late hour, to astonish all the *connoisseurs* in Nantucket's history, by a question which implies, if it does not express, unbelief in Loper's whaling exploits? If no one can furnish any reply to the questions he has asked, by all means let us hear from "Querist" himself.

SHERBURNE.

July 6, 1872

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

James Loper.

"Sherburne" thinks that my question "implies, if it does not express, unbelief in Loper's whaling exploits." And I suppose I shall be compelled to admit the fact, even though I risk the imputation of heresy.

He asks, "What evidence can be adduced that he did not reside here?" admitting, at the same time, that the point may be a very difficult one to settle, in the absence of any direct proof. This is true, and unless we can hear from some one who has thus far kept silent, there is nothing but a negative kind of proof, either *pro* or *con*.

The belief that he did reside here and carry on whaling, rests upon the fact that a certain agreement was made, of which a memorandum still remains legibly on record. I certainly have no disposition to rob the sturdy Loper of any honors which may be justly due to him; but the *negative proof*, on this side of the case, furnishes pretty strong presumptive evidence that the agreement may not have been carried out, after all.

In consideration of his "carrying on the trade of whaling on this island for two years, in all the seasons thereof," the Town granted him ten acres of land, also liberty for the commonage of three cows, twenty sheep and one horse. The commonage was granted only for the time he should stay here; but the ten acres of land was to be an absolute conveyance or "set off," which he might sell, giving the Town the first refusal of it at a fair price. The date of the agreement in the Records, is April 5th, 1672, but the two years' term was to run from "the first of March next ensuing."

Now, there appears no evidence that such land was ever set off to him. Neither his name nor that of any person bearing the same surname, appears as a holder or seller of land at any time, nor does the name seem to occur in writing under any circumstances, except in the single instance already referred to. This fact is a most remarkable one, as almost every early settler's name is frequently occurring in various connections; and the grants and set-offs of land seem to have been particularly recorded in every instance. So much so, indeed, that the absence of any record of land laid out to James Loper, may be deemed *almost* conclusive evidence that he never held or occupied any land on the island.

Moreover, this fact becomes especially significant, when we compare Loper's case with the other similar one, of the same date and nearly the same tenor,—that of John Savidge, the Cooper. In establishing the business of whaling here, of course, one of the first requisites must be, to provide vessels for holding the oil. And, accordingly, we find the memorandum of another promise of a ten acre grant to John Savidge, bearing even date with that to Loper, recorded on the same page and by the same hand. Savidge was to "build and inhabit on this Island, before the first of march next, and not depart by Removing for the space of Three years,"—one year more than is stated in the Loper agreement. "And also to follow his trade of a cooper upon this Island as the Town or whale company shall have need to employ him." Land and commonage as before, and on the same conditions; and also "Liberty of wood for firing and fencing stuff, and any stuff for his trade"—which undoubtedly means, staves, or stock for making his casks.

Pursuing the investigation further, we find these entries:

July 25th, 1673. "John Saviedg hath granted him by the Town so much meadow as may yeeld a load of hay."

Sept. —. "The Town did chuse William Gayer, William Worth & John Coffin to be land layers and apoynted them to lay out John Saviedgse land & meadow."

Obed Macy's History makes a passing allusion to this cooper, as John *Savage*; but "Savidge" or "Saviedge" is the name in every instance where it is written, and the chain of evidence in this case is perfect: He had his ten acres of land laid out to him, and began building a house to reside in, but he never finished it! By deed bearing date January 8th, 1674, we find him selling out his whole ten acres of land, with his new house,—unfinished, it would seem—"with al dourses and floures, nayled or unnayled, as now they are," to an Indian known as Jacob the Weaver, son of Washaman. From this date, the name of John Savidge seems to disappear from our island's history. It is evident that he did not buy any other land, but sold out entirely, and left, after having sojourned here only a few months, and partially built a residence.

It is hardly a reasonable supposition, that; if Loper had ever resided here two years, or two months, or ever taken possession of his land, we should have been left with no record of the fact, when the entries in all other cases are complete and consecutive. And as to "starting such a question at this late hour," I answer, that it is never too late to correct error, or to ask questions which may elicit truth. If there be proof extant that Loper lived here, or that he ever killed a whale in our waters, I shall be as ready to welcome the announcement as General Butler was to rejoice at the capture of Fort Fisher, when the report reached him while he was trying to demonstrate that it was impregnable.

QUERIST.

July 13, 1872

Loper

Quick Whaling Voyage Made by Capt. Obed Starbuck.

The Nantucket Inquirer of September 11, 1830, announced the arrival from a whaling voyage of the ship Loper, Capt. Obed Starbuck, from the Pacific ocean, with a full cargo of oil and remarks:

"The Loper was absent only 14 months and 16 days; and to form a climax to success before unequalled, Capt. Starbuck took a whale on Sunday last, and did not finish boiling until a few hours previous to his arrival.

In commenting on this short but profitable voyage, the New Bedford Mercury said:

"On the voyage the Loper often had several large whales alongside at once, was full of blubber between decks, and two boats off after more. This was whaling with a vengeance; and it must be that Capt. Starbuck possesses the spirit of enchantment, which attracts the leviathans of the ocean around his ship. If his unparalleled success is the effect of superior skill on whaling, would it not be proper for him to communicate it to others of the same profession, who are now three years in performing exploits for which he requires little more than one?"

July 13, 1872

—ONE of the best known retired whaling masters of New Bedford, Capt. James S. Robinson, died at his home in Fairhaven last Tuesday. In company with Capt. Sheffield Reed he purchased, in 1845, the ship Lydia, of Nantucket, and made a voyage in her to the coast of Chili and Kodiac. She sailed in May, 1845, and arrived home April 25, 1848, with 2,500 barrels of whale and 500 of sperm oil. This was Capt. Robinson's last whaling voyage, although he took the ship Florida to California in 1849 with a party of Fairhaven gentlemen, and subsequently became a member of the firm of Fish & Robinson, lumber dealers.

Dec. 10, 1898

ANOTHER GONE.—Ship James Loper, of this port, recently returned from a sperm-whaling voyage, was sold at auction on Saturday afternoon by Capt. T. W. Riddell to a New York firm, for the sum of \$5,525.

Sept. 11, 1860

LOSS OF SHIP LEXINGTON, OF THIS PORT.—A letter received in town by E. W. Perry, Esq., from Capt. Fisher, of ship Lexington, of this port, dated Guam, April 28th, 1859, gives the following particulars of the loss of the ship:—

"We put into Strong's Island on the 5th of March last, for recruits, before going North. A few days after we anchored there, the wind came in to the eastward, blowing straight into the passage, and we did not get a chance to get out, until the morning of the 1st of April, when we got under weigh, with a fair wind from the westward. Took the pilot on board, and had two of the King's boats and four of the ship's boats, towing the ship. When we got about the middle of the passage, a strong breeze from the eastward, with a heavy swell, sprang up, and took everything aback, two anchors were let go, and all sail clewed up as quick as possible, but by the time the anchors brought up, her stern struck the reef. The swell and breakers continued to increase, as the tide rose, and it was impossible to get alongside with the boats; two of them got broken to pieces, and one man badly hurt in trying to do so. By the exertions of the missionary, Mr. Snow, one of the natives was persuaded to swim through the surf with a line to the ship, by which myself and the crew that remained with me, were hauled on shore. In a short time after she struck, a great part of her keel came out, and everything that was in the cabin and the run was washed off. I lost my chest, with all the money, and all my own clothes. What little the crew saved, was plundered from them by the natives. The casks of oil and provisions, as they came from the wreck, were either stove in by the breakers, or broken into by the natives, who went round with axes in their hands, cutting into everything they could lay hands on. They broke into the slop cask, and sunk the clothing in deep water, and afterwards got it up and hid it in the bush. I managed with great exertion to save from 90 to 100 barrels of whale oil, which I have placed in the hands of Mr. Snow, the missionary, to be disposed of to advantage; or failing in that to be shipped either to the Sandwich Islands, or home.

By the kindness of Capt. Bailey, of the ship Vesper, of New London, we all got a passage to this place, where we arrived on the 19th inst., and am waiting for the first chance to get off.

Yours, respectfully,

JAMES FISHER."

Aug. 9, 1859

Auction Sales.

BY T. W. RIDDELL

SHIP AND INVENTORY AT AUCTION. On Saturday, September 8th, at 10 o'clock.

IN FRONT OF SALES ROOM, NANTUCKET.



The well known ship JAMES LOPER, and her Entire Inventory, as discharged from her last voyage. Said Ship was built of the best materials in 1838, is 248 tons burthen, was thoroughly repaired, and New Topped in 1855, was coppered with heavy Yellow Metal, and it is now in very good order, and she can be sent to sea with a very small expense.

New Bedford Mercury please copy, and send bill to this office. aug 24

Aug. 24, 1860

James Loper

SHIP AND INVENTORY AT AUCTION.
On Saturday, September 8th, at 3
o'clock, P. M.
IN FRONT OF SALES ROOM, NANTUCKET.



The well known ship JAMES
LOPER, and her Entire Inven-
tory, as Discharged from her last
voyage. Said Ship was built of the best ma-
terials in 1838, is 843 tons burthen, was
thoroughly repaired, and New Topped in 1855,
was coppered with heavy Yellow Metal, and it
is now in very good order, and she can be sent
to sea with a very small expense.

New Bedford Mercury please alter the time
of sale to 3 P. M.

ANOTHER GONE.—Ship James Loper, of
this port, recently returned from a sperm-
whaling voyage, was sold at auction on Sat-
urday afternoon by Capt. T. W. Riddell to a
New York firm, for the sum of \$5,525.

Sept. 4, 1860

Glimpses of a Whaleship's Log A Half Century Ago.

The bark *Mermaid*, Captain James H. Sherman, master, sailed out of New Bedford harbor on September 5, 1883, having on board, besides the crew of usual number, the captain's wife and sons. It was Captain Sherman's first voyage in command of the bark, and he was bound to the Indian Ocean, with cruises in the Atlantic grounds.

The son, Wilbur G. Sherman, has made a number of extracts from the log of that voyage, which he has sent to *The Inquirer and Mirror* for publication. Capt. James Sherman is now in his 96th year, the oldest whaling master in the country.

The *Mermaid's* voyage was an unusual one inasmuch as it was more or less a family adventure. When the voyage began Mrs. Sherman's father, Elijah Gifford, of New Bedford, was sole owner and agent of the vessel. Captain and Mrs. Sherman, and their two sons shared the main cabin with two mates, so that it was quite a family circle.

When the bark had been some time at sea, Elijah Gifford met death in a drowning accident at Warren, R. I., leaving Mrs. Sherman his only heir, and so she became owner of the *Mermaid* without knowing it for over a year.

The voyage was evidently begun with heavy hearts, for the keeper of the log noted on Page One the following:

"The Memories and horrors of a whaling voyage in one volume."

In brief, nautical phraseology the departure is recorded, thus:

"Remarks on Board. Sea Account. Wednesday, September 5th, 1883.

First part light breeze from the S. W. & fine Weather, working out of the bay, at 3 p. m. the tug boat took off the passengers. At 6 P. M. the pilot left the vessel. The Sow & Piggs Light boat then bore S. about 2 miles off. At 8 P. M. the light boat bore E. about 3 miles Off. Middle & latter part brisk breeze from the S. W. & hazey. Stood out clear of the Land, took in the light sails & steered S. E. So ends. Lat. 40 43 N.

There followed the usual routine of shipboard life, with topmasts going aloft, gear placed in readiness, and so forth. Whales were taken and duly recorded, with the added stamp as a means of rude illustration. Somewhere around the Cape of Good Hope the log's writer again was attacked with nostalgic qualms, for he unburdened himself as follows:

"We will sing the song of auld lang sime
When we get on shore.
We will spend our money with the girls,
But a-whaling go no more."

Perhaps the mate was able to express his secret yearnings only in a short poem, scattered here and there, for he celebrates the home-coming in these lines:

"Oh now we are homeward bound my boys
And we have done our sailing.
We will drink Success to every Lass
And d-m & bogered Whaling.
—E. P. I."

After two years of rambling, the bark again headed for home. The following entry in the log gives a bare mention of the landfall and the happiness that must have been felt.

Tuesday, Aug 4th, 1885.

"Commenced with a strong breeze from the E & thick fog the fog lighted up. sighted the land at 6:30 P. M. No-mans-land 7:30 P. M. made Sow & Piggs light-ship shortened sail and hove too on port tack."

On Wednesday, Sept. 16th, 1885, only a month after she had returned to port, the *Mermaid* again put out to sea. The log records:

"At 4 A. M. Sailed from New Bedford at 10 discharged Pilot and stood to sea with fine weather and moderate winds from S. W. varying N. W. Course S. S. E. by compass under all sail at 4:30 took in all light sails but Main top Gallant sail at 6:30 chose Boats crews and watches at seven set the watches."

For seven months the *Mermaid* cruised the Atlantic grounds. On the 11th of March, the log book reveals what must have been a very welcome event.

"Tuesday. Commences with and light trade wind middle and latter part the same at 2 p. m. came to anchor at Jamestown, St. Helena, and washed ship. so ends this day."

After nearly three weeks at the historic island, during which the bark took on fresh water and provisions, the voyage was resumed, the log recording the departure, thus:

Tuesday, March 30th. Commences with strong breezes. all employed in getting ready for sea middle the same latter ship ready for sea. weather very squally. concluded not to sail today. so ends.

Wednesday, March 31st. Commences with fine weather ship ready for sea. middle much the same latter part at 5 took our anchor and steered W. by Compass. under all sail at 7 P. M. N. W. end of the Island bearing S true. wind light. so ends.

But tragedy was stalking the lanes of the sea into which the bark was steering. Less than two weeks from St. Helena it fell upon the ship, and even in the laconic language of the log some glimpses of the disaster are visible. Page 190 of the journal gave the following paragraph:

"Friday, April 16th. Commences with breezes from S. course S E at 11:30 A. M. raised Sperm Whales at 12 M lowered 3 Boats for them. At about 1:30 P M (starboard) S B struck one which run badly. at 4 P M the Boat was taken down by foul Line and Joseph Antone Maderias, Boat-steerer, William Brunn, Cooper, and George Hubbard, Green Hand, were drowned it being rough weather and the Boat a long distance from the ship the remaining 3 of the Boats crew were not rescued until 6. 2 of which were insenceable when taken off the Boat but soon recovered. at 8 got the Boat on cranes and shortened sail. Ship heading eastward. So ends this day."

The bark afterward returned to St. Helena before making the voyage south, around the Cape of Good Hope and into the Indian Ocean. When informed of the tragedy which had befallen the *Mermaid*, the editor of the St. Helena newspaper, "The Guardian," printed a long poem in memory of the drowned men. Mr. Sherman has a copy of the paper in his possession today. He writes of the incident as follows:

"My particular recollection of this happening is of my mother's solicitude and interest, and suggesting means to enable the men of any capsized boat to better cling to the careening or tossing bottom, especially in rugged seas. One suggestion was a rope

along the keel to give a hand hole or in favorable conditions enable each man to fasten a rope thereto which could be either gripped or, if feasible, fastened about his body."

The *Mermaid* remained out another year, and it was not until the last day of June, 1887, that she again rode at anchor in New Bedford harbor. The journal tells of her homecoming with characteristic bareness of any detail.

Monday, June 27th. This day began with a dead Calm middle & latter parts light breeze from the North saw a number of Vessels have been stowing away towlines and cordage in Casks took in the Cutting Stage, & Ship by the wind on the Starboard tack Lat 39° 37' N Long 70° 41' W.

Tuesday, June 28th. Light air from N W & Calms threw the tryworks overboard Cleaned up & saw several vessels Lat 40° 00' N Long 70° 42' W

Wednesday, June 29th. The day begins with light breeze from the westward Ship steering North by W many vessels in sight in the forenoon saw Block Island took a pilot about 1-4 to Seven O'clock P. M. about 9:30 came to an anchor off Clark's point New Bedford. So ends this voyage of Bk *Mermaid*. Capt. J. H. Sherman Master.

So far as the ship was concerned this was the final recording in the log, but the poetical mate must have a last fling—and so he writes:

"The anchor's drop't the sails are furled
On Bedford wharf we stand.
With much delight, we view the past.
No more a Spouting bound."

—H. C. P."

And his straying pen added a couple of flourishes before sounding the actual ending of the journal:

"Bk *Mermaid* of fame.
There she blows oo's os os &c &c"

NOVEMBER 14, 1936.

Ship Mary, of this port, has been purchased by Messrs. Sinclair & Moody, of California. She is to be fitted at this place, and will proceed to New York to take in a cargo of coal. She is to be commanded by Capt. John C. Broek.

For the Inquirer.

SHIP MOHAWK.—A new ship of this name, owned by our townsmen, Messrs. Thomas Macy and Sons, was recently launched from the shipyard of Mr. James O. Curtis, at Medford, and is now at Woods Hole, nearly ready for her destined whaling voyage in the Pacific Ocean. The Mohawk is a very strong, substantial ship, built of the best materials in a workmanlike manner, with the improvements of the day, and comfortable accommodations for the master, officers and crew. She is over 350 tons burthen, well manned and fitted, and is to be commanded by Capt. Oliver C. Swain, of this place.

Thus it appears while very many of our citizens have been attracted to California by its glittering gold, there are yet stout hearts and stout purses left to remind the whales of the Pacific that "they must not crow before they get out of the woods."

LAST OF THE FLOCK.—Capt. Fuller of the bark Milton, brought home a biddy which performed the entire voyage with him. The hen is one of a flock raised here and taken on the cruise by the captain, the rest of which were either lost overboard or stolen, leaving but this one to return and scratch in her native soil, and relate, in her own language, the sad fate of her feathered shipmates. It must be a sad tail she has to unfold.

GREAT VOYAGE, It always affords us pleasure to chronicle the success of our enterprising whalers, and be they high or low, our interest in them is not abated. But when we have the satisfaction of recording such an almost unprecedented cruise as that of Capt. Fisher, in the ship Maria of this port, we naturally feel proud of American whalers, and Nantucket sperm whalers in particular. Nantucket still bears the flag in the sperm fishery, and long may she retain it with the same honor to her country, and her ocean children, that has distinguished her for nearly two centuries; and that she will do so, we can have no doubt, so long as she continues to give birth to such industrious, enterprising and successful fishers.

The Maria, whose arrival has drawn from us these remarks, has been absent from the U. S. a few days short of 22 months, and has brought home 2500 bbls sperm oil, in value \$70,000, being the shortest and most successful cruise from this port for the last 10 years.

Her owners, Messrs. Barrett & Upton, have another ship in the Pacific, which at last advice had 1500 bbls sperm oil, 16 months out.

Capt. Fisher has favored us with Lima papers but we find nothing later than received by previous arrivals.

SHIP MARIA.—The old Maria, which first displayed the rebel stars and stripes in England's waters, commanded by Capt. Moores, after the Revolution, arrived at this port Wednesday evening, Aug. 11, from a whaling voyage under command of Capt. Abbot. She sailed Sept. 1, 1856.—N. B. Mercury.

Ship for Sale.



The ship MARY MITCHELL, as she came from sea, exclusive of Cargo.—She was built for the whaling business, and is well calculated therefor: Has a large inventory, and will be sold low, and on liberal terms, to close a concern.

WM. C. STARBUCK.

Capt. Manchester, of the ship Martha, of Fairhaven, at Honolulu, reports that on the 4th April, when about 100 miles to the westward of Oahu, had the wind light from eastward all day, with cloudy weather; in the evening cleared off fine, with no sign of a squall. The Captain went below at 9 P. M., leaving the deck in charge of a competent officer; had hardly got to his berth when the ship was taken aback with a severe squall from the westward, which for some time blew with great violence. The head of the main-mast was carried away, but succeeded in keeping the spars aloft by preventer-stays, etc., until getting into port on the 11th. Will ship a new mast at once.

The ship Levi Starbuck, of New Bedford, at Lahaina, was struck with lightning a little after 6 o'clock on Tuesday morning, April 5. Mainmast so much injured that she has gone to Honolulu for a new one. No other damage was done. There were but three ships remaining in the port of Lahaina on the 8th.

May 21, 1859



Tripp

SHIP MARIA

William Rotch, owner, in 1785, sailed on this ship from Nantucket to England in twenty-three days. He was accompanied by his son-in-law, Benjamin Rodman, and his mission was to establish Nantucket whalers in England. See page 103.

The Old Ship Maria Made Nine Voyages.

In response to a query from a correspondent on Marthas Vineyard relative to what became of the old ship Maria, the Boston Globe says:

The ribs of the old ship Maria lie in the port of Rio Janeiro. When she went on her last voyage, Capt. Baker of Nantucket was master of her, and Capt. William H. Perry went as his mate. Capt. Baker was taken ill and left the ship in Payta and Capt. Perry took command and sailed her the rest of the voyage. On the homeward trip she sprang a leak and as Rio was the nearest port he ran her in there. When she started leaking there were seven men down with the smallpox, the cook was dead and the rest of the crew had to work at the pumps night and day. Capt. Perry condemned her and sent the oil home. We cannot find that she was ever raised.

Some additional facts regarding the Maria, other than divulged by the Globe, may be of interest. The Maria first sailed from Nantucket, November 17, 1822, in command of Capt. George W. Gardner. She was a new vessel and returned home April 27, 1825, with 2343 barrels of sperm oil.

Capt. Gardner went out in her again July 17, 1825, and arrived home June 2, 1828, with 2269 barrels of sperm.

The Maria on her next voyage was in command of Capt. Benjamin Ray, sailing September 6, 1828, and arriving home June 10, 1832, with 1980 barrels of sperm and 21 barrels of whale oil.

Capt. Alexander Macy next took command of the ship, sailing from Nantucket October 10, 1832, and returning March 11, 1836, with 1665 barrels of sperm.

Her fifth voyage was under command of Capt. Elisha H. Fisher, sailing October 22, 1836, and arriving home October 14, 1839, with 2009 barrels of sperm and 47 barrels of whale oil.

Capt. Fisher again took her out the next spring, sailing April 22, 1840, and making a short but remarkably good voyage, as he was back again February 20, 1842 (less than two years), and brought home 2413 barrels of sperm—the biggest voyage the Maria ever made.

The ship next went in command of Capt. Edward Jennings, who sailed with her on the 11th of May, 1842, returning May 20, 1846, with 1796 barrels of sperm.

On the 20th of September, 1846, the Maria again sailed from Nantucket, but this time in command of Capt. George A. Coffin. She was gone nearly four years, the ship being brought home by Mr. Alley, the second officer, Capt. Coffin having left her at Talcahuano. This voyage was not a good one, as when she reached home June 27, 1850, the Maria had taken only 896 barrels of sperm and 13 barrels of whale oil.

The Maria sailed from Nantucket on what proved to be her last voyage, September 15, 1850, under command of Capt. David Baker. Capt. Baker returned home sick early in the voyage and Mr. Perry, the mate, took command, continuing the voyage. The ship obtained 1326 barrels of sperm and 30 barrels of whale oil, and started homeward, but was obliged to put into Rio Janeiro, where she was condemned in September, 1854.

On her nine voyages—covering a span of thirty-two years—the Maria took 16,697 barrels of sperm and 111 barrels of whale oil, which was a very good record indeed.

Further Information Regarding the "Old" Ship Maria.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Your article on the old ship Maria in last week's issue was correct in detail, so far as I know, and of historical interest, but I am inclined to think that it, as well as the paragraph quoted from the Boston Globe which prompted it, was wide of the mark as an answer to the query from the Marthas Vineyard correspondent.

The "Old Maria" referred to doubtless contemplated the historic ship of that name owned by William Rotch, which hailed from Nantucket during the Revolutionary period, and continued in commission until some years after the Civil War, achieving the reputation of being the oldest ship in the United States, if not the oldest afloat.

Some fifteen years ago the Boston Globe, commenting upon the first display of the Stars and Stripes in English waters, published a fine picture of ship Maria taken in 1860, and attributed that honor to her, alleging that she was originally called "Bedford," but that after the flag incident her name was changed to "Maria."

I was in Boston when the article appeared, and having the data at hand, corrected the error and furnished the Globe a brief history of both ships, which had in turn sailed under Captain William Mooers, who first displayed the "thirteen rebellious stripes," and this doubtless led to confounding the two vessels.

My correction brought a statement to the Globe signed "Old Nantucketer," which, after the lapse of years, it now re-publishes verbatim—the paragraph you quote. Of course I promptly "explained," giving the history of the older vessel likewise, which in conjunction with your article, it may be of interest to repeat.

The "Old" Maria was built at Pembroke, now Hanson, on North river, by Ichabod Thomas, during the Revolutionary period, and came new to Nantucket in September, 1782. She was built for a privateer, but never used as such, being purchased by William Rotch for a merchant vessel and brought to Nantucket by Captain William Mooers, who then sailed thence to London in the Bedford, which had arrived from Brazil Banks full of oil in 1777, and laid in Nantucket harbor until the close of hostilities.

On his return from London Captain Mooers took the Maria thence with a cargo of oil. She was subsequently employed at whaling from New Bedford until 1863, when she was sold to Chili and employed for a while in the coal trade, but in 1866 was re-fitted for a whaler at Talcahuano, and was finally condemned at Vancouver's Island in 1872.

DEATH AT SEA.—A letter received in town from San Francisco contains the following intelligence which we fear will prove to be correct.—The letter says, "I have seen a letter from Mr. Charles W. Rand, written at the Sandwich Islands, which says that Mr. Sylvanus Russell, 2d officer of ship Richard Mitchell, of Nantucket, together with a boatsteerer, were killed in the early part of the season."

The Maria which was condemned in Rio Janeiro was a Nantucket ship of 365 tons—much larger than the "Old" Maria, which was but 202. She was built at Haddam, Conn., in 1822, sailed from Nantucket in November of that year, and made in all nine voyages from here, being condemned as stated, on her return from the Pacific in 1854. When this ship was built the "Old" Maria, then hailing from New Bedford, was 40 years old, had sailed four voyages to London, three to Brazil Banks, one to the Indian Ocean, one to Falkland Islands and thirteen to the Pacific, and she continued in commission nearly twenty years after the other Maria had "laid her ribs in the port of Rio Janeiro."

Arthur H. Gardner.

"Rounded the Horn" Sixty Years Ago.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

A friend has recently sent me some Nantucket papers, among them the one containing the item referring to the fiftieth anniversary of our marriage. I have been much interested in all the other events chronicled by your paper, and thought if you had not noted the fact of my father's sailing for San Francisco in December, 1849, it might be of interest.

I have recently been looking over some old documents and found his insurance papers. The policy is issued by the "Commercial Insurance Company at Nantucket," and is dated Dec. 1, 1849, George Cobb, President. After the words usually found at the head of a paper like this, are the following: "This company except to the schooner's passing through the Straits of Magellan."

The Mary and Emma, of 25 tons, was commanded by my father, Capt. David G. Patterson, part owner. Capt. William Patterson was mate and part owner. I well remember that my father came home from meeting the officials of the Insurance Company and telling my mother that there had been so many vessels lost in "the Straits" that the company was not willing to insure the vessel, but would insure her to go "around the Horn."

The schooner sailed very soon; I am not sure whether it was that day or the following. Capt. N. Manter was navigator, and several young men and the cook made the number that sailed on the long voyage, nine persons. They were one hundred and forty-nine days from Nantucket harbor to San Francisco, and were off Cape Horn fourteen days, once "hove to" with hatches on in great peril, but the little craft weathered it. It was then, and I think still is, the smallest vessel that sailed from Massachusetts to California "around the Horn."

The Mary and Emma was sold for the Sacramento river trade, and my father came home by way of the isthmus. Sixty years have passed, and I think every one of the officers and crew have passed on, but the fact remains that a brave little company left home as perhaps no other company did in the annals of the California pioneers.

Yours respectfully,

Sarah M. Gorham.

South Hamilton, Mass.

December 28, 1909.

Register of Ship Christopher Mitchell.

The following, copied from the official "register" of the ship Christopher Mitchell, in 1834, is interesting reading:

"In pursuance of an Act of Congress of the United States of America, entitled 'An act concerning the registering and recording of ships and vessels, Gorham Coffin of Nantucket, in the state of Massachusetts, merchant, having taken or subscribed the oath required by the said act, and having sworn that he, together with Seth Mitchell & Charles Mitchell, of said Nantucket, are the only owners of the ship or vessel called the Christopher Mitchell of Nantucket, whereof Sanford Wilbur is at present master, & is a citizen of the United States, as he hath sworn, & that the said ship or vessel was built at Rochester in the state aforesaid, during the current year, as appears by the Certificate of Gideon Barstow & Son, master carpenters, under whose superintendence said vessel was built, and William Coffin, Jr., thereto appointed, having certified that the said ship or vessel has two decks and three masts, & that her length is one hundred eight feet four inches, her breadth twenty-eight feet five inches, her depth fourteen feet two and one-half inches, & that she measures three hundred eighty-seven 31-95 tons, that she is a ship, has a square stern, no galleries & a billet head: And the said Gorham Coffin having agreed to the description and admeasurement above specified, & sufficient surety having been given according to the said act, the said ship has been duly registered at the port of Nantucket.

Given under my hand & seal at the port of Nantucket, this ninth day of July in the year one thousand eight hundred & thirty-four.

Michael Nourse,

Acting Register.

Signed

M. T. Morton, Collector.

LOSS OF A BOAT AND CREW.—We refer our readers to the account published under our marine head, of the loss of a boat and boat's crew belonging to the ship Richard Mitchell, Capt. M'Clave, of Nantucket. The whaling men's life is one of danger, and many and sad are the stories of accidents and deaths connected with them.—There is something terrible in the idea of six men, in the full possession of health and life, and in the very flush and fever of excitement and anticipated triumph over the huge monsters of the deep, being all at once engulfed in the deep cold waters, or worse still, left in a frail boat floating alone at sea, without water or food, compass or chart, assistance or hope.—And there are kind and loving hearts too, at home, who await the coming of those now floating in the deep sea, eyes, blue as their winding sheets, that will be as moist, too, when the sad words reach them that they sleep forever in the grave which neither spade nor pick has hollowed, which neither marble slab nor friendly epitaph mark out to tell the sorrowing eyes where they may weep over the sacred dust. Poor sailor, 'tis a fitting tomb, but oh, too suddenly won, and too soon forgotten.—[Alta California.]

The letter above referred to will be found today under our marine head.—[Ed. Inquirer.]

Additional Facts Regarding the "Old" Ship Maria.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Arthur H. Gardner's article on the "Old" Ship Maria was incorrect in one particular, in that it stated that she was built in what is now Hanson.

Ichabod Thomas's ship-yard was located in Pembroke and its site is still within the limits of that town. Hanson was set off from Pembroke about the year 1820, but none of the North River is included in its territory. I live but a few miles from the "Brick Kilns" on the North River, where the "Maria," along with the "Bedford" and "Beaver," (the latter one of the famous tea ships of the Boston tea party) were built, and have often visited the spot. Except that the North River flows past the spot, there is now no indication that there was ever a ship-yard located there.

In the "History of Ship Building on North River," published by Dr. LeVernon Briggs in 1889, is the following interesting account of the "Maria":

The "Maria" was built in 1782, at Ichabod Thomas's ship-yard, at the Brick Kilns, North River, and was broken up at Vancouver's Island after sailing for ninety years, during which time she touched at nearly every seaport of the globe. She was at Falkland Islands in 1785, Greenland in 1788, and as high as 79 deg. north in the ice on June 22d. Her career would make a romantic book.

She was built for a privateer, but never used as such. When finished she was purchased by Mr. William Rotch, of Nantucket, for a merchant vessel and brought by Capt. William Mooers to Nantucket previous to his sailing thence in the "Bedford." On his return from that voyage he took the "Maria" to London with a cargo of oil; and on a subsequent passage, he made in her the voyage from Nantucket to Dover in twenty-one days. She sailed from Nantucket for London July 4, 1785.

Her owners, William and Benjamin Rotch, the father and brother of William Rotch, Jr., were on board as passengers, going to establish the whale fishery from an English port. It is narrated that on the passage, Mr. Rotch, during a storm, became alarmed and venturing part way out of the cabin gangway, said: Capt. Mooers, it would be more conducive to our safety for thee to take in some sail; thee had better do so." To which Capt. Mooers replied: "Mr. Rotch, I have the deck; you have the cabin." He would not brook distation even from his owner.

Mary Thomas, afterward Mrs. Joshua Perry, grand-daughter of Ichabod Thomas, wrote many years ago, the following:

"My grandfather, Ichabod Thomas, built the ship 'Maria' during the Revolution. After many years, being out of repairs, Mr. William Rotch, who bought her, told his son-in-law, Samuel Rodman, he would give it to him. He said he would not accept it. Mr. Rotch said it was built by his old friend, Ichabod Thomas, and must be repaired. He repaired it and then asked his son-in-law to accept it and he did."

After her voyage to London the "Maria" was employed in the whale fishery and for fifty or sixty years was owned by Samuel Rodman of New Bedford and his descendants. It is said that there stood to her credit in 1859 \$250,000, and she had been of expense to her underwriters but once and then only for a trifling amount.

J. S. Smith.

Rockland, Mass., Jan. 16, 1917.

Christopher Mitchell

OUR OLD WHALER.—Occasionally we meet with an item touching the history or fate of one of our venerable ships, and awakening old associations in the minds of many of our elderly mariners. In our marine column to-day will be found mention of the shipwreck, on the Pacific coast, of a noteworthy and favorite old ship, the "Christopher Mitchell." This ship was nearly forty years of age, for we find that she sailed on her first voyage to the Pacific Ocean in July, 1834, being then commanded by the late Capt. Sanford Wilbur. She made five voyages from this port, and was sold to New Bedford in 1853.

March 14, 1874

SHIP FOR SALE.
THE SHIP MARY MITCHELL, as she came from sea, exclusive of cargo. She was built for the whaling business, and is well calculated therefor. Has a large inventory, and will be sold low, and on liberal terms, to close a concern.
WM. C. STARBUCK.

Sept. 22, 1847

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J. S. Smith.

Rockland, Mass., Jan. 16, 1917.

Helen Mar

DECEMBER 3, 1891.

Dug Out of a Bowhead.

AN INTERESTING RELIC BROUGHT TO SAN FRANCISCO.

The whaling bark Helen Mar, which returned to port from the Arctic a week ago, was far from being high hook. She had one honor, however, that of taking the largest whale captured during the season.

It was a monster bowhead that yielded 2450 pounds of bone and several hundred barrels of oil. As a rule, bowheads only yield from 1400 to 1800 pounds of bone.

From the time the mighty animal was sighted until it had been killed and towed to the ship's side was just 25 minutes about the quickest work on record. During the operation of stripping off the blubber the spade manipulated by the man doing the cutting struck a hard unyielding substance which on being exposed, proved to be the iron shaft of an old style harpoon.

The find was soon drawn from its fleshy sheath and passed on board, where it was examined with much curiosity by the crew. It was about three and a half feet long with a slender shaft between its broad barbed point and the pole socket.

Deep in the shaft, at its junction with the barb, was found stamped the name J. B. Morse.

The J. B. Morse was the name of an old-time whaler that cruised in the Arctic half a century ago. Many of the old whalers on the beach remember that a Nantucket whaling bark called the J. B. Morse was one of the Arctic whaling fleet before and during the early fifties, but few have any recollection of what became of her.

Her last trip ended in this port, and she cast anchor in the bay at a spot that is now filled in and covered with business houses. It was during the height of the gold excitement, and she was abandoned on the beach. After serving for a time as a storehouse, she was pulled to pieces for the old iron she contained.

Such is the account given of her by an old man who whaled in the Canton Packet at the time the Morse was in her glory. Both vessels made heavy catches in the Arctic in sight of each other.

The old harpoon, which must have been buried in the whale for at least 43 years, does not look much the worse for its strange experience. A few streaks of what look like rust were the only disfigurements. The ancient iron was rubbed clean by some of the Mar's crew, and it is as fit for use now as the day it was struck into the bowhead so many years ago.

It will be sent on to Nantucket to be placed in some of the collections of curios made by whalers from all parts of the watery world.—San Francisco Examiner, Nov. 18.

[Starbuck's History of the American Whale-fishery which is considered authority on such matters contains no mention of any such vessel. The Helen Mar's crew evidently mistook the maker's for the ship's name on the iron, for a smithy by the name of J. B. Morse used to manufacture harpoons in Fairhaven.—Ed.]



SHIP "MARIA" OF NEW BEDFORD,
The Oldest Ship in the United States.



WHALESHIP CHARLES W. MORGAN



The *Charles W. Morgan* slid down the ways of Jethro and Zachariah Hillman's Shipyard in New Bedford on July 21st, 1841. The United States was still such a young republic that it had only its tenth president, John Tyler. The fiery eloquence of his secretary of state, Daniel Webster, was yet to resound throughout the growing new nation. In England, Victoria had been on the throne for only four years. New York was a city of 300,000 souls; its homes were lighted by whale oil lamps. The cry "On to California — gold — gold!" would not be heard for eight years, and eighteen years would elapse before petroleum was discovered in Pennsylvania. (With the discovery of petroleum the death knell of the whaling industry set in.)

Hardy New Bedford whalers wrested oil and gold from the deep. Sperm oil lighted the lamps of America. Sperm oil burned in lighthouses. Up to 1860 the Delano Oil Works in New Bedford supplied the entire United States Lighthouse Service with oil. Sperm oil was used in locomotive headlights. In the process of refining the oil, spermacetti was extracted; it was moulded into the best candles. The sperm oil bleaching tanks also yielded the residue for the sperm oil soap used in cleaning harnesses and saddles, and for killing insects on plants. The refined sperm oil was also used for lubricating sewing machines and other delicate machinery. Whalebone stayed women's corsets until the advent of spring steel. And ambergris, that precious substance excreted by the sperm whale, and worth its weight in gold, sometimes fell to the lot of the lucky whaler.

Ten thousand sailors were employed on the New Bedford whaleships. The vessels and their whaling outfits were valued at more than \$12,000,000. Each ship carried from three to five whaleboats; these, if strung out in line one behind the other, would have extended a distance of six miles. Similarly, the whaleships would have reached for more than ten miles. On many days four or five ships made port. Anxious eyes peered through telescopes from the roof walks. Perhaps it was a loved one home at last.

Whaling was uniquely cooperative. Each member of the crew from captain to cabin boy had a share in the profits of the voyage. This was called a "lay". The captain who was chosen with great care as to honesty and capability — upon him depended the outcome of the voyage — was sometimes part owner of the vessel. His lay, or proportion of the profits, amounted to 1/10 or 1/12. The first mate, second mate, third mate, boat header, boat steerer, cooper, sailmaker, carpenter, cook, and others received "lays" ranging from 1/65 to 1/75. The other eamen down to the cabin boy received a proportionate "lay". A good voyage meant a good share of the profits for all, a poor voyage little or nothing.

The *Morgan* sailed on her first voyage on September 6th, 1841, to the Pacific Ocean under command of Captain Thomas A. Norton, a veteran whaler. She returned to New Bedford on January 1st, 1845, three years and four months later, with a cargo of 1600 barrels of sperm oil, 800 barrels of whale oil, and 10,000 pounds of whalebone. In 1841, sperm oil sold for 94 cents a gallon, whale oil 32 cents a gallon, and whalebone 20 cents a pound. On this first voyage of the *Morgan* she made \$69,591 for her owners.

Her original owner was Charles Waln Morgan, for whom she was named. Mr. Morgan was born in Philadelphia in 1796. He came to New Bedford as a young man and entered the business and social life of the city. New Bedford had about 6,000 inhabitants and was rapidly forging ahead to become the leading whaling port in the United States. Young Morgan married the daughter of Samuel Rodman, a family of Quakers and whaleship owners who had come to New Bedford from Nantucket.

In 1924 there were but three survivors of the once great New Bedford whaling fleet: the barque *Wanderer*, the *Morgan*, and the schooner *John R. Manta*. A snorting gale struck the Massachusetts coast in 1924; the *Wanderer* was blown ashore and ground to pieces on Cuttyhunk Island. This left the *Morgan* the only square-rigged whaleship in the world as a memento of a great American industry. The fates have been kind to the *Morgan*, but on many occasions she has been in imminent danger of destruction. For many years before Colonel Green moved her to Round Hill she lay at the old Union Wharf in Fairhaven, a sadly neglected ship. "There goes the *Morgan*!" exclaimed Bill Tripp, the curator of the New Bedford Whaling Museum, on June 30th, 1924. The steamer *Sankaty*, a sea of flames, drifted from the New Bedford side directly toward the old whaleship. The *Morgan* caught fire; luckily the blaze was extinguished before serious damage was done.

Yes, the fates have been good to the *Morgan*, but surely it is more than just luck. Her survival for 100 years must be attributed to her sturdy and honest construction and the care she has had up to the last years. On several occasions she has even been dressed up in full Hollywood style; quite a few years ago she starred in the filming of "Down to the Sea in Ships" and in the movie version of Hergeheimer's "Java Head."

The *Morgan* was placed at Round Hill on May 7th, 1925. From that time until Colonel Green's death in 1936 she was visited by thousands of people each year. Colonel Green's death left her unprovided and uncared for. Again at the mercy of the elements, the *Morgan* was seemingly doomed when the hurricane of 1938 struck New England. Her gallant weathering of this storm set up the cry "Keep the *Morgan's* colors flying!"

Just as the *Morgan* seemed doomed by time and the elements came news to gladden the hearts of those with the salt of the sea in their blood—and their number is legion. The *Morgan* is saved!

Whaler Morgan Rolling to Final Snug Harbor

Old Vessel Being Towed From New Bedford to Mystic, Conn.

ABOARD WHALESHIP CHAS. W. MORGAN, Nov. 5 (AP)—This century-old vessel, the last sailing whaler in the world, stood out of the historic whaling port of New Bedford tonight on the final voyage of her romantic career.

Naked of the sails which once carried her through polar and tropic seas in the bloodiest hunting in the world, she rolled at the end of a 150-fathom towline drawn by the Coast Guard cutter General Greene—bound for a snug harbor at Mystic, Conn., to be enshrined as a link with a thrilling era.

The Morgan's voyage was halted momentarily soon after she left New Bedford harbor, but Coast Guardsmen pulled her off a mud bank on a rising tide after a two-hour delay. The vessel sailed "deep" with 100 tons of rock ballast in her holds.

A skipper, a crew of five, and two newspapermen walked decks that once heard cries of "Thar she blows," and where 38 men stripped to the waist for the business of hauling up great slabs of blubber to the waiting fires.

Overhead, lashed to stages, were five whaleboats in which the Mor-

gan's hunters once rode in wild "Nantucket sleigh rides."

A pot-bellied stove in the cook's galley furnished the only warmth as the wind strummed through the rigging.

A few swinging-lanterns gave the only light; and below deck rusted harpoons and spades shuffled around with every slight list.

The sickish smell of whale oil still clung to the beams in the fore-castle.

Standing to her ancient wheel at the start of the 100-mile voyage to Mystic was William H. Tripp, curator of the old Dartmouth Historical Society and an old whaling man himself, who was appointed legal skipper by United States Customs officials, just before the Morgan left the New Bedford port which so often welcomed her home from "greasy" voyages.

Since 1925, the whaler had been imbedded in sand as a museum ship at the South Dartmouth estate of the late Col. E. H. R. Green, son of the eccentric financier, Hetty Green. The Morgan was floated a week ago.

Old salts with yarns to spin and

descendants of women of old New Bedford who remember when their men folk went down to the sea crowded the wharf to see the Morgan leave.

Chief Boatswain C. Lawrence Jordan, skipper of the General Greene, said upon leaving that if the weather held he expected to reach Fisher's Island, off the Connecticut coast about dawn and that he would then proceed as far as he could up the winding Mystic River.

The Marine Historical Association of Mystic agreed to preserve the vessel when New Bedford folk were unable to raise sufficient funds to repair damage wrought by the 1938 hurricane.

Famed Whaler Gets Fussy on Last Journey to Shrine

Charles W. Morgan Wasn't in the Mood, Says Crew

By FRANK E. CAREY

ABOARD THE WHALESHIP CHARLES W. MORGAN at NEW LONDON, Conn., Nov. 6 (AP)—This grand old lady of the sailing whale ships—last of her kind in the world—is refusing to become a museum piece.

She idles tonight alongside a Coast Guard dock in New London harbor after kicking up a fuss when an attempt was made to tow her into Mystic River, on the last leg of a journey toward a shrine prepared for her at Mystic, 10 miles from here.

Chief Boatswain's Mate C. Lawrence Jordan, skipper of the Coast Guard cutter Gen. Greene that towed the Morgan overnight from her old port at New Bedford, Mass., explains the failure this way:

"A vessel like the Gen. Greene hasn't sufficient maneuver-ability to make a sharp turn in close quarters with a vessel in tow, particularly in such choppy seas as prevailed today."

"Furthermore the channel of the Mystic is as crooked as a snake's hips."

But 12 of us who made up the crew of the Morgan's last voyage through waters of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and New York last night think we know another reason.

In that 18-hour journey, wherein moonlight gave way to dreary mist,

and mist gave way to spanking northerly winds and nasty tide rips, we believe that the century-old ship found something of her youth again—something of the days when she was mistress of the whale hunters.

Last evening when she first nosed gingerly into Buzzards Bay, it was as though she were reluctant to leave the area where she had been beached for 16 years, for she sought temporary refuge on a mud flat.

But once under way again, with the thrill and the throb of the open sea beneath her, it seemed to us on her shadowy deck that new life coursed into her oaken hull, battered as it is by polar ice and parched by tropic suns.

And small wonder she cruised almost like a young ship when the skipper, William H. Tripp of New Bedford, peered into her musty holds during a buck with a tide, and aid:

"There are many wooden ships today that are taking on twice as much water as the Morgan."

So it was that she wasn't in the mood for any funny business when she rounded Fishers Island in weather as cantankerous as her own spirit.

And it may well be that she'll preen for some time in the waters around this old whaling port. Because even if she's coaxed into the river mouth shortly, dredging operations in the upper Mystic will perhaps give her three weeks before she's beached for the last time.

Boston Globe
Nov. 7, 1941

"Will" Tripp in Lecture.

William H. Tripp, Curator of New Bedford's famous Whaling Museum, is spending his vacation on the island, and on Thursday evening gave a very enjoyable lecture at the Maria Mitchell Library, describing the last voyage of the old whaleship *Charles W. Morgan*, when it was towed from Fairhaven to Mystic, Conn., in November, 1941. The talk was illustrated with lantern slides, and as Mr. Tripp was the ship's master during that cruise he was able to give first-hand accounts of the trip. A large group was present to enjoy the talk. While on Nantucket, Mr. Tripp is the guest of Miss Grace Brown Gardner.

Whaler Morgan Is Being Rebuilt at Mystic

MYSTIC, Conn., Sept. 26 (AP)—Elwood Bogue and Irving Holdridge, Mystic carpenters, are using years old tools on a year long job.

With a broadax and adze as their principal implements, they have been working since 1949 on the rebuilding of the whaleship *Charles W. Morgan*. It will be at least another 18 months before they finish.

The *Charles W. Morgan*, launched in New Bedford in 1841, is one of the chief exhibits at Old Mystic Seaport, a museum that seeks to re-create a typical New England port of the mid-19th Century.

Rot Attacks Ship

The whaleship was brought here when she was just 100 years old. Without rebuilding, she

wouldn't have lasted much longer because of rot attacking her planking and timber.

Bogue and Holdridge say they could do their job a lot more quickly and easily if they could use modern power tools, but for the sake of authenticity timbers and planking must be shaped with hand tools.

Edouard A. Stackpole, Nantucket authority on whaling and curator of the marine museum here, says the probable cost of the rebuilding job will be more

than three times as much as the original cost of the vessel.

"As near as can be estimated, the *Morgan* was launched at a cost of \$60,000," he says.

Last Square Riggers

Thus far, Bogue and Holdridge have laid a new deck of hard pine, sawed new masts and rebuilt most of the port side. They are now working on the stern and on the starboard side of the ship.

The *Charles W. Morgan* was one of the most famous New Bedford whaleships and was the last

of the American-built square riggers. It was moved to Mystic in 1941 after being enshrined for 16 years at Round Hill, South Dartmouth, Mass.

She was a major attraction in the New Bedford area until the death of Colonel E. H. R. Green, owner of Round Hill, who had provided the means for keeping

her in repair and open to the public.

The famous whaleship was built in 1841 in a New Bedford shipyard and operated out of that port for 80 years by various owners. She made \$2,000,000 for her owners and caught more whales than any other ship of her kind.

M 27

This Was City's Farewell to Morgan

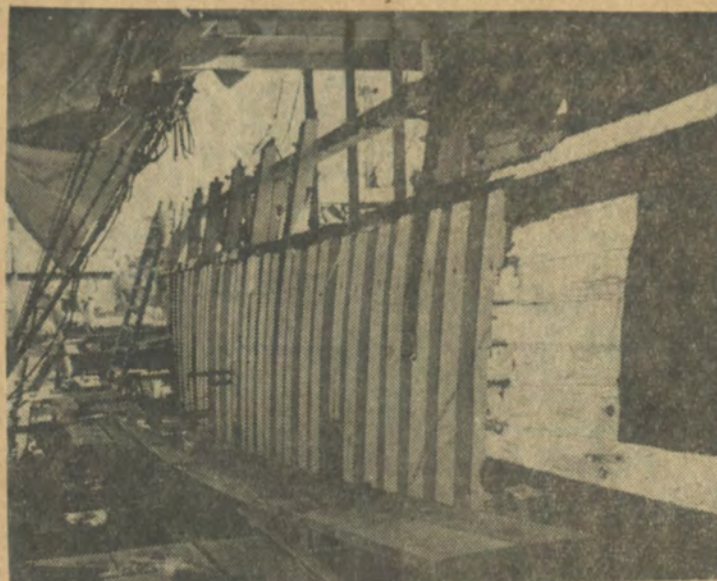


This was New Bedford's farewell to the whaler Charles W. Morgan. Silhouetted against the late afternoon sky, the proud old vessel presented an unforgettable picture Nov. 5, 1941, as she was towed out of the har-

bor here by the Coast Guard cutter General Greene, on her way to Mystic, Conn. The Morgan now is being restored by the Marine Historical Association of Mystic.

—Standard-Times Staff Photo

Nov. 8, 1953



Keg of Whale Oil Found on Morgan.

According to an announcement made last week by Edouard A. Stackpole, Curator of Mystic (Conn.) Seaport Marine Museum, the old whaleship "Charles W. Morgan" is still producing whale oil.

Her last voyage to the Arctic was made over 50 years ago, but a keg of whale oil was found on her by workmen removing two great tanks from between decks. Lodged behind one of the tanks was the keg of oil.

The oil tested pure and of good quality and will be placed on exhibit on the ship, which is undergoing major repairs at her berth in Mystic. A three-foot slab of whalebone was also uncovered during the same project.

March 20, 1954

\$35,000 Repairs Under Way on Charles W. Morgan

They're rebuilding the last of the square-rigged whaleships, the Charles W. Morgan.

A two-year, \$35,000 partial restoration project is under way at her permanent berth at Mystic Seaport Marine Museum at Mystic, Conn.

The 112-year-old ship, which sailed more miles, caught more whales and made more money than any whaler of her day, is in sad shape and this current restoration job is only a part of a continuing, and expensive process.

Curator Edouard Stackpole reports that 46 frames—side timbers—of green hart, a South American wood similar to teak, and Connecticut white oak have been placed recently from the main midships salon to the bow on the port side, below the copper line to the bulwarks.

Next job to be tackled will be the main cabins and through the stern.

No one knows how much it has cost already to reconstruct the last whaler and save her from the graveyard that has claimed her contemporaries.

When she came to Mystic from Round Hill, South Dartmouth, in 1941—her last voyage and that at the end of a towline—a small fortune had already been spent on her. Part of the deck was rebuilt soon after but World War II halted reconstruction work. In 1946, new masts were mounted and new stays installed at a cost of \$2,500.

In 1949 work began on rebuilding her bow—a project still underway.

John Muise, Atone Travers and Nathan Kenney, experts in the shipwright trade, are doing the work. It may take two years, even longer. After that, the outfitting will go on indefinitely.

This present \$35,000 job was started with only \$5,000 on hand

—a gift from an anonymous donor. The museum hopes the rest will come in somehow.

It has happened before that some philanthropist drops in at the critical time.

The welcome gangway for one, or many such people, is down every day at the Morgan.

Feb. 14, 1954



Under all that scaffolding is the Charles W. Morgan, most famous whaler of them all, at her permanent berth at Mystic, Conn. Close-

up view shows new side timbers recently installed in the current phase of reconstruction work on the gallant old vessel.

—Mystic Seaport Photos

Feb. 14, 1954

Love and Money Refit a Whaler.

From the New York Times.

By Richard F. Shepard

Edouard A. Stackpole was in town the other day, looking for the right kind of wood to put the finishing touches to his whaler, a ship that was launched a little more than a century ago.

The whaler is the Charles W. Morgan. It doesn't exactly belong to Mr. Stackpole; actually, it belongs to the Marine Historical Association of Mystic, Conn. Mr. Stackpole is the curator in charge of rebuilding the ancient craft, last of the Yankee whalers, and takes a proprietary interest in her.

His timber quest took him to the White Plains lumber yard of Maurice L. Condon, Inc., specialists in timber for wooden ships. He needed several long pieces of white oak to finish the Morgan's port railing and supporting pieces for her cathead, the structure that cradles her anchor when it is not in use.

His order was unusual because most of the good, tall white oak in this part of the country has been thinned out, and white oak is what the Morgan needs—none of the frail Douglas fir used for frail Johnny-come-lately's.

The lumber company dispatched a crew to beat the bush in Pennsylvania and northern New Jersey. It came up with four long, heavy pieces that filled the bill, one twenty-six-foot plank, one of twenty feet, and two of seventeen.

The urge to make the old lady look a hundred years younger is typical of the way the association looks after all its charges at Mystic, where a waterfront village typical of a hundred years ago has taken shape.

The Morgan cost \$40,000 to build in 1841, and that's what her present face-lifting will cost. To build a duplicate would cost \$100,000, according to Mr. Stackpole.

If wood is a problem, money is a tougher one, he indicated. The rebuilding has been going on bit by bit for the last twelve years—since the Morgan entered Mystic. It was only two years ago that the program got into high gear, with \$5,000 from an anonymous sailing ship enthusiast. Other contributions dribble in from a "tarpulin muster" collection of funds from persons with a feeling for tradition.

The Morgan deserves it, her admirers believe. She worked hard for eighty years and grossed \$2,000,000 from her relentless pursuit of the giant mammal.

On her first trip, which began in 1841 and ended three years, three months and twenty-four days later, the Morgan returned to New Bedford from the Pacific with 1,600 barrels of sperm oil, 800 barrels of whale oil and 10,000 pounds of whale bone. This cargo was wrung from the carcasses of fifty-three sperm and eight right whales.

However, the record of the ones that got away bespeaks a lot of sweat and tears. On the same voyage, seventy-eight of the big creatures evaded the cunning of the Morgan's

thirty-man crew. The cargo that came home was said to have paid \$69,591. Her master received almost \$11,000 and, at the age of 37, went ashore to live the rest of his life on this fortune.

The 105-foot long, live-oak hull of the Morgan bathed in waters still strange to the iron ships of later years. She sailed from New Bedford until the mid-eighties searching for whales in the Pacific, the Atlantic, and the Indian Oceans. In 1887, she worked out of San Francisco to the Seas of Japan and Okhotsk, off the Siberian coast.

In 1904, she left the Golden Gate and sailed by way of New Zealand for her home port. Seven more trips ended her seagoing life. In 1921, a maritime oddity, she was laid up in Fairhaven, Mass.

In the same year, her antiquity gave her an added value in the lenses of the new motion picture industry and she starred in three pictures. However, this phase was soon over and she returned to her lay-up pier.

Idleness aged her quickly and she soon became the town tramp. An abortive move by the seafaring folk of New Bedford to save her came to naught, but the idea caught on. In 1924, Col. E. H. R. Green, whose grandfather had owned the Morgan, refitted the ship and put her on a soft bed of sand on his Buzzard's Bay estate.

A year later, Whaling Enshrined, Inc., under the sponsorship of the colonel and her thirty-two part owners, took her in hand. Nature jabbed at the old ship even as she lay aground, and the hurricane of 1938 smashed her small boats and tore the golden eagle from her stern. But she weathered it well, on the whole.

In 1941, the corporation of benefactors, bowed by depression, offered her to the Mystic group, where she has found her last sanctuary.

Feb 12, 1954

Whaling Aboard the Charles Morgan

Discovered Manuscript by
Harpooner Haley

WHALE HUNT; THE NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE, by Nelson Cole Haley, Harpooner in the Ship Charles W. Morgan, 1849-1853. 304 pages. Ives Washburn, Inc. \$4.50.

NINETY-NINE years ago this month the Charles W. Morgan, later to become one of the crack ships of the New Bedford whaling fleet, left New Bedford on a four-year whaling voyage to the South Pacific. During that Golden Age of Whaling the total American fleet comprised 736 vessels. Competition between ships was keen, new whaling grounds in the Okhotsk and Bering Seas were just being opened, and improvements were being made in whaling techniques.

On the Morgan under Capt. Sampson there shipped as a boat-steerer at the age of 16 a lad from Portland, Me., the author of this narrative. As boatsteerer, or bow oarsman, it was his duty to step forward and heave the irons into the whale. He struck his first sperm at 17, and returned after four years, an experienced whaleman.

While cruising for whale one afternoon just north of the Fiji Islands, the pleasant cry of "There she b-l-o-w-s!" was raised from the mast-head. The weather had been squally for two or three days, but the casks were far from being filled, and they needed oil, so the captain ordered the boats lowered. Haley got his two irons into a large bull whale. Instead of sounding, the whale started to windward, and towed the boat miles away from the ship at the rate of 10 knots an hour. While being thus towed, the full force of another squall struck. When the whale eventually slowed up a lance was driven into him, and he went "into his flurry" spouting blood and thrashing the sea with his flukes. He barely missed the boat with his wide-open jaw, and then sounded to nearly the entire length of the 220-fathom line. The

squall was then about over, but not the battle with the whale. When he came up he gave a blow with his flukes to the bottom of the boat and threw the crew into the water. They remained in shark-infested waters for hours before being picked up—but the whale stowed down 110 barrels. Such were the rewards and perils of whaling. The Morgan returned to New Bedford after 48 months with only 1150 barrels. Instead of "greasy luck", it was a "hard luck" voyage.



Nelson Cole Haley Photographed With His Bride Charlotte in Honolulu, 1864

Presented Scrapbook of the Old Whaleship "Morgan."

At the annual meeting of the Marine Historical Association, in Mystic, Conn., William H. Tripp, Curator of the New Bedford Whaling Museum, had an important part on the program. Mr. Tripp presented a scrapbook which he had compiled over several years, containing news items and photographs of the old whaleship Charles W. Morgan.

Captain Tripp is well known in Nantucket, where he is a member of the Wharf Rat Club and the Pacific Club. He was the last registered master of the Morgan, having been officially in charge of the vessel when she was towed from New Bedford to Mystic.

The Charles W. Morgan, formerly visited by thousands of people from every State and many foreign countries while enshrined at South Dartmouth, is now a featured exhibit at Mystic. The sleek ship Joseph Conrad is there to contrast strangely with the old whaler. With docks and ships as a nucleus, their environs are being developed into a model seaport town set in a location where ships once were built by Mystic men.

The Last.

The whaling bark Charles W. Morgan is receiving especial consideration in these days, since she is the only typical old whaling square-rigger in port, and there will never be any more of them. One or two remnants of the fleet are at sea and put in an occasional appearance here, but none are so picturesque and typical of old whaling models as the Morgan.

The Morgan is 74 years old and her owners say she is stout enough for other voyages. She was built in 1841 by the man for whom she was named.

Her first captain was named Norton and she sailed Sept. 4, 1841, and arrived back January 1, 1845, with 1600 barrels of sperm oil, 800 barrels of whale oil and 10,000 pounds of whalebone. She sailed again on Jan. 10, 1845, under command of Capt. J. D. Sampson and returned December 9, 1848, with 2100 barrels of sperm oil and 100 barrels of whale oil, having sent home 70 barrels of sperm oil.

Her ownership was then transferred to Edward Mott Robinson, the father of Hetty Green. Capt. Sampson still commanded her on a voyage to the Pacific, which started on June 5, 1849. In May, 1853, she returned with 1121 barrels of oil. The firm of I. Howland, Jr. & Co. owned her when she sailed the following September for the North Pacific in command of Capt. Tristram P. Ripley. She returned in 1856 with 12,000 pounds of whalebone, having sent home 10,700 pounds of bone, 1958 barrels of whale oil and 268 barrels of sperm.

Capt. Thomas J. Fisher commanded her in 1856 when she again sailed for the North Pacific, returning three years later with 28,700 pounds of whalebone, 1800 barrels of whale oil and 135 barrels of sperm. Next she sailed on a four years' voyage in command of James A. Hamilton, returning from the North Pacific in 1863 with 23,834 pounds of whalebone, 4080 barrels of whale oil and 135 barrels of sperm.

In December, 1863, the Morgan came into the ownership of J. & W. R. Wing. Capt. Thomas C. Landers took her out to the North Pacific and she returned four years later with 13,200 pounds of bone and 1094 barrels of whale oil. Her seventh voyage was to the North Pacific once more, in command of Capt. George Atheain, when she took 3000 pounds of bone, and in 1871 she went to the Indian Ocean in command of Capt. John M. Tinkham and took 1600 pounds of bone.

The Morgan repeatedly rounded Cape Horn, but these experiences never weakened her and she has continued making long voyages to the stormiest seas in her later career.—New Bedford correspondence in Boston Sunday Globe

Haley's original manuscript is now at the Marine Museum at Mystic, Conn., where one may also see the Charles W. Morgan, on which he sailed nearly a century ago. The 15 pen-and-ink sketches depicting a series of whaling incidents and techniques tell their own story. They are reproduced here for the first time and are also the work of a crew member aboard the Clara Bell out of New Bedford in the 1850's.

This is not a mere log-book account, but a continuous narrative of a single whaling voyage by a crew member describing in detail the industry, its perils and dangers. Haley was a literary whaler, and whether he wrote about a whale or a gale, escape from cannibals, the diabolical custom of keel-hauling, or the dubious benefits of the white-man's civilization among the Pacific islands, he had a real flair for descriptive writing which will rank this document with J. Ross Browne, Frank Bullen, Capt. George Fred Tilton, and other classic personal narratives of the whale fishery.

STUART C. SHERMAN.

Sept. 4,
1948

Feb. 11, 1915

Sea 'Shanty' Recalls Master of Charles W. Morgan



"HIS FIRST AND LAST AND ONLY SHIP WAS THE MORGAN, AND SHE'S KNOWN EVERYWHERE."

SHANTYMEN AND SHANTYBOYS
William Doerflinger
Macmillan

The accompanying photograph is that of the Charles W. Morgan, New Bedford's best-known whaleship; it was taken about 1923, at which time the Morgan was selected to play a leading role in Elmer Clifton's original film, "Down to the Sea in Ships."

There could hardly be a more fitting illustration for a review of a book devoted to the songs of the sailor, sea-going ballads known not as "chanties," but "shanties." This presumably is because the word's pronunciation was taken directly from the French "chanter," to sing.

For the Morgan, now considerably more than a century old, is a symbol of those sweet and bygone days when the work songs of the deep-water square-riggers resounded in the taverns along the Acushnet's banks. The songs themselves are tuneful monuments to the days when New Bedford and other Yankee ports had a keel-to-keel relationship with the Mersey and the Rio Grande.

This brave balladry, which long ago ceased playing its proper role, sprang spontaneously from the throats of men who sought to ease their back-breaking tasks in the unanimity of rhythm. Of similar origin are the songs of the lumber camps (of which there are several in this volume) and the simple, moving music of the Deep South work gangs.

Another Hand on the Rope

"A shanty," said the shellback (as Mr. Doerflinger remarks), "is another hand on the rope."

And since another hand on the rope must pull in the same manner as his mates in order to be effective, so the shanties varied in rhythm and meter according to the tasks to which they were applied. In rope-hauling, for example, they fall into three main categories—"short-haul," halyard and capstan or windlass shanties. "Short-haul," as the author explains, was used for hauling that took "only a few pulls, but they had to be good ones!"

So we have "Boney," short for Napoleon Bonaparte. "He was

sent to St. Helena's isle, and there to pine away and die." And "Johnny Boker" and "Haul on the Bowline."

Other types of subject matter run a delightful gamut, from "Huckleberry Hunting," "Roll the Cotton Down" and "Blow the Man Down," to "Sacramento," "Paddy West," and "The Leaving of Liverpool." Snatches of history, memories of foreign ports, idylls of lost love and conclusions upon the fickleness of women, boardinghouse masters and bucko mates—they are all here.

And the fishermen have their day, too, as in "The Ghostly Crew," which begins "I've tossed about on Georges . . ." and it's the same Georges Bank which occasionally "tosses about" our own draggers today.

Tailor Goes to Sea on Morgan

The whaleship Morgan was mentioned in one of the best-known of all shanties, "Reuben Ranzo," which relates the bald and tragic tale of a New York tailor who went to sea. Ranzo went aboard "through the hawsepipe" as a foremast hand and finally learned navigation and became master of his own ship—the Morgan. The shanty relates that he went "dragging" for sperm whales and "lost the only ship he had." Actually, of course, the Morgan never was lost, but shanties often exercised spontaneous license and deviated from grammar, history, fact, meter, and even decorum.

But they were spirit and heart of a great, bold age. And now, but for the patience and true love of such scholars as Mr. Doerflinger, they would long ago have perished from our ken. For the ranks of the square-riggers have dwindled, the voices of the handful of shantymen are cracked and weary, and they cannot recall many of the stanzas that once welled like hillside springs.

Here are included the words and music of more than 150 songs of sailors and lumbermen—the work of 20 years' research. The inside covers offer a fine illustration, labeled from foreskysail to transom for identification of sails, spars and rigging, of the ship Henry B. Hyde. The other 19 illustrations of ships and logging scenes are aptly selected to complete a volume that is nothing short of a rare prize for those who cherish the balladry of America's yesterday.

E.S.A.

Nelson

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

Mr. Editor:

C. F. Swain has omitted the best part of Capt. Bunker's ship's name—that which gives it rhythm, significance and lustre. Robert Bunker was the son of Brand Bunker, whom we of earlier days all knew well, and was worthy of all the praise accorded him and to wear the laurels of him whose name the ship he commanded bore—the "Horatio Nelson."

SUBSCRIBER.

Niger

WHALING NEWS.—A letter was received at this office Thursday, from Capt. Thomas A. Hallett, of ship Niger of New Bedford, also a copy of the St. Helena Guardian, which reports her at that port September 1st, having run in to recruit. Had taken 830 barrels sperm, 520 barrels whale oil and 6700 pounds bone all told, eleven months out.

ARRIVED.—Ship Niger, Capt. Thomas A. Hallett, arrived at New Bedford Monday, after an absence of nearly four years on a South Atlantic whaling voyage. She has met with very gratifying success, having taken 1243 barrels sperm oil, 2538 barrels whale oil, and 15,740 pounds bone. One hundred and twenty-five barrels were taken on the passage home. Among the crew was Ellenwood B. Coleman, of this town, who arrived home Monday evening.

SAILED OUT.—Bark Nautilus, Hardwick, sailed out of this harbor Wednesday evening for outer roads, to finish loading for whaling. It is many years since a ship has gone over the bar, without being towed by a steamboat.

Bark Nautilus, of Boston, 230 tons, has been purchased by Zenas L. Adams, of this place, and is to be employed in the sperm whale fishery, under command of Capt. Edwin Hardwick.

The following is a list of the officers and crew of bark Norman, of this port, which sailed from Edgartown, yesterday:

Richard O. Gibbs, master; R. K. Hobbs, mate; O. P. Orpins, 2d. do.; David Baker, Cooper and Ship-keeper; Antone Sylvia, Alexander Swasey, R. C. Gibbs, Jr., Edward Wheeler, boatsteerers; Manuel K. Simonds, steward; John Garnet, cook; John Ariel, blacksmith; James P. Ramsdell, Thomas Roratrunga, Manuel Frates, Edward Cumberland, John Crenan, Albert Church, John Coleman, James Welch, John McKenzie, John Lacy, Antone Joseph, John Smith, seamen.

Nantucket

DISASTER.—A telegraphic dispatch to H. G. O. Dahham, Esq., yesterday afternoon, reports ship Nantucket, Gibbs, of and for this port, ashore at Nashawena Island, in Vineyard Sound. Went ashore on Sunday night, and lies in a dangerous position. No further particulars. Steamer Island Home left here yesterday at 5 P. M., to go to her assistance.

We are indebted to A. B. Robinson, Agent of the Nantucket Steamboat Company, for the above particulars. The Nantucket was last reported May 29, with 800 sperm, 800 whale oil, and 3 whales alongside. Should the weather remain favorable she will probably be got off without damage.

Aug. 9, 1859

SHIP NANTUCKET.—This ship lies upon the rocks at the south-west head of the island of Nashawena, about 300 feet from the shore, heading S. E. She is bilged and full of water. All the oil has been taken out of her by lighters and brought to this port. The ship has been stripped of sails and rigging, and her mainmast cut away. She is in a bad position, with, as we are informed, but little prospect of getting her off. There is but a trifling insurance on the vessel and cargo, most of the policies having expired, and were not renewed. At the Union Mutual office in New Bedford \$200 is insured, and at the Mutual Marine \$1000.

The ship went ashore on Sunday night, in a squall, the pilot mistaking the light, which we should hardly have expected from a man pretending to be familiar with that locality, and ready to assume control of so large an amount of property.

There is a singular coincidence connected with the loss of this ship and that of the loss of ship Lexington, wrecked on Strong's Island, Pacific Ocean, in April last. Both were built on Brant Point, in the summer of 1836, side by side,—the former by Samuel Damon of New Bedford, and the latter by Job Handy of this place. Both were wrecked while pursuing the business—whaling, for which they were originally destined, and which they had successfully pursued for 23 years. They were both good ships—the Nantucket was built of live oak and copper fastened.

Ship Nantucket, bound home from a whaling voyage, was caught in thick weather off Nashawena island, on August 7th, 1859, and was wrecked on the rocks, her pilot mistaking a light. The vessel was a total loss. Steamer Island Home went to her assistance, but all that could be saved was the cargo. The ship Nantucket was built on Brant point in 1836, side by side with the ship Lexington, which was wrecked in the Pacific ocean a few months previous to the disaster to the Nantucket. Both were wrecked while in pursuit of the business for which they were built and had made some fine whaling voyages. The Nantucket was built of live oak and was copper fastened throughout.

Aug. 7, 1909

Nautilus

LOSS OF A WHALER.—A letter received in this town on Friday last from Capt. Edwin Hardwick, of bark Nautilus, of this port, reports the loss of said vessel on Bird Island, (in Algoa Bay, South Africa) on the 6th of July, officers and crew saved. The wreck was sold for \$1030. This was the first voyage of the N. as a whaler, having sailed from this port on the 22d of June, 1857, and was last reported May 21, 1858, on the East Coast of Africa, with 200 blhs. sp. oil. We learn no further particulars.

Aug. 31, 1858

Nancy Jo

The last issue of the Inquirer and Mirror contained the following remarkable communication from a correspondent in San Francisco:

SAN FRANCISCO, July 10, 1887.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Between the years 1815 and 1819, great depredations were committed on the Mexican vessels conveying silver to England from the then worked mines of San Luis del Rey, by a pirate known at that time as Captain Chebasco, whose numerous atrocities, committed on the helpless crews, were the talk of the time. It was estimated that during the three years of these ravages he scuttled or burned some fifteen vessels and caused over four hundred poor wretches to "walk the plank," among whom were several young and lovely females. Capt. Chebasco lived fully up to the motto that "dead men tell no tales." Yet it was reported of him that as to outward carriage and demeanor he was one of the mildest of men; gentle, soft-spoken and tender.

Old residents of Nantucket may remember that between the dates above mentioned there was built and fitted out from Nantucket, a fast-sailing whaler, which, under the command of a Capt. Baxter, sailed away and never was heard from afterward. She was named the "Nancy Jo."

In 1854, there died in San Francisco, an old English sailor by name Jack Simmons. He died in extreme poverty. His chest was through some chance left in an upper loft in the warehouse of Ward, Jennings, & Co., 750 Merchant street. Not long since the chest and a lot of long stored rubbish was taken out of the warehouse and sold at auction. The chest being of curious and antique workmanship, caught the eye of a gentleman having a taste for antiquarian relics, who, on looking it over, found in a secret drawer under the till the following singular and suggestive document:

EXTRACT FROM JACK SIMMONS' LOG.
Bahia, January 17, 1816.

"A year ago last July, while cruising in the Polynesian sea in the brig Squid, we put in at a group of unknown islands, and found there, lying in a small harbor, a trim clipper, evidently built for a whaler. She was taking in water and other supplies. We went on board. I recognized in the captain an old Nantucket acquaintance—Captain Baxter; but on offering him my hand, he did not recognize me, and spoke only in Spanish. The crew seemed to be all foreigners. He had no whale-boats, but carried four twelve-pound guns amidships and an eighteen-pounder on a pivot forward. We left the next day. I have always been of the opinion that Captain

Baxter and that bloody old pirate, Chebasco, were one and the same, and I have other reasons which I do not care here to write down, that the sudden rise to wealth of the house of—, in Nantucket, at a period when the whaling business was very much depressed, was owing to their share of the profits in his infernal piratical career. The vessel, which I know was the Nancy Jo, was named when I saw her "The Pizarro" and—"

Here the document is so torn and defaced as to be illegible.

LEANDER COFFIN.

[Parties competent to know, whom we have interviewed concerning the above pronounce the whole story a myth, asserting that no such vessel was ever owned or sailed from here.—ED. JOURNAL.]

July 22, 1887

Narragansett

Auction Sales.

BY T. W. RIDDELL

SHIP NARRAGANSETT AND INVENTORY AT AUCTION.

On Wednesday, June 6th, at 1 o'clock, in front of Commercial Insurance Office, Nantucket.

The well known, fast-sailing ship NARRAGANSETT, 297 tons, with her entire inventory as discharged from her last voyage. Will be sold without regard to weather. Sale to be positive and for Cash. For further information please apply to ZENAS L. ADAMS, or ROBT. F. GARDNER. New Bedford Mercury please copy.

May 25, 1860

1857

Aug. 12, 1859

Aug. 11, 1857

Norman

Aug. 27, 1860



The Cruise of the "Oneco" in 1851.

And it came to pass that on the first day of May of the year 1851 there laid at the north side of the Straight wharf at Nantucket an old schooner. If you stepped over to the other side of the wharf you probably would notice that her foremast was stayed aft and that her mainmast was stayed forward, and that her standing rigging looked as though it had had a coat of white-wash. On one end of her was a jib-boom, so one would naturally conclude that that end was the bow of the vessel. If it had not been for the jib-boom it might have been difficult to tell which end was the bow, but as that jib-boom was sticking up in the air at an angle of about 40 degrees you could not very well fail of telling which end was the bow.

If you walked up the wharf and took a front view of the old hooker you would notice underneath the bowsprit the figure of an Indian chief. His nose was broken off, and the passage of many years with the assistance of the waves of the Grand Banks had made inroads on the beauty of the old Indian chief, but the deep-set jaw and the massive brow would tell you that he was a leader among the men who have been driven by civilization from the shores of the Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific.

And now, if you please, we will walk along to the other end of the old hooker. At first view it would have been very difficult to distinguish any letters on her stern, but after a while by close observation you might be able to make out letters which seemed to be Oneco.

It appears that the Oneco had belonged to the Nantucket Fishing Company, but the previous year the business had been a complete failure and the company had lost money. So the fleet must be sold and the Oneco, the Sukey, the Glide and the Palmyra were offered for sale. There was a firm farther up the Main street, and if my memory serves me, it was called the Edward G. Kelley Co. I am not certain about the name.

Anyhow, the firm had a lot of old whaling gear on hand which was unsaleable and they thought that they could buy the Oneco, put this stuff on board of her, and get Peter Raymond to take charge of her for a six months' cruise in the Atlantic after sperm whales.

The idea was a good one and would have been very successful if they had listened to Peter Raymond and put copper on her bottom. But the firm could not be made to believe that copper was necessary (and dearly paid for their unbelief).

And now they were fitting out the old hooker. Masons were building try-works, riggers were at work, Deacon Swain was making davits, and "Jim B." Coffin, Aleck Brill and Billie Gruber had already shipped with the "sixtieth lay."

And I wanted to ship. Peter Raymond told me: "You are big enough and strong enough to steer a boat. Jerry Green has just shipped to steer a boat with the thirtieth lay, and if you say so, I will take you to steer the starboard boat, and I will make a man of you."

But I was afraid of Peter Raymond. I had heard stories of his knocking men down with hand-spikes on board of a ship, and, moreover, I had never seen a whale in my life.

Of course, Peter knew that, but he said that made no difference. "What you don't know, I know; and I will see that you make good." Finally he talked to me so much that I told him if he would let me steer Mr. Brown I would ship. [Alexander Brown had shipped as mate.]

So I went up to the office and signed as boat-steerer with the thirtieth lay. I then went aboard and assisted in the fitting out. I was to sleep and eat in the cabin and have charge of a watch. Finally the time came when we were ready for sea. We dropped down to the end of the wharf and put out a slip-rope while we got under way, Mr. Brown being in charge. I then noticed for the first time Captain Abraham Swain in company with Captain Raymond and Heman Eldridge. I knew that Mr. Eldridge was to act as pilot over the bar, but what Captain Swain was there for I could not imagine, but soon learned that he had shipped as sailing master and ship-keeper.

When we discharged the pilot Captain Swain took charge. He had his charts out on the cabin table, and as the wind was from the westward he concluded to go out by Great Point at "eight bells meridian". We passed Great Point and very soon would be clear of the shoals. All hands were employed clearing up the decks and after "eight bells" (4 o'clock) all hands were mustered aft and the watches were chosen by Captain Raymond and Mr. Brown. I was to have charge of the larboard watch; Jerry was to have charge of the starboard watch.

At four bells the watch was set. I could go below for two hours and then take charge until eight bells, when Jerry would relieve me. After breakfast the next morning it was all hands get the boats in readiness for whaling. Mr. Brown, of course, had to do about everything for the larboard boats, while I held the slack. We worked very hard all day and by night we were pretty nearly ready. The next morning the mast-heads were manned and everybody was in good spirits. We carried sail on her day and night, and strong westerly winds prevailed. When we were about ten days out we raised blackfish and lowered for them, but they were making a passage. However, the starboard boat got among them and I saw Jerry stand up and dart and then haul his iron in again.

I could hear the captain raving and I knew there would be something doing when we got on board and I found more doing than I had expected. As soon as my gripes were hauled taut, the captain sung out: "Tom, you take your head irons and put them in the starboard boat; Jerry, put your head irons in the larboard boat."

I undertook to tell the captain that I shipped to steer Mr. Brown, but I had hardly started before he took me by the collar and told me to do as I was told. I did not like it. Naturally I thought if Jerry could not suit him what chance would I have.

I noticed a smile around Jerry's mouth which I could not understand,

but that night in the dog watch, Jerry told me that it was a put up job to get me into the starboard boat. He told me that no living man could have fastened to that blackfish, and very well the captain knew it. "He don't mean one-half of what he says," said Jerry. "His bark is worse than his bite. I've steered a boat two voyages around the Horn and I can strike a whale as well as he can and he knows it."

So that made me feel a little better. Things went on from day to day much as usual until we were about three months from home. By this time the Oneco was getting pretty foul on her bottom and still no sign of a sperm whale. We would double reef every day at sundown and let her jog along through the night. We were now on what Captain Swain called the 2-40 ground and Captain Raymond spent most of his time at masthead.

Both Captain Raymond and Captain Swain were getting very anxious, until one night, it being my eight hours on deck, about four bells in the first watch, Captain Swain ("the pilot", as we were in the habit of calling him) came on deck. He said to me: "Thomas—(He called everybody by their first name, even to the captain. He always called him Peter)—Thomas, you may make all sail; keep her off east by north and tomorrow you will see 'Parmaciti'. Make as little noise as possible; don't disturb Peter, if you can help it; but if he does come up, tell him it was my orders."

As it happened the captain did not come up, so when Jerry relieved me at eight bells I told him it was the pilot's orders; he said we would see sperm whales tomorrow at sunrise.

I started to wash down decks as usual, when up came the pilot with his spy-glass and started up the main rigging. At six bells the steward called the captain to his breakfast. He came on deck and looked aloft and said: "Who is that up at the main?"

I told him it was the pilot. "Call him down. Tell him that breakfast is ready."

I called him all right, but he would not come down, so the captain and Mr. Brown went to their breakfast. Just as the captain came on deck the pilot sung out: "B-l-o-w-s! b-l-o-w-s! There she blows!"

The captain sung out: "What do you see?"

"Parmaciti, Peter! A big fellow, headed to leeward."

The captain grabbed his spy-glass off the becket in the gangway and at the same time told Mr. Brown to send all hands to breakfast. "As soon as the men have had their breakfast get the lines in the boats."

As soon as the captain got to the mast-head he sung out: "Keep her off!"

Then the man at the wheel hove the wheel over until the captain sung out: "Steady as you go!"

We ran this way about half an hour, when the captain came down and told Mr. Brown to let her come to the wind. "He has just turned flukes," he said to Mr. Brown, "we want that whale. It don't matter who gets him, but I know myself better than I know you. I want you to leave him in my care. I promise you that it shall make no difference to you at the end of the voyage."

He then turned to me and said: "Tom, if there is the least doubt in your mind about your striking that whale, say so now and you may take the steering oar."

I said: "All that I want is to be near enough."

"There will be no trouble about that. The whale is as slow as night, headed to leeward. It will be boats board and black skin with a right hand dart."

With these instructions we lowered. It was now time for him to come up. We took our paddles and headed to leeward. The captain told me to stand up. "I want you to see him as soon as he breaks water."

In about ten minutes we both saw him at once, about half a mile to leeward. Then I took my paddle and went for him. When the captain thought it was time he told me to stand up. "Don't you dart till I tell you." As we passed the corner of his flukes he perceived us, but it was too late. The captain swung the head of the boat on until I was within five or six feet of him. "Now, Tom!"

And in went the first iron clear to the socket, about two feet abaft the bunch of his neck.

The second iron got overboard somehow—I never knew how—but we were fast, all the same, and he was sounding heavily. The captain called all hands aft and Mr. Brown, seeing that we were liable to lose our line, came rushing to our assistance. Jerry was in the head of the boat with the end of his line ready to heave to us and when he did there was only two flakes left in the bottom of our tub.

I leaned over the bow of the boat and took a rolling hitch around my line, and as I drew it tight the captain sung out: "Look out for yourselves!"

He hove the turns off the logger-head, I hauled out the chock pin and Mr. Brown had the whale. I then shifted ends with the captain and pretty soon I saw Mr. Brown hauling line.

The whale was coming up. The captain placed the boat as near as he could to where he thought he would break water and, as usual, his judgment was correct.

When he broke water he was not more than a gun-shot away, laying right in the trough of the sea, and fortunately to windward of us. As he rolled his fin out of water I could see the pulsations of his heart.

The captain placed the point of his lance right where he wanted it, put his shoulder against the end of the pole and shoved it in chock to the socket. As the whale was rolling from him he was unable to pull it out, and as we backed water the whale seemed to settle bodily.

By this time Mr. Brown had very nearly got in all of the lines. The whale did not go down very far and when he broke water he came out head first, with perhaps twenty feet of his great black head up in the air, with a roar like that of an angry bull. When he stretched his great length out on the water his life's blood in torrents was pouring from his spout-holes.

over

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The captain told Mr. Brown to let him alone. "Don't you go near him," he said, "when he turns his fin out just feel of his eye with the point of your lance. If he does not quiver cut a hole in his fluke, heave your line, and when you are all ready set your waif and I will run down to you. In the meantime I will go aboard and get up the cutting falls."

It was about 10 o'clock when Brown set his waif and about 11:30 we had a fluke-chain on the whale. By this time we had the stage rigged and the captain had cut a hole for the blubber-hook.

It was eight bells and as the dinner was ready, all hands were sent to dinner.

According to established customs it was my duty to go overboard and enter that great blubber-hook into the hole which had been prepared for it in order to raise the first blanket-piece. I was asking Jerry for some information and he saw that I did not relish the job at all. So he offered to go overboard in my place.

He went below, stripped off everything but a thin pair of pants and brought up a monkey rope that he had previously prepared, and I tended the monkey rope while he entered the big blubber-hook. All being in readiness we started the windlass. Jerry staid in the waist and used the boarding knives. The pilot was to keep the spades sharp. Everything went well and at 6 o'clock we had stripped the whale's body, and his head was laying alongside.

But we could do nothing with it that night—every man had worked to the limit. However, we unjointed his flukes. In order to get our fluke-chain we attached a whale line to his head and laid out fifty or sixty fathoms, and all hands then went to supper.

The captain, Mr. Brown, Jerry and myself were to keep the deck through the night—everyone else had all night below. The barometer was falling rapidly and the weather was getting bad. At midnight it was a gale and about 2:30 we lost the head.

The gale continued all of the next day and we did not start the fires, but on the following day it was good weather and we started them. We had only an old five-barrel cask for a cooler, and it was a very poor thing to put boiling oil into. In fact, it came very near making a blind man of Aleck Brill. In taking a cask away from the cooler, three men rolling the cask, Brill being in the middle, the bung flew out and the hot steam struck Aleck full in the face.

He made for the rail to jump overboard, but the captain grabbed him, hove him down and sung out for the steward to bring him some flour. The captain held him still, while the steward covered his face with flour and then the captain sent him for molasses. Then they put Brill in his bunk with his hands tied. Brill was always partially blind to the day of his death as the result of the experience.

We were very severely handicapped in many ways and the boiled oil was running out of the scuppers all the time that we were boiling, but we stowed down fifty barrels.

We were now more than three months at sea; the barnacles had accumulated on her bottom to such an extent that we could not get more than four knots out of her under the most favorable conditions, and she would absolutely refuse to tack. Before she would get head to the wind she would

lose headway and fall back on the same tack.

Albacore, bonita and dolphin were with us all of the time, feeding on the shell-fish on the bottom. We could have fresh fish every day if we wanted. Porpoise meat was hanging over the bow the most of the time. Three parts of porpoise and one part of clear salt pork, chopped fine, made into balls like fish cakes, fried in hot fat, was food fit for the Gods.

It was now no use to look to windward for whales. The captain said: "You can't tow a sperm whale to leeward and you can't work the Oneco to windward, so what is the use?"

But there came a day that we had been waiting for. We saw a 40-barrel bull broad on the lee beam, headed to leeward. The conditions were much the same as they were with our first whale and Mr. Brown was willing to let us go ahead.

We went right onto him without any trouble, and this time I got both irons in good and solid. He went down, but did not sound so heavy as the first whale, and took out only about half of our line. But when he broke water he came onto us head first, with his mouth open, and he was snapping his jaw in a very vicious manner. The captain looked anxious and I begun to see that there was trouble ahead. However, we started to haul line but, before we got to him he saw us and he came for us like a steam engine, and we barely escaped him. We slacked out our line and pulled away from him and set our waif for Mr. Brown to come.

When Mr. Brown got up to us the captain said to him: "We have got hold of an ugly whale. I am going to change places with you. You get in my boat and I will get in your boat. You keep at a distance; if I get stove cut off your line and come and pick us up. Now the captain had a better chance with a loose boat, with an able-bodied man of large experience at the steering oar.

It was very exciting to me to watch the captain manœuvre—he could not seem to get near enough to give the whale a deadly thrust, and he was too old a hand at the business to draw thin blood on a forty-barrel bull. Finally I saw him heave his lance. The whale went down, but he did not go very far and when he broke water you could see little streaks of blood in his spout, and that made him uglier still.

That twelve or thirteen feet of ivory was in the air the most of the time, but Peter Raymond was on the job and he was not hampered with any tow line. It was early in the day and he was not taking many chances. Finally his chance came, for the whale straightened on the water right across the head of the boat. I heard the captain sing out: "Pull! For God's sake, pull!" Billie Gruber was at the after oar. Jerry dropped his steering oar for just one minute and put all of his strength on the after oar. Presently I saw the captain's lance fly from his hand and still the boat kept on. I saw him put his shoulder against the end of that lance pole. I knew that that ugly fellow had yielded up his life to the skill of Peter Raymond. It was all over but the shouting.

In cutting in we strained the old hooker so that she started to leaking, but under the circumstances we had done fairly well, for we stowed down forty barrels.

It came on an easterly gale—just what we needed—and we started for home, Captain Swain taking charge of the navigation. We had been five months at sea and her bottom was in a terrible condition. In due time we passed in by Great Point with our colors in the fore-rigging set for a pilot, and when nearly down to the bar Watson Burgess came on board.

The wind was to the westward and we could just lay our course in over the bar. We passed in by Brant Point and stood over toward the Pest House shore with a fine westwardly wind and smooth water. Presently the pilot sung out: "Hard a lee."

I had the wheel and shoved the old tiller down into the lee becket and up she came, but as usual she lost her headway and begun to fall off. They hauled down the jibs, dropped the anchor under foot, lowered down the larboard boat and Jerry, with his boat's crew, run a tow line to the wharf. We hauled the line taut and hove up the anchor by the time the boat got back. All hands tailed onto the line and we warped the old hooker up to the wharf while Jerry was giving us his favorite chanty, "Across the Western Ocean." When the sails were furled the cruise of the Oneco was ended.

Thomas M. Bearse,
2055 Columbus Avenue.

DECEMBER 7, 1918

Ocean
EXCELLENT VOYAGE.—The ship Ocean, Capt. Edward Swift, arrived at Providence on Tuesday last from the North Pacific, last from the Sandwich Islands. She has been absent 34 months, and brings 4200 barrels whale oil and 54,000 pounds bone. She has also sent home 300 barrels sperm oil. Capt. Swift, and his wife who has been with him, arrived here yesterday, both in excellent health we understand.

May 15, 1853
Ontario
Ship Ontario, of this port, was condemned, as unseaworthy, at Callao, on the 24th of Feb'y last. Capt Cathcart writes that he would ship his oil (750 lbs) home as soon as he could find a vessel to take it. No opportunity offered at the time he wrote; and sperm oil was bringing only 50 cts per gallon.

May 9, 1846
" * Boom, boom, went the guns on board ship Ontario, as the Camels were bringing her in on Wednesday last. The O. is the first ship that has been brought in, the second time, by these useful monsters. A capital voyage, and we hope our ship-owners will have a "few more of the same sort."

Oak
MODERN NANTUCKET.—There is a *bon-homme*, a fund of easy, quiet, good nature about Nantucket, says a correspondent of the New York Times, which is most winning. If "Nantucket people are peculiar people," they are getting accustomed to the influx of strangers. Wonderful old men, octogenarians, walk hale and hearty about the streets, and crack jokes which have a certain fresh-salty flavor. It delighted me to hear: "About 1815, when I went out humpbacking, and ended by privateering;" or "How when I was first mate in 1820—I was master in '23—we struck a sperm whale in the Sea of Okosh, and by George, sir, (I think it was George) we took a lump of amber-grease from out of her that went to London, and was sold for a thousand pounds." Grand old fellows are they, who love to bask in the sun, and gossip and spin wondrous yarns. Of course, there is a dearth of the younger male element. An adolescent Nantucket man tears up his anchor, and drifts off into the world. Some of the men never come back; still many whose life-cruises are over, float back bewrecked, with empty hatches, and others who sail homeward in argosies, freighted gunnel deep with gold, make once more old Nantucket their last port of haven.

It was the bark Oak which, in 1869, made the last whaling cruise out of Nantucket. When she steered boldly from Sankoty light, her keel wrote on the lapping wave "finis" to the Nantucket whaling business. Since her time no more whaling ventures have been made, or, perhaps, ever will be made. A new light has dawned in Nantucket. We needs must not smile at it. It may be a flickering ray as yet, but still it glimmers. The wharves once redolent with oil, where bustled throngs of sailors, and Kanakas coming from and going on a forty-four months' cruise, are now trodden by tourists, and jaunty young men and dainty young women take their farings on the slips. Genteel Nantucket may have had a bitter pill to swallow, but at least she has *nolens volens*, gulped down her pride, for now it is almost certain that in time to come she will be a famous watering-place.

The speech here attributed to the old whaleman is somewhat mixed, and contains a grave anachronism. The Sea of Okotsk was not visited by whalers until so recently as 1848; and certainly a sperm whale in that sea would be very much out of his reckoning.

Oct. 10, 1874
THE SHIP ORBIT. The following is an extract from a letter received in this town by Capt. Sanford Wilbur under date of Payta, July 8th, 1842:—

"I have not much to say relative to our business, except the loss of the Orbit, an account of which will doubtless have reached your place long before this arrives, as I wrote Mr. Macy an account of the ill-fated ship on the 13th of last month. We are all extremely sorry for our good old friend Isaac; however we ought to be thankful to the Almighty for his goodness in saving him and many more of the unfortunate sufferers from a watery grave. In consequence of Capt. Gardner's exertions aided by some seamen and latterly some laborers they have saved about 5500 lbs sperm oil. The ship went to pieces shortly after she struck. Capt. G. has had a most severe trial, sleeping on the sand, night after night. Let us hope that his meritorious conduct will be duly rewarded hereafter, at least with the command of another ship. According to the Spanish Marine Law, the crew had to give their declarations before the Captain of the Port. I was interpreter for them; they all declared that no blame was attached to the captain for the loss of the ship; every body appeared to be quite contented. I have no doubt he would have made a voyage, as the ship was better pointed than she ever had been during the present unfortunate voyage.—The oil will be sold in a few days, when friend Isaac will shape his course for the "Land of Liberty," where, I hope he will soon get another ship."

Nov. 12, 1842

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Through the courtesy of Joseph B. Macy, Esq., we are permitted to publish the following letter written nearly sixty years ago by the sole survivor from ship Oeno, of this port, wrecked on the Feejee Islands in 1825. As stated in the letter all the crew except the writer were massacred by the natives. The letter was recently found among a lot of old papers and the incidents recited therein will be readily recalled by our older readers.

FEEJEE ISLANDS, Feb. 17, 1828.

To Aaron Mitchell, Nantucket:

Sir,—This being the first opportunity I have had of relating to you the loss of your ship Oeno, I now embrace it.

We were cast away on the night of the 15th of April, 1825, eight days after leaving the Bay of Islands, New Zealand. All hands were called to man the boats; the waist boat was lowered and got clear of the reef into smooth water; the Captain's boat was then lowered and got clear, though nearly filled with water. Mr. Shaw, whose boat was on the weather side, got all the crew but two men on board his boat (those two were left on board to lower the boat down); in lowering the boat the forward tackle got foul and they attempted to cut it, but could not before a sea struck her and she drove aft from the ship and upset. The men were all taken up by the other boats. We then rowed for the shore which was 4 or 5 leagues distant; on nearing it we laid on our oars and the natives on the shore beckoned us in a friendly manner to land, which we did and found them very civil. It was called Turtle Island, one of the Feejee Islands. We remained here on good terms with the natives for about two weeks when there came some canoes from an island to windward, the crews of which were very friendly, until finding that we had no weapons or arms on shore they took an opportunity when one of the boats was absent on board of the ship and killed all but myself. I secreted myself in a rock that had a hole in it which led down to the shore, and remained there two days; on the third the chief of the island found me and took me by the hand and talked, but not being able to understand him I made signs that I was hungry and thirsty. He then made signs to me to follow him, which I did and he carried me to the town and gave me something to eat and drink. In about six days our enemies left the island and took with them the plunder they had got from the ship. I went on board the ship several times and got provisions and water which was very scarce on the island. I remained 5 or 6 days when there came two large canoes from the leeward and the natives on the island were busily employed burying the things they had got. I was anxious, not knowing who they were, but the islanders told me they were friendly and that there was a white man lived on the island they came from. On landing I found one of them could speak some broken English. I went away from the island with them and remained there some time when I heard there was a brig at Ambow and was anxious to go there, but the natives told me they would have over from there and I could get a conveyance. In a short time they came up and brought with them 4 white men from the brig which they informed me was from and belonging to Manila; the crew had mutinied and killed the captain and officers; the rest of the crew were at Ambow, the capital of the Feejee Islands. I went to that island and found David Whippey there and two other white men. They told me they had picked up some pieces of boats, which had drifted on shore with barrels and staves. They supposed by the wood that it was an American vessel, but did not know until I came from Laguana. I have stopped some time on this island with my townsman, David Whippey, before mentioned, and finding the natives very friendly to me I can live very comfortably among them. I had been on the island 14 or 15 months when the ship Clay, of Salem, arrived. It is nearly 3 years since the ship was wrecked. We were cast away, April 15, 1825, and the ship lay on the reef 3 weeks before she came to pieces. She had 150 bbls of oil on board. The ship I send this by has been trading among the islands for sandal wood and beach le mar and is bound from here to Canton or Manila.

Signed,

WILLIAM S. CARY.

Turtle Island is in S lat. 17, long. 180.

Sept. 1, 1886



An Old Nantucket Whaler.

William H. Macy was a seaman half a century ago. He sailed in the whaling trade from Nantucket, and his journal of one voyage which lasted 41 months and 20 days, has just turned up in the collection of a Bostonian who is fond of such curiosities. This particular log was a great prize, for it is far and away ahead of the ordinary thing of its kind. Not only was it kept with a fidelity most unusual through work on a whaler in two oceans, but the sailor had a sense of humor which no amount of feeding on salt horse and hardtack could squelch. He had also a talent for humorous drawing, and his pages are none of them unillustrated. He had a pride in his ship, and mentioned many a race in which, even if the Potomac did not win, she could have done so easily.

Capt. Isaac B. Hussey of Nantucket was master, and the voyage began some time in the fall of 1841. The log, which is written in an old-fashioned, unruled, leather-backed blank-book of foolscap size, begins, after an illuminated and gaudy title page, quite informally, on Nov. 20, 1841. At the head of the page is a large-hand caption, "Bound to the Western islands."

"Strong breeze and heavy sea as usual," he begins his log, looking first, like every good sailor, to the weather record. "Saw a school of whales going to windward like fury, but 'twas so rough we couldn't lower. All hands mad as Sam Hill. Night very squally; at 10 had to reef main-topsail." And he draws a fat black fluke to indicate a whale seen, but not caught; this is part of the whale-fisherman's sign manual which is followed faithfully all through the book, in the margins of the pages. When they got the whale, he was painted in with a white hole in his side to record the number of barrels of oil he yielded. Above him was recorded the boat that got him, and his number in the list.

Later in the history of whaling the sailors had wooden stamps to record whales taken, and some beautifully polished sets are still to be seen in collections. Still later, rubber stamps were used, but Bill Macy had only his brush and his native talent.

Every picturable event was pictured. Sunday, Nov. 21, they began setting masthead watches for whales, and there in the margin is the spider sailor sitting as near the truck as he could get.

They saw whales all the way to the Western islands, but got none; one day Mr. Swain, the mate, who later turned out to be a prize hoodoo, lowered for a sperm whale. But it was already sundown, and the captain recalled the boat by a signal. Another time they were too "wild." Five days after the journal begins they made the Western islands and Macy records the outline of the first two Flores and Pico in a marginal note. He had a blue wash beside his black and it made a fine sea for the islands to stand on.

Thereafter whenever they sighted an island the shape of it was set down in outline in the journal; even when from a changed view point, Fayal took on a different look, the new aspect was carefully recorded.

At the head of the second page still stands the doleful account of the health of the hold—"no oil"—but near the foot of the page "No. 1" appears. He was a 50-barrel whale and taken by the larboard boat in which from internal evidence of the journal it appears that Macy himself sat. But the record does not get unduly gay over it.

It says merely "Fine weather and calm"—after two gales within the week—"saw sperm whales; lowered and took a fine fat fellow alongside; afternoon employed reeving out our cutting gear."

The ship must have been an unpleasant place for the next day or two. Macy took it is a matter of course, for it was part of the business. His comment was "All hands called very early and began to cut in our whale; rugged weather and very slippery about decks; afternoon employed cleaning pots, etc. and getting ready for boiling." And the next day he had time only for this: "Rugged weather, employed in boiling."

The sailor's sense of proportion is interesting. They took passengers as far as Fayal, but they are of no more importance to him than the cheeses bought. It was a busy day though: "Made the island of Fayal again and stood in to land our passengers; stood off and on, but did not come to anchor. Portuguese came off in boats and we bought lots of green oranges and jackass cheeses. Captain went ashore and shipped a Portuguese boy as cabin boy; evening stood to sea again." One can see the excitement in Fayal as the captain made his proposition to the olive-cheeked Portuguese boy, and the doubtful mother, and the excited neighbors urging the boy not to lose this fine chance to go with the rugged Nantucketer on the big ship.

The ship was now bound round Cape Horn. They caught a porpoise, whose elongated portrait duly appears in the margin of the journal and met up with an East Indian, who sent a boat's crew aboard. "We gave them some potatoes and turnips," says Macy. There's neighborliness on the big seas, especially when it is remembered that his ship was bound away from potatoes and turnips for some years. They had a funny Christmas eve. "Fine weather; raised everything but whales—porpoises and dolphins, skipjacks and jumping jacks, sails, albacores and a harness cask!"

They began to meet ships after they had crossed the line on Christmas day, and "had some fine tricks upon the greenhorns."

Saturday, Jan. 22, Mr. Swain's hoodoo began its work. They lowered for a sperm whale, and "Mr. Swain got stove, crew hung to the boat about an hour, and were picked up by the waist boat. Jackson and Duke nearly gone, the water being very cold."

That was all, and the incident

would not have had so much space if Jackson and Duke had not been nearly gone. It flashes up the thought of the hardness of Macy and his mates; never a word of the difficulty of reefing in a frightful gale, in the night, in the snow, with the sails like boards, and the frail foot-ropes dancing.

The very next day Mr. Swain got stove again, "but got aboard without help, but the waist boat"—not having to go to his assistance—"took a large whale." That night there was a heavy gale, but they secured the whale with doubled fluke-ropes and did not lose him. He was an 85-barrel monster, and would have yielded more, but they had to tow him for two days, and he oozed away much oil.

During February they rounded the cape and split a maintopsail in a gale. "Lewis fell overboard and had a cold bath in lat. 54; picked him up with the boat," is all Macy says about it, but the thought makes the bones ache with cold. On St. Valentine's day they lowered for whales but could not get any. Mr. Swain got upset. There is no explanation of his luck given.

On Washington's birthday Macy says: "High winds and heavy swell; saw a man-of-war under a press of sail; toward dark more squally; double reefed the topsails, and the star-board watch were 'weighed in the balance and found wanting.' Pride in his watch's ability to hold up their end of the work is a part of the Nantucketer's equipment.

They met the ship Russell of Dartmouth—a little town outside New Bedford, almost forgotten today but famous then—three months out and "clean," that is without any oil, and "old man went aboard to have a gam," which is whalerese for a chat.

The voyage goes on, each day with its separate interest. The folks who speak of the "boundless monotony of life at sea" ought to have been in this business. They took blackfish and hated them, but Macy drew their pictures just the same while he cursed them. All the time a steady routine of refitting of rigging, tarring, painting, scraping and washing clothes went on as weather permitted and opportunity offered. They landed on Robinson Crusoe island after peaches, caught lots of rock cod and "had a chowder of fish and salt water at sunset."

Luck was not altogether with them. They met ships no longer out, but with 500 barrels to their 180, which must have caused some envy; they struck a sperm whale and the iron drew out and they killed a humpback "and he sunk."

They dropped anchor in Payta for the first time since the beginning of the trip, and the first thing to do in a journal was of course to record the ships that were in port. They were the only whaler, but shortly the whalers began to gather. The length of time each one was out, how much oil she had, her name, hailing port and captain, all were carefully set down. One ship got an extra line:

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"Ship John Thatcher of New Bedford, 16 months out, 400 bbls. of sperm oil, and a man on board with his leg bitten off by a shark."

In Payta three men deserted, two of them the men who had nearly been drowned or frozen when Mr. Swain got stove—Jackson and Duke. The third was Wright. The next day "Capt went ashore, could not find the deserters and shipped two new men, an Englishman and a Spaniard," and away they went before any more men should jump the ship.

Then came a long dull spell, with nothing taken but an occasional blackfish. The margins bear an occasional ship or the outline of an island, but the pages are devoid of everything except weather reports. They sailed in company with several ships, "gamming," and on Sunday, May 22, 1842, they saw whales in big excited letters. It is no wonder the journalist was excited, for his boat took two of the whales, one of them being an 80-barrel proposition, the starboard boat and the waist boat each getting one. In that one day they more than doubled their oil, and just a week later they whooped it up again with two more whales, striking and losing a third. Macy even keeps track of what the ships in company with the Potomac did; the Mercury of New Bedford got one, and the Dartmouth none.

For a long time now the Potomac cruised on the line without much incident; the whales came scattering along, and Macy's marginal decorations consisted mainly of profiles of islands and of ships, under sail, racing in company, or with a curly-cue column of smoke rising between the masts to show that they were boiling. At Nooaheva they anchored and gathered in more of the details of the news on the highways of the sea. A London packet put in leaking; she had been stabbed by a bill fish. Jack Robinson, the Englishman who had been shipped to take the place of a deserter, himself ran off. Two more of the crew suspected of being about to desert were kept close aboard.

It was August, 1842, before they got another whale; then they took four in one day, larboard and starboard boats each getting two. Macy kept tabs on the whales with the utmost scrupulousness as to which boat was entitled to credit; one whale he even labeled "doubtful." At the end of his book, on a blank page he added up the takings, and probably was not a little proud to show that the larboard boat had 41 to the starboard boat's 32 and the waist boat's 35.

All the detail which fits with Pacific island life—girls swimming off to the ship in shoals, rafting water, coconuts and bananas, are in Macy's pages. They took on five Kanakas to supply the place of one Englishman when he finally swam ashore and got away and started off again.

The whales came in twos and threes, and before the end of the year the Potomac had 650 barrels of oil in her hold. But the whales came so infrequently that Macy felt moved to write. "O, dear, where's all the whales! whales!! whales!!!" on Oct. 25. In November they got seven of them in three days, but Macy was

too busy to make ethnological observations on the tribes of natives that came aboard at almost every island they made. He says, "The men of Touching island are a fine-looking set, well made and stout, and have a very neat appearance." To prove it, he paints a picture of a canoe full of them.

Macy didn't like blackfish. He expressed his feelings every time they got one in language of the forecastle sometimes, and on Dec. 4, 1842, when they took two he says, "I trust in God will be the last we will ever get P. M., light airs."

They lost two more men that winter by desertion in the islands; an entry may explain. "Capt. went on shore with boat's crew. Good Riddance! Bad Rubbage!"

Whales seemed to be plenty about the islands, and the whalers were almost as thick. The Potomac was rarely out of sight of men of her own port for 24 hours at a time.

In the spring of 1843 the trouble caused by desertions came to a head at Ascension. Other vessels lying there were having their own troubles, and on the William and Eliza, which was anchored alongside the Potomac, two men were flogged in one day for running away. The next day the journal says "put a white man belonging to the shore in irons suspected of enticing our men to run away, also one in irons on board the Wm. and Eliza, and one on board the Massachusetts (another ship lying there.) There is the 'devil to pay' in 3 volumes bound in calf, spring back and gilt edges." Nevertheless there were three more desertions within three weeks following, one of them being the cook.

As soon as they were refitted and painted they started off for Japan, whither most of the fleet lying at Ascension was bound. Whales were scarce. And in May, 1843, after traveling with the redoubtable Macy for more than a year, we get the astounding note on page 68, "This day I complete my 17th year." And he has been using at least 40-year-old language half through his journal.

At Strong's island there was an incipient mutiny on the Potomac. The crew had four days' liberty, and thought they were entitled to more, therefore refused to heave up the anchor when ordered to get under way. Other ships lying there sent boats aboard and got the Potomac's anchor for them. They then made sail, and the Potomac went to sea, the crew getting off with "a long conversation with the captain." While getting under way they hove up the anchor chain of a brig, and stirred up her charred remains from the bottom, finding out after they got to sea that the chiefs of Strong's island had a little trick of murdering whalers. Two pages of the journal wind up "A lone ship is not safe from treachery," and give a map for anchoring.

Another cruise among the islands, nothing happened except on one day when they "struck a porpoise, but instead of taking him he took the iron and absquatulated." So they wound up 1843 with 1400 barrels.

It was November, 1844, before their thirst for whale oil was satiated. They then had 2200 barrels, and hauled their wind for Sydney. Here they actually saw on an excursion steamer which passed them in the harbor "a white lady the first we have seen for 32 months." They refitted and made sail for the United States Dec. 1.

They managed to get a number of whales on the way home, too, so it was not till Sunday, May 4, 1845, that they brought to at Nantucket.—Boston Globe.

LOG BOOKS WANTED.

I have succeeded in locating this log book, the existence of which was heretofore unknown to me. Aside from its special interest to me, as being the record of my father's first voyage, it is a most valuable and interesting document, containing, in addition to the complete record of the voyage and hundreds of sketches and wash drawings, complete lists of all ships spoken—most of them Nantucket whalers, drawings in color of the private signal flags of all the Nantucket ships and ship owners of that period, and much other data of great historical interest and value.

The present owner, a collector of such curios, considers it the gem of his collection and values it accordingly. No money consideration will tempt him to part with it, but appreciating its special interest to me, he has very kindly agreed to exchange it for anything approaching equal value in kind, if such can be found. I would therefore like to obtain, by purchase or otherwise, one or more good whalers' log books, especially such as are illustrated with ships, whales, etc.

With due respect to a similar interest on the part of most owners of such treasures, with no intention of encroaching on the special province of the Nantucket Historical Society as the ultimate custodian of documents of this character (when the fireproof building is completed), it has occurred to me that possibly some readers of the Inquirer and Mirror may have in their possession log books which have no such intimate personal value or interest to them, which might yet answer the purposes of the proposed exchange, and which they would be willing to part with for a consideration. If such there be, I should be pleased to hear from them.

William F. Macy,
82 Devonshire St., Boston.



WM. THOMPSON,
Cook, Deserter.

William H. Macy was a seaman half a century ago. He sailed in the whaling trade from Nantucket, and his journal of one voyage, which lasted 41 months and 29 days, has just turned up in the collection of a Bostonian who is fond of such curiosities.

This particular log was a great prize, for it is far and away ahead of the ordinary thing of its kind. Not only was it kept with a fidelity most unusual through the dreary months of back-breaking work on a whaler in two oceans, but the sailor had a sense of humor which no amount of feeding on salt horse and hardtack could squelch. He had also a talent for humorous drawing, and his pages are none of them unillustrated. He had a pride in his ship, and mentioned many a race in which, even if the Potomac did not win, she could have done so easily.

Capt. Isaac B. Hussey of Nantucket was master, and the voyage began some time in the fall of 1841. The log, which is written in an old-fashioned, unruled, leather-backed blankbook of foolscap size, begins, after an illuminated and gaudy title page, quite informally, on Nov. 30, 1841. At the head of the page is a large-hand caption, "Bound to the Western Islands."

"Strong breeze and heavy sea as usual," he begins his log, looking first, like every good sailor, to the weather record. "Saw a school of whales going to windward like fury, but 'twas so rough we couldn't lower. All hands mad as Sam Hill. Night very squally; at 10 had to reef maintop sail." And he draws a fat black duke to indicate a whale seen, but not caught; this is part of the whaler's sign-manual which is followed faithfully all through the book, in the margins of the pages. When they got the whale, he was pointed in with a white hole in his side to record the number of barrels of oil he yielded. Above him was recorded the boat that got him, and his number in the list.

Later in the history of whaling, the sailors had wooden stamps to record whales taken, and some beautifully polished sets are still to be seen in collections. Still later, rubber stamps were used, but Bill Macy had only his brush and his native talent.

Every picturable event was pictured. Sunday, Nov. 21, they began setting head watches for whales, and there

as near the truck as he could get. They saw whales all the way to the Western Islands, but got none; one day Mr. Swain, the mate, who later turned out to be a prize hoodoo, lowered for a sperm whale. But it was already sundown, and the captain recalled the boat by a signal. Another time they were too "wild."

Five days after the journal begins they made the Western Islands, and Macy records the outline of the first two, "Iloes and Pico, in a marginal note. He had a blue wash beside his black, and made a finse for he islands to stand in. Thereafter, whenever they sighted an island, the shape of it was set down in outline in the journal; even when from a changed view point, Fayal took on a different look, the new aspect was carefully recorded.

At the head of the second page still stands the doleful account of the health of the hold—"no oil"—but near the foot of the page "No 1" appears. He was a 50-barrel whale, and taken by the larboard boat, in which from internal evidence of the journal it appears that Macy himself sat. But the record does not get unduly gay over it.

It says merely "Fine weather and calm"—after two gales within the week—"saw sperm whales; lowered and took a fine fat fellow alongside; afternoon employed reeving out our cutting gear." The ship must have been an unpleasant place for the next day or two. Macy



"STOVE" BOAT.



WHALEERS "GAMMING."

AN OLD NANTUCKET WHALER

Pictorial Log of a Voyage Made by the Potomac Way Back in the 40s—Scribe and Artist Was William H. Macy, a Lad of 17—All the Principal Places Visited and Important Events Done in Black and Blue by Humorous Rover of the Sea.

took it as a matter of course, for it was part of the business. His comment was "All hands called very early and began to cut in our whale; rugged weather and very slippery about decks; afternoon employed cleaning pots, etc., and getting ready for boiling." And the next day he had time only for this: "Rugged weather, employed in boiling."

The sailor's sense of proportion is interesting. They took passengers as far as Fayal, but they are of no more importance to him than the cheese bought. It was a busy day though: "Made the island of Fayal again and stood in to land our passengers; stood off and on, but did not come to anchor. Portuguese came off in boats and we bought lots of green oranges and jackass cheeses. Captain went ashore and shipped a Portuguese boy as cabin boy; evening stood to sea again." One can see the excitement in Macy as the captain made his proposition to the olive-cheeked Portuguese boy, and the doubtful mother, and the excited neighbors urging the boy not to lose this fine chance to go with the rugged Nantucketer on the big ship.

The ship was now sound round Cape Horn. They caught a porpoise, whose elongated portrait Macy appears in the margin of the journal, and met up with an East Indian, who sent a boat's crew aboard. "We gave them some potatoes and turnips," says Macy. There's neighborliness on the high seas, especially when it is remembered this ship was bound away from potatoes and turnips for some years. They had a funny Christmas eve. "Fine weather; raised everything but whales—porpoises and dolphins, skipjacks and jumping jacks, sails, albacores and a harness cask!"

They began to meet ships after they had crossed the line on Christmas day, and "had some fine tricks upon the greenhorns."

Saturday, Jan. 22, Mr. Swain's hoodoo began its work. They lowered for a sperm whale, and "Mr. Swain got stove, crew hung to the boat about an hour, and were picked up by the waist boat. Jackson and Duke nearly gone, the water being very cold."

That was all, and the incident would not have had so much space if Jackson and Duke had not been nearly gone.

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stove again, "but got aboard without help, but the waist boat"—not having to go to his assistance—"took a large whale." That night there was a heavy gale, but they secured the whale with doubled duke-ropes and did not lose him. He was an 85-barrel monster, and would have yielded more, but they had to tow him for two days, and he oozed away much oil.

During February they rounded the cape and split a maintop sail in a gale. "Lewis fell overboard and had a cold bath in lat. 34; picked him up with the boat," is all Macy says about it, but the thought makes the bones ache with cold. On St. Valentine's day they lowered for whales, but could not get any. Mr. Swain got upset. There is no explanation of his luck given.

On Washington's birthday, Macy says: "High winds and heavy swell; saw a man-of-war under a press of sail; toward dark more squally; double reefed the topsails, and the starboard watch were 'weighed in the balance and found wanting.'" Pride in his watch's ability to hold up their end of the work is a part of the Nantucketer's equipment.

They met the ship Russell of Dartmouth—a little town outside New Bedford almost forgotten today, but famous then—three months out and "clean," that is without any oil, and "old man went aboard to have a kam," which is whalerese for a chat.

The voyage goes on, each day with its separate interest. The folks who speak of the "boundless monotony of life at sea" ought to have been in this business. They took blackfish, and hated them, but Macy drew their pictures just the same while he cursed them. All the time a steady routine of refitting and washing clothes went on as weather permitted and opportunity offered. They landed on Robinson Crusoe island after peaches, caught lots of rock cod and



ROAST PORKER.

"had a chowder of fish scales and salt water at sunset."

Luck was not altogether with them. They met ships no longer out, but with 200 barrels to their 150, which must have caused some envy; they struck a sperm whale and the Irish drew out, and they killed a humpback "and he sunk."

They dropped anchor in Payta for the first time since the beginning of the trip, and the first thing to do in a journal was of course to record the ship that were in port. They were the only whaler, but shortly the whalers began to gather. The length of time each one was out, how much oil she had, her name, hailing port and captain, all were carefully set down. One ship got an extra line: "Ship John Thatcher of New Bedford, 16 months out, 400 bbls of sperm oil, had a man on board with his leg bitten off by a shark."

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They managed to get a number of whales on the way home, too, so it was not till Sunday, May 4, 1845, that they brought to at Nantucket.



NINETY-BARREL WHALE.

BLACKFISH AND BILLFISH.

THE OLD NAVIGATORS.

The Phoenix went whaling by way of Cape
Horn,
The Balena went round the East Cape;
Each ship made her reckoning, and sailed on
and on,
With her log-book kept up in good shape;
Thus one voyaged East, and the other one West,
And when nearing the home port they came,
One had lost a whole day as the figures confess-
ed,
While the other had gained just the same.
By opposite routes they had sailed round the
world,
And had arrived home the same day,
Both swung to their anchors and got their sails
furled,
'Twas at evening, or just in the grey;
They both gammed with each other while out off
Montang,
And the skippers got into a bother,
For 'twas Saturday sure, by the Phoenix's log,
While 'twas Monday on board of the other!
Each stoutly insisted the other was wrong,
And of course his own record was right;
Both pulled for the landing with strokes long
and strong,
Arriving there just about night;
They heard church-bells ringing while yet afar
off,
And were thus mystified all the more,
And soon saw their friends all dressed up on
the wharf,
For lo! it was Sunday on shore!
They had a bet pending, but as 'twasn't fair,
That either should call for the stakes,
They agreed to keep dark and to call it all
square
As they'd both made such greivous mistakes;
To explain was quite useless to old Captain
Seth,
For he always insisted 'twas twaddle,
And 'tis thought that he, down to the day of
his death,
Never quite got it through his dull noddle.
W. H. M.

JUNE 2, 1888

The Departure of Ship Phebe in 1842.

Our readers will recall the historical matters in connection with the first attempt to use the "camels," in 1842, when the ship Phebe, just ready for a whaling voyage, was experimented with unsuccessfully, owing to the breaking of chains on the camels, the details of which eventful occasion are recorded in "The Story of the Island Steamers." The following letter, written by the owners of the Phebe shortly after this mishap occurred, is interesting:

Messrs. D. McKenzie & J. R. Shiverick.
Merchants' Ins. Office, New Bedford.

Gentlemen: Your joint letter of the 29th ulto. is received and we are sorry to observe that you do not agree with us in regard to the loss on ship Phebe. It is a source of much regret to us that we feel under the necessity of making the demand at all, and our inexperience in such matters must account for the manner in which it was submitted for your consideration. In our previous communication, we did not enter into the history of any part of the transactions, not knowing where the explanation would be necessary.

When the accident happened to that ship, we did not feel warranted in sending her to sea without first ascertaining the extent of the damage. To do this, our first operation was to make a contract with the ship's crew to take the cargo out and put it on board again, at a stipulated rate of wages, which is exhibited in the account, and also to pay their board, believing this to be more economical than to put on a sufficient number of shore men to do it. The next was to hire a sufficient number of lighters to put the cargo on board, and this we did at as cheap a rate as could possibly be done by us. When the cargo was all out and the ship hove out, we were very agreeably disappointed to find that the bottom had received no injury; consequently, all the injury to the ship was in the upper works—such as knocking off chainwales, tearing out chain bolts and destruction of boat gear, which is covered by the bills of Meigs & Sherman & Atwood.

And now it became necessary to place the ship in the outer roads to reload her, and to do this with as much dispatch as possible, we put on an extra gang of hired men, whose wages you do not object to; we can discover no difference between those men and the ship's company, who were hired to do the same kind of work. The Elements we could not control, and these had a large share in increasing the expense of putting the cargo on board again; and yet, if we look at the whole time in which the operation was performed, it would not appear that much time was lost, for we commenced discharging the ship in the afternoon of the 29th August, hove the keel out on both sides and had her ready for sea on the 17th September, and she sailed on the 19th.

Thus much for explanation, and supposing your position to be correct in regard to repairs, we do not see where you can strike out more than the bills of Robert Ratliff, the rigger, Asa Meigs, the carpenter, and Sherman & Atwood, blacksmiths.

We cannot substantiate all the charges by vouchers, as we omitted taking receipts for the money which we paid to the ship's company. We paid them off on Saturday night, as the weeks came around, excepting the last week, for which we gave them credit in their accounts. For the other charges we will forward the vouchers, after having fixed the principle upon which the adjustment shall be made. Deducting the bills above named, it will reduce the account \$147.83, leaving the amount for which we claim contribution \$1,057.32. With a sincere desire that the above explanations may be satisfactory, we are, very respectfully,

C. Mitchell & Co.

P. S. Mr. McKenzie's letter of the 2d inst., in answer to ours of the 30th ult., is just received, together with premium note for the ship Phebe's last voyage.

C. M. & Co.

The Phebe was commanded by Capt. Samuel W. Harris and her log-book from the commencement of the voyage, on the 19th of September, 1842, until she was condemned at Pernambuco in 1847, is still in existence. When he started forth on the voyage, Captain Harris received the following "letter of instructions" from his owners:

Captain Samuel W. Harris.

Sir: Having put you in command of the ship Phebe, we wish you to proceed to sea with all convenient dispatch and to make the best of your way to the Western Islands, where you will take on board a good recruit of fresh vegetables, and also look over the ground a little after sperm whales, and should you be so successful as to obtain any oil, you can put it in care of the American consul at Fayal, to be shipped home. Our consignees are Joseph Bradlee & Co., Boston, and Josiah Macy & Son, New York.

After leaving the Western Islands, the prospect is generally good for sperm whales until you have passed the Cape Verde Islands, and again along the eastern edge of the Abrolhos Bank and off the River Platte also, and wherever you find sperm whales you are at liberty to cruise. On your arrival in the Pacific Ocean you will consider yourself at liberty to cruise wherever you may think the prospect best for a cargo of sperm oil, steering by your own compass and following no man's lead because he is going to this place or that place.

You will go into port as often as it is necessary to refresh the crew and refit the ship, taking care not to go into any port that is not a port of entry; and you must not prolong your stay in port beyond the time necessary to procure your recruits; social purposes or company must not detain you anywhere. We have had so much cause to complain of what the sailor calls "gamming," or keeping company with other ships for the purpose of visiting, that we hope you will avoid this error. When in port you will allow no smuggling or contraband trade to be carried on from the ship,

but if you have anything on board which you wish to sell for the purpose of buying recruits, you must first obtain permission from the proper authority.

You will not permit your men to sell their clothes to buy liquor with, and this article you will not allow to be brought on board the ship at any time, except in a very small quantity, for medical purposes only. When fruit is plenty, you may give it to the men freely, at the ship's expense.

Serious losses have occurred, both to lives and property, by suffering the officers to neglect a part of their duty, which you will not allow; we mean the practice of leaving the deck in charge of boat-steerers, who are not paid for that service; but we recommend to you to require the mates to take their regular watch in the night time, while at sea, through the whole voyage; it will be no justification for them to omit that part of their duty because it is not practiced aboard some other ship.

We wish you to maintain perfect order on board the ship; suffer no quarreling among the officers, and do not allow them to abuse the men; but if the men are impudent to the officers, require them to report to you, that you may be the judge of the case, and when punishment is required, cause the whole case to be written out in the log book—both offense and punishment; but punishment should not be inflicted when it can be avoided, as the success of the voyage depends very much on harmony and united exertion. It is well understood by you that in making a contract with you to take charge of this ship, you are to head your own boat, as well as to head the voyage, and we have every confidence in your obtaining a voyage, by proper perseverance.

If you require more money for the ship's expenses, you are at liberty to draw on us for the deficiency, and we would recommend to you to take a right whale or humpback, and sell the oil to assist you in obtaining recruits.

First Temperance Whaleship From Nantucket.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

The Phebe, 379 tons, sailed for the Pacific Ocean May 28, 1830, and arrived back November 25, 1833, with 2131 barrels of sperm oil. This ship was the first ship to sail from Nantucket with spirituous liquors in her stores. The captain took liquor aboard on his own account, but he died of consumption caused by hard drinking.

Personally I do not think the close-fisted Quaker owners cared a rap for temperance, but in their trifling way it saved money—and they seemed not to have the slightest objection to the skipper furnishing his own rum out of his pocket. But as the Phebe brought in a good cargo of oil every thing was lovely, even if the captain did die from drink.

Those old oil firms from Nantucket sure were thrifty until it hurt.

Capt. H. Percy Ashley,
9 Liberty street.

On the peak of the cottage on Academy avenue, occupied by Mrs. Janet E. Walker, has been hung the bell of the old whale ship President, of this port, and every week day during the season, at high noon, it will peal forth its brassy tones.

ANOTHER OLD WHALER.—A train of old memories and associations are revived on reading the announcement in the New Bedford papers, that the bark "President" sailed from that port last week on a voyage to Hudson's Bay. Here is a serviceable old vessel, with a history of sixty odd years; for she sailed from this port before the war with England—in 1811—for the Pacific Ocean, being commanded on her first voyage by Capt. Solomon Folger. She was one of the ships detained by the Chilians, at the time of Poinsett's expedition, to the accounts of which some space was given in our columns a year or two ago; and was one of the few ships that escaped all the British cruisers and arrived home in safety.

Immediately after the peace of 1815, she was fitted again, in command of Capt. Jonathan Swain, and has continued in the whaling business through her whole career, having been owned and fitted at Nantucket until about 1855, when she was sold to New Bedford. Having made most of her voyages in the milder latitudes of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, she is sent now, in her old age, to buffet ice-fields in the Northern regions.

Capt. Nathaniel Fitzgerald, still living, hale and hearty, was one of the crew of the "President" when she sailed on her first voyage in 1811.

This is a very essential subject to be attended to, as the health of the crew depends very much on having plenty of fresh vegetables and fruit. When your voyage is drawing to a close and it is near time for you to leave for home, you need not consider that you are under any obligation to keep your present number of men good, provided there are any vacancies by desertion or otherwise, or that you have men on board on monthly wages. If you have enough to man three boats it is all that is required or necessary to navigate the ship home. We mention this to guard you against hiring men on monthly wages, merely to assist in navigating the ship; the law requires no such thing while you have enough, in your own judgment, to take care of the ship.

On the passage home we wish you to have an inventory of everything on board the ship, which belongs to her, made out; and have the tools put up in good order and secure from being pilfered. Please write to us by every opportunity and keep us informed of the state of the ship and progress of the voyage; and when you go into port and no direct opportunity occurs of sending letters home, leave them in care of some consul or other person who will take the trouble to forward them by first conveyance. Wishing you a happy and prosperous voyage, we are very respectfully,

Your assured friends,
C. Mitchell & Co.

The wind-up of the voyage, as recorded in the log-book—that is, the last two weeks—merely states each day the direction of the wind, condition of the water, and the number of strokes the ship was leaking per hour up to the time she reached Pernambuco in January, 1847, and was condemned. The vessel had been leaking "from 150 to 290 strokes" for about four months, and as soon as possible after entering Pernambuco harbor, she was docked and the cargo of oil removed, to be sent home on the bark Carolina of Boston. The Phebe had taken during the voyage 1,175 barrels of sperm oil and 500 barrels of whale oil.

The ship's log-book, which was brought to Nantucket by Captain Harris, who took passage on the brig Eagle of Salem, is in perfect condition to this day, even though sixty-four years have passed since the good old ship went out of existence.

The voyage on the Phebe was the first and only one which Captain Harris made in command. Upon his return to Nantucket after the Phebe was condemned, he learned that his father had died during his absence, and he thereupon assumed charge of the farm in Polpis, where he lived nearly fifty-seven years. He died in March, 1904, at the age of 91 years and 9 months.

Ship Sarah Parker.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Your comments last week on the death of my venerable friend and neighbor, Thomas R. Coffin, as one of the "Forty-niners" who went out to California on the Sarah Parker with Capt. Codd, suggests the query whether there is anyone now living other than myself who ever sailed on the Sarah Parker, a vessel prominently identified for many years with our family fortunes and traditions, and associated from my earliest recollections with tales of the land of my birth.

The Sarah Parker was my father's ship—that is to say, he commanded and was part owner of her on her later voyages, succeeding Capt. Codd on his return from California, and from then on she continued under his command until both wound up their voyages in the port of Rio Janeiro.

The Sarah Parker, an old-time Nantucket whaler, was sold to New York, transformed into a merchantman and sent to California in the early days of the "gold fever." She took out a goodly company, including a number of Nantucket men on her initial trip. On her return she was again loaded and sent out to the "land of gold" in the early summer of 1852 under command of my father, who had retired from whaling, and who took with him on the voyage his wife and child—my older brother.

My mother's journal of the three years' absence that followed is one of my most precious possessions. It is a voice from the long-buried past recounting day by day the progress of events on sea and land that went to make the sum total of a happy period in life.

It tells of leave-takings, how the home port drifted away from view beyond the horizon, how day by day the good ship ploughed steadily southward though the trackless ocean and ever changing climes until the turning point was reached, how for days and weeks they were buffeted about by storms, driven back by adverse winds and currents in their endeavor to "round the Horn," how when they finally succeeded, and headed northward they touched at various ports along the South American coast, and the hospitality extended them, of their arrival at San Francisco, and how the exiled Nantucketers flocked on board to exchange greetings and gather tidings from home.

Many are named who never returned to their native isle and many more who eventually drifted back to their island home, some with, but more without the "pile" they went to seek, but all distinctions of worldly success have long since been levelled, for of every individual mentioned only the memory remains.

The journal goes on to tell of life in San Francisco in those primitive days; how the ship made periodical trips to Puget sound and up the Columbia river for piles, for construction of the rapidly growing wharves of San Francisco; of life on shipboard during these trips, how my mother visited the logging camps of those distant northern wilds and mingled with the families of the Flat Head Indians employed in getting out the logs; of the characteristics and picturesque scenery around the budding settlements of Port Townsend, Dungeness, Walla-Walla, Seattle, etc., which have since developed into wealthy and populous cities; of the return to San Francisco from the last of these trips and "going to housekeeping."

Then follows a break of several weeks and when the journal is resumed the first item chronicled is the advent of a tiny stranger—weight nine pounds, with descriptions of eyes and hair and features, characteristic of such events.

A few months later the Sarah Parker was homeward bound, with a hammock slung in the captain's cabin to accommodate the new arrival.

Continuing, the journal tells of the passage down the coast, of storm and tempest, sunshine and calm, of stopping at Pitcairn's Island for supplies of vegetables and fruits, which the natives brought off in boats while the ship lay off and on; how the venerable John Adams, president of the colony and sole survivor of the mutineers of the Bounty, came on board and spent the evening (and of course the baby was trotted out and exhibited); how they sailed down through the tropics and about the time of crossing the line the baby was carried on deck and sunburnt his face; how favoring trade winds wafted them round the Horn in as many hours as it had taken days to double it on the outward passage; how entering the Atlantic and heading northward they began to reckon day by day the probable date of arrival home and at last dropped anchor the 4th of May, 1855, in the port from whence they sailed away three years before. So ends the journal and the voyage.

A few months later my father again set sail for San Francisco in the Sarah Parker, but neither master nor ship came back. Sailing down the Atlantic, storms and seas battered and strained the old craft whose hulk had been weakened by years of arduous service, and she was obliged to put into Rio Janeiro leaking and was there condemned. During his enforced stay at Rio Janeiro my father contracted the germs of yellow fever, which developed shortly after leaving port for home, and he died and was consigned to an ocean grave on the anniversary of our arrival from the previous voyage.

The Sarah Parker changed owners several times during my father's command. At the time she was condemned her principal owners were the well known San Francisco firm of Moore & Folger, (Capt. Frank B. Folger of Nantucket)—my father owning one-quarter.

Arthur H. Gardner.

1 Peru

THE OLD PERU.—Bark Peru, belonging to John McCullough, of New Bedford, has been condemned and sold at public auction. She was built at Hanover, Mass., in 1818, for parties in this place, and sailed on her first voyage August 29th, same year, in command of David Harris, arriving home December 5, 1820, with 1146 barrels sperm, and 463 barrels whale oil. Her subsequent voyages were as follows: Sailed March 4, 1821, in command of Peter Veeder, and arrived April 26, 1824, with 1525 barrels sperm oil. Sailed September 17, 1824, Samuel Joy, and arrived December 11, 1827, with 1332 barrels sperm, and 84 barrels whale oil. Sailed June 18, 1828, Joseph Pease, and arrived June 14, 1829, with 718 barrels whale oil. Sailed July 21, 1829, Joseph Pease, and arrived June 2, 1830, with 64 barrels sperm and 1152 barrels whale oil. Sailed May 26, 1831, William Brooks, Jr., and arrived March 27, 1832, with 131 barrels sperm, and 1492 barrels whale oil. Sailed July 28, 1832, William Brooks, Jr., and arrived May 22, 1833, with 126 barrels sperm and 722 barrels whale oil. Sailed July 4, 1833, William Brooks, Jr., and arrived 1835, with 43 barrels sperm, and 696 whale oil. Sailed October 4, 1835, William Brown, Jr., and arrived April 13, 1839, with 676 barrels sperm and 149 whale oil. Sailed July 16, 1839, Joshua Coffin, and arrived October 13, 1842, with 1340 barrels sperm oil. She was brought into the harbor by the "camels," being the first vessel taken over the bar by them, and guns were fired and bells rung in honor of the occasion. She sailed again May 10, 1843, Edwin Barnard, and arrived September 19, 1846, with 966 barrels sperm oil. Sailed August 21, 1847, Consider Fisher, and arrived December 12, 1850, with 750 barrels sperm oil, which sold then at \$1.28 per gallon. She was the first ship to sail in 1851, leaving here May 16, Charles E. Starbuck, and arrived May 31, 1855, with 664 barrels sperm oil, having sent home 1080 barrels sperm, and sold 200 barrels blackfish oil. Sailed October 4, 1855, Frederick A. Easton, and arrived August 1, 1859, with 900 barrels sperm. Sailed September 25, 1859, Elihu F. Turner, and arrived May 7, 1863, with 1360 barrels sperm, and was soon afterward sold to New London parties. From the above it will be seen that the old bark made fifteen whaling voyages from this port, bringing in a total of 17,782 barrels of oil, of which 12,106 barrels were sperm, 5476 whale, and 200 blackfish. We are not aware of her career after going to New London, save that she was sold to Mr. McCullough in 1874, and has made two voyages from New Bedford. It is said that on one of her voyages she was taken up on a tidal wave and carried inland on the west coast of South America, but the return of the wave again swept her into the sea.

SHIP PERUVIAN.
WILL be sold at Public Auction, on Saturday, March 4th, at 11 o'clock, in front of Commercial Insurance Office, 1-8 of ship Peruvian and appertinances, as she now lies at Commercial wharf.
BY private sale, one half share Stock in Straight wharf.

An Interesting Bit of History.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

The communication from Arthur H. Gardner relative to the ship "Sarah Parker," in your last issue, is of engaging interest. It is uniquely graphic and entertaining in its forceful setting. Not alone so, but it is most material, as it adds another chapter to an epoch of Nantucket history, the like of which will never again be enacted. The whale fishery, once a vital commercial industry, comparatively local in its pursuit, was, nevertheless, national and international in its business scope. Now practically extinct, it yet hovers about as a fragrant reminiscence fraught with an essential touch, through lineage, to many a family from which one or more members went "down to the sea in ships, to do business on the great waters," and encountered, fought and conquered the leviathan of the deep, and by his dissection, through various direct and bi-product avenues, made of him a mercantile traffic of extensive importance.

Then, too, scores from Nantucket homes, after the discovery in California of that yellow deposit on the surface of a stream in that, especially in those days, far-away and hard-to-get-to state, took perilous voyages in ships, each one a whaler, as they sought to "round the horn" and "up the coast" that they might enrich themselves by obtaining, even through severe hardship, some of that pure yellow metal. Ah! what sacrifices; what peril; what disappointments!

The one-time active whale fishery, the "forty-niners" en route to California, alas! and yet not alas, for there is in memory of those eventful and venturesome matters rare value, constituting a history, much of which is essentially Nantucket's forever to have and to hold. Of the old ship "Sarah Parker," personally I know but little. As a boy in my native town, now so many years ago, I heard much of her; forgotten, the mention of her name is like the bringing back of an old friend.

I am of the opinion that many such an interesting bit of history might be given to public gaze, creating an appreciable attention, if those who hold it in apparent thoughtless indifference would simply bring it into the limelight. Whoever has such, either in memory, in family diary, or in "old papers," owes it to the past, to the present and to posterity to produce it. I therefore urge upon any who may have such to loosen up and present it in cold type, in legible form, as a preservation of valuable history—as all such indeed is.

I know that "Arthur" was born, and that throughout his life he has been an esteemed, active and serviceable citizen of the tight little island town which gave me my birth. I did not, however, know that he was "born at sea." That he was landed safely at Nantucket, that he has been so influential and useful to the interests and citizenship of that bright, happy and healthy remote community on the island in the sea, is a matter of a quite wide universal appreciation in which I claim an interested share.

J. E. C. Farnham.
Providence, R. I., January 25.

P. 45

Phoebe

DREADFUL COLLISION AT SEA. The Captain of the ship Sarah Parker, just arrived at New York from Singapore, reports the awful intelligence that on the 13th of September last, in lat. 14 17 N., lon. 49 02 W., during a tremendous squall, in the night, she ran into a brig with such violence as almost immediately to sink her. The name of the brig is of course unknown. The whole of this frightful disaster was the work of so few moments, that we have scarcely a particle of information on which to base any opinion as to the nation, destiny, or even size of the unfortunate brig. The night was very dark, the storm very violent, and the cries of the unfortunate sufferers were hardly heard above the noise of the elements. And yet the captain is of opinion that it was a foreign brig, as he thinks he heard the cries distinctly enough to perceive they were in a strange tongue. This however is a bare surmise, which does but little to lift the veil of doubt which hangs over the dreadful occurrence. The ship was much injured herself—her larboard bow being completely stove from the rail down to low-water mark; so that it was with extreme difficulty and exertion that she was saved from sharing the fate of her poor victim. At the time the accident took place, the ship was going at the rapid rate of 10 knots. The brig showed no lights, so that she was not discovered until the ship was directly upon her. No language can express the frightfulness of such occurrences. They speak a voice of terrible warning to us all.

We forbear to moralize, for it is not necessary, nor is it our province. But we must say that it is a matter of unaccountable strangeness to us that with the thousand warnings which come up to us on the wings of every wind, and have been appealing to us, from the time when navigation was in its infancy till now when almost every sea is whitened with the sails of commerce, to use every precaution against the occurrence of such heart rending scenes; it is indeed a matter of unaccountable strangeness, and we will add inexcusable and criminal negligence, that commanders of vessels will allow their ships to be without proper lights. What can be more ridiculously absurd, nay so outrageously foolish, as for ships and brigs to be flying over the ocean in every direction, amidst storms and darkness, without showing a light or taking the least precaution against collision. And yet such things take place every night in the year, partly through negligence, and partly through the disposition to save the few coppers which the oil used in lighting would cost. While these things are so, we shall always be hearing of such fatal collisions as that which has occasioned these remarks. We hope the seafaring men who may chance to read this article will take to themselves its warning, and if they haply do not need it, do their uttermost to bring into deserved contempt every ship Captain who neglects the proper preventatives against "dangers of the sea."

Oct. 15, 1842

FOR SALE, SHIP PLANTER
As she is now laying at Commercial Wharf, together with all her inventory now belonging to her. For further particulars, call on the subscribers.
WILLIAM B. COFFIN, } Administrators.
THOMAS COFFIN, }
Dec 12mo 26—18.

1844

First Temperance Whaleship From Nantucket.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

The Phebe, 379 tons, sailed for the Pacific Ocean May 28, 1830, and arrived back November 25, 1833, with 2131 barrels of sperm oil. This ship was the first ship to sail from Nantucket with spirituous liquors in her stores. The captain took liquor aboard on his own account, but he died of consumption caused by hard drinking.

Personally I do not think the close-fisted Quaker owners cared a rap for temperance, but in their trifling way it saved money—and they seemed not to have the slightest objection to the skipper furnishing his own rum out of his pocket. But as the Phebe brought in a good cargo of oil every thing was lovely, even if the captain did die from drink.

Those old oil firms from Nantucket sure were thrifty until it hurt.

Capt. H. Percy Ashley,
9 Liberty street.

Apr. 15, 1931

The Inquirer.

FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1859.

LOSS OF BARK PHOENIX, OF THIS PORT.—A letter from Capt. Handy of bark Phoenix, of this port, to E. W. Gardner, Esq., dated Oudekoi, Siberia, reports that the Phoenix dragged ashore in a gale of wind Oct. 12, 1858, on "Elbo Island," and went to pieces. The crew were all saved. They lived on the island from Oct. 12th to Dec. 17th, subsisting on what flour and bread they saved in a damaged state, when the Captain with ten men started for the main land, on the ice, which had just become solid enough for them when he made the attempt. They reached Oudekoi in eight days, after much suffering from the cold, some of the men having their feet badly frozen. Otherwise they were all well.

We have made the following extract from the letter received from Capt. Handy:—

Oudekoi, (Siberia,) Jan. 18, 1859.

Messrs. GARDNER & WING—Dear Sirs:—It is with much sorrow that I take pen in hand to inform you of my sad condition, and of the fate of the bark Phoenix; but hoping this may find you in good health, and well insured on so good a ship, I am under the painful necessity of informing you that she is no more. I was cast away on the 12th of October last, on Elbo Island, having dragged on shore in a gale of wind, the circumstances of which event I shall not relate here further than to say that on the 11th I made a harbor in an easterly storm, to the west of the Island, and came to anchor at the usual anchorage. The wind shifting to the west in a heavy squall, was not able to take the anchors or slip the cables so as to clear the land; tried to ride out the gale, supposing the first of it to be the hardest, as is usual, but in this case it proved not so, for the longer it lasted the harder it blew, so much so that it caused the ship to drag every pound of iron that could be mustered on board, and go on shore, where she soon went to pieces, allowing us to save but little besides our lives. We saved some flour and bread that came on shore in a damaged state, five boats, and a few small articles of clothing, &c.; the oil was either stove on the rocks or went adrift.

I soon found that we had got to stay in these parts all winter, as we could not discover a ship anywhere; so we concluded to build a house to put what little in we had saved, and then to come up the Bay and see if we could make a live of it among the inhabitants, so as to avoid scurvy if it was a possible thing, as we had no preventative; but after we had got the house built and ready to move into, the weather came on and held so bad that we could not travel in the boats at all, for ice soon began to make; so we contented ourselves with the intention of coming on the ice soon. But it did not get so we could until the men had begun to be taken down with the scurvy, and it had got so cold that it appeared the next thing to death for men clothed as we were to attempt to go anywhere to be obliged to camp out nights in the open air. However, something had got to be done, as it appeared, or we should all die before spring, although I calculated we had flour enough to last us until we might be able to go in the boats and catch seals for meat to eat. If alive till such time I concluded I would make a trial at any rate. I volunteered a gang and started the first chance to cross the ice, which was on the 17th of December, for this place, or at least for a settlement I had understood there was somewhere in this quarter. My company consisted of eleven men besides myself, boat-stewards and hands. In eight days we arrived

at the mouth of this river, where there were a few fish houses and some fish, but no inhabitants. We went out of bread, having consumed all we could bring on our backs while making the journey, and as the most of the company were but just alive, and all being more or less frozen and not able to go farther, I was pleased to see a human being in the place. He was a Tongoo, on a dog sled, who had come down for fish. By his aid I have been able to find this place, and although alone, no others being able to come with me, I have been able to have the men brought up by degrees and furnished with food and cared for as well as the place will allow, which is poorly to be sure; but it is of that kind that I hope will allow us to live until we can get on board of some ship. We can get some vegetables and fresh meat, but the allowance is small to carry us through the winter. Two or three of the men will lose their feet, I expect, but otherwise I am in hopes all will recover the use of their frozen limbs. I escaped the lightest of any, having frozen nothing but fingers, toes and ears, and those not badly. Furthermore, I have been able to send a few vegetables by the Tongoos to those at the island, and have some flour, bread, and clothes brought up to help to support us; and am pleased to hear from them that they are all quite well, having discovered a kind of winter green or herb, that they have found to be a powerful remedy for scurvy, and that the sick men had got about well. The captain of the police received me very kindly; he is the highest government officer that resides here, and has done and I trust will do all he can for us from regard to the American Government.

Now, all I can say, is that I hope to live to see you all, and give you full particulars of the disaster. Yours truly,

B. G. HANDY.

MELANCHOLY DISASTER.—By a letter received in this town by E. W. Gardner, Esq., from Capt. Morey, of ship Phenix, of this port, we learn that early in October, while the ship was lying at anchor in the Ochotsk sea in company with the ship Lagoda, of New Bedford, it came on to blow, and the Lagoda commenced dragging. Capt. Lamphier was visiting on board the Phenix, and being desirous of going on board his own ship, a boat was lowered and manned by Wm. E. Hunter and Thomas Conner, of this town, two natives and one Portuguese; when within about seventy yards of the Lagoda, the boat was upset, and all were drowned except young Conner, who swam alongside and was taken on board. Young Hunter was a promising lad, about 18 years of age, an only son, and leaves a widowed mother to mourn his loss.

Ship Phoenix, of this port, recently lost, had on board 425 bbls. whale oil, and had sent home 1,000 bbls. whale, 150 do sp. oil, and 10,000 lbs. bone. She was insured in New Bedford for \$12,400; at the Union Mutual Office \$8,000, at the Pacific \$3,600, and at the Mutual Marine \$800

BURNING OF SHIP PLANTER.—On Friday night, at about half past eleven o'clock, fire was discovered on board the ship Planter, which vessel has been for some months in the ship-yard of Mr. Elisha Smith, at Brant Point, where she had undergone thorough repair. When first discovered, the fire seemed confined to the after part of the vessel, and great exertions were made by the fire department, who were promptly on the spot, to overcome the devastating element. It was not long, however, before the flames burst forth fiercely from the forward hatchway, and it was evident that the good old Planter was doomed to destruction. The attention of the fire department was then turned to the rescue of the surrounding property.

The large cradle was immediately launched from the railway, and quantities of lumber removed to positions of safety. The wind was blowing fresh from the northwest, and it was deemed prudent to take the shores from under the east side of the ship, that she might fall to leeward, thus rendering the surrounding buildings less exposed to the flames. This was accordingly done, and the ship careened slowly and gracefully on her side, while the flames, fanned by the breeze, spread wildly over her, presenting a grand spectacle. The ship continued to burn until she was completely consumed, nothing remaining save the copper and iron fastenings and one or two large timbers, and the spot where a few hours before stood one of the best modeled and fastest sailing whalers hailing from this port, was covered with a mass of smoldering ruins.

The ship was 340 tons burthen, owned principally by Mr. Elisha Smith, and we are informed was insured for \$8,000, mostly at the Quincy Mutual Office. The fire was the work of an incendiary, who was probably the individual seen coming from the ship-yard a short time before the fire was discovered.

The ship Planter, recently destroyed by fire, was insured for \$8,000, at four different offices, not entirely at the Quincy Mutual, as reported.

FIRES.—The burning of ship Planter on Friday night was the second incendiary fire that has occurred in this town within a month, which fact certainly demands the gravest consideration on the part of our citizens. A liberal reward for the detection of the individuals perpetrating these acts should be offered, and a strict and searching investigation instituted. And here, perhaps, it will be well to remind our citizens of the fact that this town, mostly wood, is watched by only two men, (street watch) and they well advanced in years, and two in the south tower, and to warn them that so scant a watch renders life and property very insecure. These two men have their beats, one north and the other south. Thus it will be seen that when one is at the North Shore the other is at Newtown, over a mile apart, leaving the entire centre of the town unwatched for two hours or more at a time. In this period a fire could get well under way.

Now is the time, ere we suffer loss, to mend this matter. We think there are but few persons in this town who would not rather pay an additional half dollar to the tax collector for the privilege of retiring at night with the firm conviction that watchful eyes were open to the safety of him and his property. If our property is worth watching at all, it is worth watching well, and no watch at all is better than an inefficient one, as in the absence of any, every citizen would stand his own watchman. It appears that we have individuals in our community bad enough to set fire, and we know not when or where he may repeat the act. All we can do is to be sufficiently guarded. Although some individuals who live far removed from the most compact portion of the town, and less exposed to danger, may wish to dispense with a fire department and watch altogether, we trust our people will not be blinded to their interests, but keep in mind the fact that "in times of peace we should prepare for war." Look to this matter, fellow citizens.

In this connection we would allude to the fact that the cisterns on Orange street that were exhausted on the night of the 12th ult., at the burning of the "Clark house," were not filled again until the 28th ult., a lapse of sixteen days. We have no desire to censure any person; but suppose a fire had occurred in the vicinity of these cisterns in that time, would not much blame have attached to the parties having these matters in charge?

"Renown" One of Nantucket's Early Whaleships.

"Arrived at Nantucket, Ship Renown from the Pacific ocean, with 1,250 barrels of sperm and 150 barrels of whale oil."

That was news of the day 135 years ago as chronicled in the Columbian Courier, a copy of which is among the treasured possessions of Dr. J. A. Frasier of 265 Union Street.

The old paper, printed and published by Abraham Shearman, Jun., is dated, "Morning of the Fourth Day".... "Wednesday, Sept. 4, 1799, at the Four-Corners, New Bedford, Mass."—New Bedford Standard.


The "Renown" was one of Nantucket's early whaleships. She sailed in 1797 and returned two years later, as recorded above. She again sailed in 1801 and returned the last of the following year, each voyage being about two years.

In 1803 Capt. Alpheus Coffin took her out and returned November 3, 1805, with a full load of sperm and whale. During the next five years she made two more voyages and in 1811 returned with her hold again "full".

In August of that year Capt. Zachaeus Barnard took her out on what proved to be her last voyage as a Nantucket whaler. She went to the Pacific ocean, sent home 37 casks of sperm and then went further south. She had good luck there and had over 1,600 barrels of sperm stowed away when along came an armed English whaler and captured her. Captain Barnard and his crew were made prisoners and the Englishmen took the "Renown" to London, where the 1,600 barrels of sperm proved a rich prize. What became of the ship after that we do not know.

OCTOBER 15, 1932

FOR SALE.

 THE Bark "SEA RANGER" 367 tons burthen, as she now lies at the Commercial Wharf in Nantucket, with all of her whaling apparatus. The Sea Ranger was built at Mattapoisett by Josiah Holmes, Jr. & Brother, of the best live oak, white oak and yellow pine, was thoroughly copper fastened from keel to plankshear, and launched in August, 1856. She is clipper built, very weatherly, a very fast sailer, and is in every respect a superior vessel. She has an excellent Chronometer, one suit of sails nearly new, and some old sails; she is well found in cables and anchors. For further particulars apply to S. C. WYER, } Agents J. MITCHELL, 2d, } Nantucket, Nov. 14th, 1860. 2w

Ship Ocean Rover, recently purchased by the Spanish Government, will be coppered and fitted at this port, take ballast from Hyannis, and sail direct for Havana.

March 15, 1859

What an Old Man Remembers About Captain Owen Wyer, the "Sloop Rose," and Events of Other Years.

The sloop "Rose," Captain Owen Wyer, and the sloop "Patriot," Captain Matthew Crosby, were the last of an early fleet of packets running between Nantucket and New York. Later, other vessels with other captains took their places. The "Rose" was always commanded by Owen Wyer, and in his charge had hundreds of times passed safely through Hell Gate, and at last was there wrecked. After Captain Crosby gave up coasting, the "Patriot" continued in the trade for some years, in charge of Job Coleman, Alexander Robinson and Thomas Potter. In the days of the "Rose," few persons went from the island to New York without making a passage in her, as the vessel and captain were favorites of the people. In the winter of 1819 and '20, the "Rose" left New York with a full freight and passengers for Nantucket. On her arrival, the inner, and a portion of the outer harbor were blocked with ice, and the sloop anchored in the "Chord of the Bay." The ice was solid over the inner harbor, but in the outer harbor it was broken, floating ice, but of firmness sufficient to prevent a vessel from making her way through it. The weather was extremely cold, and late in the afternoon Captain Wyer left the packet in a whaleboat with three women and four men, besides himself, intending to land at Brant Point. It took some time to pull the boat among the cakes of floating ice, from the sloop to the Point, and all on board suffered from the severity of the weather. When the boat approached the Point there was a strong ebb tide setting out and with it cakes of floating ice. The boat pulled in as near as possible and threw a line that did not reach the shore, and the boat was in danger of being swept over the bar out to the Sound, where all would have perished with the cold. The boat could not have regained the sloop, as the ice had closed all around her. There was an instant of extreme anxiety with the hundred people on the beach, when William Wyer, son of Captain Owen, and at the time about twenty years old, rushed in among the broken ice, up to his arms in water, seized the line and brought it ashore, and then many willing hands quickly hauled the boat safely to the beach. The moment that Mr. Wyer landed and dropped the line from his icy hands, he was grappled by the grandfather of this writer and another nimble-footed son of Neptune, and started on a lively run for the nearest house, which stood very near where the lighthouse now stands. He was there supplied with dry clothing, made comfortable, and prevented from suffering the consequences of a cold bath. So intensely cold was the weather, that, notwithstanding Mr. Wyer had to run only a short distance, when he reached the house his outside clothing was frozen stiff, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that his resolution and prompt action had saved his father and seven others from certain death. The passengers with Captain Wyer on that memorable occasion, were Mrs. Hezadiah Coffin, Mrs. Robert Bunker, Mrs. "Susie" Folger and her son William, who at that time was about twenty years old. A few of the oldest of our people may remember Mrs. Folger's dry goods store at the south-east corner of Main and Orange streets. The other two ladies having lived more recently, will be gratefully remembered by many. A few days be-

fore the "Rose" left New York on that trip, Captain Robert Bunker sailed from there in the ship "Horatio," bound to a southern port. The ship was wrecked on Cape Hatteras, but before she broke up, the long boat was hoisted out and all but the captain and his nephew, a boy fourteen years old, were safely in the boat, though there was a very heavy sea running at the time. The men in the boat called to the captain to come with them, but his only reply was: "You have got all the boat can safely carry, cut your painter or you'll swamp; I'll try and save myself in the small boat." At the same time, picking up the youth, who had not left his uncle's side for a moment after the ship struck, he threw him overboard and near enough the boat to be taken in. That was the last that was seen or heard of the noble, generous and lion-hearted Robert Bunker. All in the boat were saved, and the following winter the little boy was a schoolmate with one who has remembered him and his early history for over seventy years.

The writer is not indebted to any one for the facts and circumstances here stated, as he was personally acquainted with all that have been named, and was on the beach at the landing of the boat.

C. F. SWAIN.

BROOKLYN, March 19, 1892.

SUCCESSFUL VOYAGE.—The schooner Rainbow arrived at this port on Monday last, after an absence of four months and eight days, with 80 barrels of sperm and 20 barrels blackfish oil. The total cost of vessel and outfits was about \$4000, and she brings in a cargo worth about \$6500, of which the officers and crew draw about one third, while the vessel herself would sell for \$2500. We are thus explicit because we want our citizens to see what may be accomplished in a small vessel well manned. It is of no use to fit out a small vessel and put on board officers who are already worn out in the service; but provide first class men, and in nine cases out of ten the voyage will prove a prosperous one. This has been, in reality, an experimental cruise, and it has proved so successful, that already capitalists are beginning to talk of fitting out other vessels. We have a plenty of men who will keep a sharp look out for whales, and who know how to get them after they see them; and these men with the capitalists possess the power of redeeming Nantucket. The sea is our natural farm and the crops are abundant and ready to be gathered.

Sept. 14, 1864

Rainbow

CREW LIST.—The schr. Rainbow, Capt. Robert F. Kent, sailed from this port 17th ult., for a whaling cruise in the Atlantic Ocean. The following persons, all of Nantucket, comprise her crew:—

John Lyner, first mate; Charles Sylven, Harrison Briggs, boatsteerers; Henry P. Clapp, cooper; Alexander Swan, John R. Raymond, Joseph P. Gardner, George F. Barnard, James H. Wood, Oliver D. Appleton, John O'Connell, George R. F. Swain, Thomas J. Tabele, Francis H. Fisher.

1849

COURT RECORD.—We take the following report of the decision of the United States Court in the case of the whale ship Rambler, of Nantucket, from the Boston Courier.

"The libellant (Geo. B. Hussey) was one of the crew of the Rambler, and at one time second mate. Of her first taking she had sent home 800 barrels of oil; but after taking something over 2000 barrels more, she became disabled, and put into Apia, where she was condemned and sold. There the captain in concurrence with the American consul, settled with the crew for their respective shares of the oil on board, and the captain gave them an order on the owners for their share of the 800 barrels previously sent home. The other portion was left in possession of the consul, Van Camp, as member of a firm at Apia, who was to see to its shipment to the owners, and it was placed on board a vessel for that purpose; but before it was despatched Van Camp left Apia, and one Jenkins took his place as consul, and before him as consul, certain parties claiming to be creditors of Van Camp, commenced proceedings against his property, and had the oil among other things, seized as Van Camp's property. Jenkins, who constituted himself a court for the purpose, gave a decree in favor of the creditors, and ordered the oil to be sold for their benefit. The owners have petitioned the General Government to be indemnified for this illegal seizure and sale by order of consul Jenkins, who has been removed. With that oil so seized and sold, the libellant had no connection, he having been paid off ratably; and this suit was brought to secure his share in the 800 barrels originally sent home and received.

The respondents contended that as the crew were only entitled to share the net profits of the voyage, the portion they had received at Apia should be debited to them, as against the whole amount of oil realized by the voyage. That the owners share of the oil landed at Apia had been intercepted by the actions of the Consul Jenkins, so that they had never received it, or the value of it, and it could not be treated as part of the net profits of the voyage; that only the portion allowed to the crew at Apia, and the 800 bbls which the owners received, could be counted as such profits, the residue being lost to all the parties; that libellant was only entitled to his share on this diminished aggregate, and not upon the portion divided at Apia, before the seizure of the owners share there.

The Court held, that the captain was the agent of the owners and not of the crew; that he acted for the owners and not the crew, in the arrangement he made for sending the owners share of that portion home, through Van Camp's firm, and that portion was at the risk of the owners, and not of the crew, and that the settlement with the crew at Apia was just and final, as to the portion divided at Apia, according to the lay provided in the shipping articles, and left their claim good on the first 800 barrels. Upon this ground, the Court gave a decree for the libellant for his share of the 800 barrels; thereby declaring that all the oil taken into Apia, added to the 800 barrels, was to be made the basis upon which the net earnings of the broken up voyage were to be calculated, and the lay divided.

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57

At Auction,



THE Bark "SEA RANGER" 367 tons burthen, as she now lies at the Commercial Wharf in Nantucket, with all of her whaling apparatus, Will be sold at Public Auction, on Wednesday, Nov. 28th, at half past three o'clock, P. M. in front of the Commercial Insurance Office.

The Sea Ranger was built at Mattapoisett by Josiah Holmes, Jr. & Brother, of the best live oak, white oak and yellow pine, was thoroughly copper fastened from keel to plankshear, and launched in August, 1856. She is clipper built, very weatherly, a very fast sailer, and is in every respect a superior vessel. She has an excellent Chronometer, one suit of Sails nearly new, and some old sails; she is well found in cables and anchors.

Nov. 21, 1860

FOR SALE.



THE Bark "SEA RANGER" 367 tons burthen, as she now lies at the Commercial Wharf in Nantucket, with all of her whaling apparatus. The Sea Ranger was built at Mattapoisett by Josiah Holmes, Jr. & Brother, of the best live oak, white oak and yellow pine, was thoroughly copper fastened from keel to plankshear, and launched in August, 1856. She is clipper built, very weatherly, a very fast sailer, and is in every respect a superior vessel. She has an excellent Chronometer, one suit of Sails nearly new, and some old sails; she is well found in cables and anchors. For further particulars apply to
S. C. WYER, } Agents
J. MITCHELL, 2d, }
Nantucket, Nov. 14th, 1860. 2w

1860

Auction Sales.

BY T. W. RIDDELL

Sperm Oil at Auction.

ON THE COMMERCIAL WHARF,
ON WEDNESDAY NOV. 7th,

FROM 50 to 400 hbls. of the cargo of Bark Sea Ranger will be sold at auction on the Commercial Wharf on Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The above oil is very light colored, entirely sweet, and is 37 per cent head matter.

1860

SOLD.—The fine bark Sea Ranger was sold at auction on Wednesday last, by Capt. T. W. Riddell, to Rufus Greene, of Providence, for the sum of \$11,150, on two, four and six months. She will probably be taken to Providence by a tug to-day.

1860

Joseph Starbuck

Happened Eighty Years Ago
This Sunday.

Eighty years ago tomorrow (Sunday) occurred the loss of the ship Joseph Starbuck—a beautiful and highly valued craft which had been built on Nantucket in 1838 and had made but one voyage. The loss of that vessel, so few hours after leaving port, is one of the thrilling tales attached to Nantucket's maritime history. All who participated in that event, either aboard the Starbuck or as one of the crew of the rescuing steamer Massachusetts, have passed on, the last survivor of the Starbuck's crew being Capt. William Eldridge, who died in 1912.

It was on Sunday morning, November 27, 1842, that the ship Joseph Starbuck was taken in tow by steamer Telegraph, bound for Edgartown, where she was to load supplies for a whaling voyage. On board were half a dozen ladies, besides the members of the crew, the trip over to the Vineyard being a sort of pleasure cruise, which, however, resulted in disaster and the loss of a splendid vessel, for the Starbuck met her fate on the sands of Nantucket bar.

A few years ago, in reciting his career, Captain Eldridge gave the story of the loss of the Starbuck as follows:

"It was to be my first voyage, for I had shipped as boy. I thought myself lucky to be able to go to sea on such a vessel as the Starbuck and I recall what a big crowd of people came down to the wharf that Sunday morning to see us off. There were several ladies on board and everybody was in fine spirits. The ship left Nantucket with a favorable breeze, in tow of steamer Telegraph, but soon after we left the wind shifted to dead ahead and blew so hard that the steamer was unable to make any head-way. Bad weather was coming on fast, so the tow-lines were loosened and the ship brought to an anchor about a mile from the Tuckernuck shoal lightship, the Telegraph hastening back to port, leaving the ship to ride out the gale as best she could. The wind increased to hurricane force, and the vessel being light, she rode so violently that one chain after another parted and she finally broke adrift and was swept before the storm in an easterly direction.

To prevent us being carried out to sea in her then unprepared condition, the mizzen-mast was cut away, the fore-sail set and every effort made to return to port, but so furious was the gale from the northwest that the attempt failed and the ship swept on towards the eastern extremity of Nantucket bar, which all on board knew meant impending disaster.

About midnight, the ship struck on the shoal, and, as she was without much ballast, almost immediately rolled over into the trough of the sea, with the waves breaking over her continually. We experienced a fearful night, but at daybreak, our predicament was seen from the tower at Nantucket and about 9 o'clock in the morning the steamer Massachusetts was on her way to us, although the wind was blowing with undiminished force and the conditions near the bar were extremely hazardous.

The Starbuck was lying on the shoal about four miles from town and two miles from the nearest shore, while the seas were running mountains high for miles around. Notwithstanding the danger, the Massachusetts ploughed her way to our relief and within an hour had made fast to our lee side by a warp, necessarily of considerable length, her engine being kept in motion to hold the line taut. There were thirty-five persons on board, all of whom were taken off by a single whale-boat, which made five perilous trips between the ship and the steamer.

The weather was fearfully cold at the time and the decks and rigging of the ship were coated with ice, making a somewhat ghostly picture as she lay there on the bar, sheathed in white. The Starbuck finally broke up, nothing of material value being saved."

In a little book published in 1843 entitled "A Mother's Plea For The Sabbath," a writer draws a lesson from the loss of the Joseph Starbuck—a lesson to "remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy; six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work."

A moral seems to have been drawn from the incidents of this disaster, as the writer intimates that "if the ship had not started forth on the Sabbath day it wouldn't have happened." The tale as related in "A Mother's Plea For The Sabbath" we believe is worth republishing and we trust our readers will appreciate its merits. It is as follows:

The Joseph Starbuck was one of the most beautiful and perfect ships that ever sailed from any port. On the last Sabbath in November, 1842, at seven o'clock in the morning, this ship was towed out of the harbor of Nantucket, and across the bar, to be taken to the port of Edgartown, about thirty miles distant, on Martha's Vineyard, there to be loaded for a voyage of four years round Cape Horn. About thirty seamen were on board the ship, and five ladies, relatives of the officers, were in the cabin, accompanying their friends to Edgartown, to remain with them for the two or three weeks during which they would be receiving their stores into the ship for their long and adventurous voyage.

Soon after crossing the bar, the wind freshened, and blowing directly against them, impeded their progress, and at eleven o'clock it was so strong that the steam boat could not tow the ship against it; and it became necessary for the boat to return to the harbor, and for the ship to cast anchor till the wind should abate. The wind, however, continued to increase, and in the afternoon it was blowing almost a gale.

The latter part of the afternoon, a small coasting vessel which ran into the harbor for protection, brought the intelligence that the ship had parted one of her chain cables, and that she was then riding by one anchor only. Great apprehension was consequently felt for the fate of the ship and those on board. But no relief could be afforded them.

As the darkness of the night closed down around us, shutting out the distant ship from the reach of any glass, the cold and freezing wintry gale seemed inspired with new fury. It rushed with awful, with terrific power over our sea-girt island, and seemed actually to howl and yell, as it shook the very foundations of our dwellings. Few slept that night who were aware of the situation of the ship; and while longing for the dawn of the morning, they almost dreaded its approach from fear of the revelations they felt assured it must make.

Early in the morning I went upon my house-top with a spy-glass, and immediately saw the ship four miles off, driven upon the bar, a melancholy wreck. It was intensely cold, the gale still raged with unabated fury, the ship was lying on her side about a mile from the nearest shore, evidently bilged and full of water, her mizzen-mast gone and the terrible billows of the ocean breaking over her, and throwing the spray topmast high.

As I saw the ship rolling in those dreadful breakers, every wave apparently sweeping the deck with resistless power, the frozen sails floating in the gale, and the shrouds coated with ice, I thought it impossible that a single individual could have survived the horrors of the night.

Soon learning that an attempt was to be made with the steam boat Mass. to go to the wreck, as I had personal friends on board the ship, I could not resist the desire to accompany those who were bound to the rescue. The maddened wind rushed with but slightly abated fury over the ocean, as the steamer left the wharf, and battling its way out of the harbor, faced the storm, and plunged through the foaming billows.

As we drew near the wreck, hardly a hope remained that any one on board could be living. The ship was lying upon her side, on the north-east end of the bar, a mile from the shore, evidently bilged and full of water, her shattered spars and rigging dashing in the foam around her, every thing swept from the deck, the shrouds coated several inches thick with ice, the sea washing over her, and often breaking topmast high, and occasionally a wave of great magnitude would lift up the ship, and dash her against the bottom with indelible fury.

Some said "it is impossible that any can be living." Others said, "if there be any survivors, we can afford them no help, it will be impossible to take them from the wreck in the midst of these breakers." There was sufficient depth of water between the bar and the shore for the steamer, and moving in that direction, we soon discovered a number of the crew drenched with the waves, and clinging to the icy rail of the ship, thus slightly protected from the fury of the sea. Many of them were barefooted, and but slightly clothed, probably thus prepared to attempt to swim, as the only resort left them, should the ship go to pieces, as was momentarily feared.

When the ship struck the bar, she fell upon her side, with her deck towards the shore, the lower rail being entirely under water, and the upper rail high in the air. It was under this upper rail, over which the sea was continually breaking, that the drenched and half frozen crew were clustered, clinging to it in constant danger of being washed down the steep and slippery deck.

The steamer, when opposite the ship, turned at right angles with it, and ran her bow directly upon the wreck, crushing the lower rail which was under the water, and a cable being immediately thrown over, the men on board the wreck seized it, and made it fast to the capstan.

While this was doing, we heard the

cheering intelligence that all were living, and we saw standing in the companion way, the entrance to the cabin, the ladies clustered together with drenched bonnets and dishevelled hair, and faces pallid with anxiety and suffering. The moment the engine stopped, as we threw over the cable to the crew, the gale blew the steamer with great rapidity from the wreck, and we were soon riding some twelve rods distant, held to the wreck by the cable.

A large surf-boat was then launched from the deck of the steamer into the boiling surges of the agitated ocean, and a select crew of hardy men, familiar with such dangers, leaped on board. No pen can describe the sublimity of the scene as they were "borne like a bubble onward," over these magnificent billows.

At first they attempted to reach the deck in the face of the gale, by pulling themselves along by the cable. But now a wave would lift them high in the air, above the cable, or dash them against it, and again sinking in the trough of the sea, the straightened cord would be vibrating far above them. No advance could be made in this way, and they therefore resorted to their oars. Slowly they made headway towards the wreck, and passing to and fro several times, succeeded in removing all the sufferers safely on board the steamboat.

Even now, I can hardly conceive how it was possible in the midst of the dashing billows of that stormy sea, to have made the transfer of those helpless ladies. One after another, however, they were all drawn up the side of the steamer, and made as comfortable as circumstances would permit in the warm cabin.

As we drew near the wharf, apparently every male inhabitant of Nantucket was there, to hear the tidings from the ship. We are not a noisy people, and the intelligence that all were saved, was silently, but gratefully received. Soon the rescued sufferers were conveyed to the fire-sides of their anxious friends.

Such, as given by a writer of undoubted veracity, is this thrilling tale of the sea—a region over which in a peculiar manner Jehovah reigns alone; and where man, even when riding the billows in the proudest work of his hands, must feel that when God works, "none may stay his hand, or say to him what doest thou."

Far be it from me to say that the wreck of that beautiful vessel, which on the morning of the Lord's day "walked the waters like a thing of life," and the sufferings and peril of its crew, were a retribution for not remembering the command of him who has said "The sea is his and he made it." The same disaster might have occurred had it been "towed out of the harbor and over the bar" on some other than God's own day.

But I must believe that had the hearts of those mariners been open to our view during that night of horrors, we should have heard conscience whispering, "would that we had remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" and methinks the stoutest hearts must have recoiled from the thought of being called into the presence of their Judge, while in the very act of breaking his command. How much influence such a consciousness of wrong-doing might have in paralyzing exertion in such a scene, we cannot know; but this we do know, that mind and body have their "fullness of strength" only when the conscience is at peace—only when we can say with a consciousness that the all-seeing eye is upon us, we are in the path of duty.

Other Articles

A Rescue at Sea.

By Henry Riddell in New Bedford Standard

Noting recently in your always interesting columns the deaths of several of the old-time whaling masters, the thought is forced upon us—how few of them are left. Here in Nantucket, formerly the headquarters of the whaling industry, until supplanted by the advantages of your own city, and where, but a few years ago, about every tenth man was an old whaler, there is today but one surviving whaling master—Hon. Thaddeus C. Defriez, now in his ninetieth year, hale and hearty and active physically, but very deaf. One other, Captain Edward B. Coffin, died only Friday at the age of eighty-five years. What is now the Pacific club in Nantucket was founded and started years ago by the whaling masters of that day and was better known as the "Cap'n's Room," a title still given it by the native Nantucketers, although today not a solitary whaler crosses its portals.

As the captains all had to be mates, and the mates being younger men, it naturally follows that there must be quite a lot who have survived the storms of life to the present time and who must be rich in anecdotes of whaling days. Among this latter class in Nantucket is Gorham Andrews, better known as "the Colonel," a grizzled veteran, not only of whaling days, but of the civil war, too; for arriving home from his last voyage while the war was in progress, he immediately enlisted in the 58th Mass. Regiment, and at the bloody battle of Spottsylvania he received a ball through his leg and is now a deserving pensioner of the government he helped save. Modest as he was brave, he is never given to boasting, but in the social atmosphere of the Union Club, of which he is the oldest member, his tales of the sea and of his many adventures are most interesting.

Speaking the other day of some remarkable rescue at sea, Mr. Andrews, who was listening, said: "I wonder if any of my old shipmates on the Iowa are living now, that I helped save once." Pressed for an account of the incident he told this story, which, while disclaiming any personal credit for himself, certainly shows that he was possessed of good judgment as well as force and grit.

"It was back in '56 I went out third mate in the Iowa of Fairhaven. Charlie Mooers was master, Henry Taber of New Bedford was mate and Bill Gallagher of Nantucket was second mate. We cruised along down and into the Indian ocean, when one day about noon we raised a school of whales and lowered all three boats. It was blowing a fairly stiff breeze and Gallagher and I both fastened to a big fellow that started off to leeward. Mr. Taber fastened to another big one which started off dead to windward. Our whale took us a long way from the ship and gave us a good tussle; when the whale was nearly dead Mr. Gallagher called to me and said: 'There are trouble signals on the ship, you'd better go aboard, I can take care of this fellow now.'

Well, we had a long pull back to the ship, and when I went aboard Captain Mooers was in the foretop-mast crosstrees with his glass and called to me to come up. When I got up there he said to me. 'Mr. Taber struck a big whale which took him dead to windward. I kept him in sight until about an hour ago, when, turning back from looking at you, I lost him and haven't seen him since and I'm afraid he is in trouble; you take the glass and see if you see anything.' I was young and had good eyesight. I swept the horizon several times. The sun was fast sinking, when right in the sun glades I thought I saw something on the water and told the captain. 'Well,' he said, 'put some blue lights in the boat, pull to windward as far as you think you ought, then make sail and make short tacks, and if you find them, burn blue lights and I will tack up to you as soon as Mr. Gallagher comes aboard.'

Off we started, right in the sun glades, and as she set I steered for a star where the sun had gone down. It grew dark, but we kept on pulling until we had gone, I should say, all of four miles, when I stopped pulling and all hands shouted. There was no response, and I told the boat-steerer to stand up and listen if he heard anything. All was still, when suddenly the boat-steerer said: 'I hear voices,' then, 'here they are, right ahead.' A few strokes brought us to them, the whole crew on the bottom of their capsized boat. The whale had sounded and capsized the boat and parted the line, and there they were in the middle of the Indian ocean, exhausted with attempts to right their boat, finally compelled to cling to the bottom and await a doubtful rescue. Well, we took them all in our boat, took the capsized boat in tow and set sail for the ship, burning our blue lights and the ship burning hers. We arrived alongside at 3 o'clock in the morning."

Mr. Andrews says "that was what I call good luck." The most of us say there was good judgment also. Are any of that crew living today? Possibly some of them rose to be themselves masters of ships, but wherever on life's ocean they may be sailing on this Christmas week, they can certainly thank the good judgment of Gorham Andrews that they lived to tell the tale.

Feb. 13, 1913

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

Mr. Editor:

In a late issue of your paper I read with much interest the account of the loss of ship "Joseph Starbuck." A short, crude account of her remarkable and only voyage may not be out of place at this juncture. She was indeed a fine ship for those times. I was on board when she was launched from the shipyard at Brant Point. After a few days she was towed to Edgartown, where we took in our supplies for the voyage, thence around to Tarpaulin Cove, from which place we took our final departure on a fine morning in November, 1838, in company with ship President, Captain Reuben Starbuck, of the same owners. Thirty days from home we took our first whales, somewhere near the Cape de Verde islands. Taking oil occasionally as we worked south, we finally passed Cape Horn and entered the broad Pacific Ocean, arriving at Talcahuano five months from home with three hundred barrels of sperm oil. I remember very distinctly (it being my first glimpse of a foreign country) our passing the island of Carraquina (at the entrance of the harbor) over towards Tome, and beating up the Bay, arriving at dusk at our anchorage well in under Cape Horn, to be partially protected from the fearful "Northers" which prevail at certain seasons of the year. Boats from other ships came alongside, but the visitors were not allowed on board until the Captain of the Port and Customs Officials had made their visit of inspection. At daylight, bum-boats innumerable were alongside, and fresh bread, doubtful milk, cheese, fruit, etc., were supplied to the crew in abundance. From the surrounding hills the sonorous music of the donkeys could be heard, echoing far and wide over the Bay.

After taking in water and fresh provisions we cruised down the coast, stopping at Tombez for some of the celebrated potatoes, and thence to the Gallapagos Islands, anchoring in James Island harbor, where we secured about three hundred of the famous terrapin. The delicious flavor of the flesh of these animals is well known to all Pacific whalers. It was while cruising on the "off-shore ground" that we struck one of the "eating whales" (so called), which cut two of our boats in halves by throwing his jaw over them. With a spare boat we picked up the crews and started for the ship, which was lying aback about two miles to windward. On our way, Capt. Wilber cast his eyes over the men, and exclaimed, "Where is Billy?" (one of the crew—a native of Tahiti) "Have we let that boy drown?" At the same moment we espied him between us and the ship, in the centre of a school of blackfish. We soon came up with him, and the captain asked him if he was not

the blackfish. "No," said he, "when blackfish spout, me spout, too, make him tink me blackfish all same." After arriving on board, we kept the ship off and ran alongside the whale, killing him with our lance.

On one of our cruises the ship struck another large whale which showed some fight, taking the boat in his mouth, and, settling, took the gunwales and three oars. He died soon after rising to the surface, and at midnight we took him alongside. He made eighty-seven barrels of oil. While in company with ship Win. Wirt, of Fairhaven, we lowered for a large whale, and the captain of that ship proposed to throw our chances together, but Capt. Wilber, seeing the position of the boats in pursuit, declined, making the remark that "his mate was there, and he was pretty sure of the whale," and the result proved that his confidence was not misplaced, as at sunset a ninety-barrel whale was alongside. Subsequently, Capt. Wilber said to another captain: "When I see my mate alongside of a whale, I count that whale in my blubber-room."

Passing down through the whaling fleet, which was quite large in those days, we arrived at Tahiti, one year from home, with fourteen hundred barrels of sperm oil. While here, a native woman came on board, and accosted one of our crew, whom she recognized, saying, "Where is my boy?" Her son had left his home in charge of this man, in ship Gideon Howland for New Bedford, and was on his return to his native land with us, when he sickened and died when we were three days out, and we committed him to the turbulent waters of the Gulf Stream. His mother, on being told that he was dead, refused to be comforted, and went fore and aft the deck moaning piteously. After a while her friends took her on shore, and in a few days she returned with a canoe laden with fruit and flowers as a thank-offering to the friend of her son. She said, through an interpreter: "I know you did all you could for my son, but my heart is broken."

From Tahiti we went to the coast of Peru again, taking a good cut on the "sixteen ground" and going into Callao to land a sick man. While there a humpback whale came in among the ships at anchor. Being always ready, we dropped a boat instantly and gave chase. The whale passed immediately under the bow of the French frigate Thetis, and the officers of that ship, having a finely-painted whaleboat joined in the pursuit. Our boat struck the whale, which ran them out to San Lorenzo island, at the entrance of the harbor, followed by boats from the men-of-war. The French officers overtook them, and requested permission to get into our boat and lance the whale, which was granted, and when he was dead the boats all joined in towing him to the ship. The next morning we commenced "flensing," and the captain of the Thetis and officers from the other men-of-war came alongside to witness the process. They seemed much pleased with the (to them) novel operation, and after a short stay on board they left with many wishes for the continued success of our voyage. From this place we wended our way back to the "off shore" ground, displaying our distinctive flag occasionally to other ships. This flag (blue, white and blue) is now flying on one of the largest ships in the world, and on the beautiful yacht Tillie, owned by one of the direct descendants of him for whom our noble ship was named. Long may it wave!

Working off again to Otaheite, back to Paita, and then slowly up the coast, we arrived at Talcahuano, with thirty-three hundred barrels of sperm oil. After refitting and allowing the men a few days liberty, we started on our second voyage. Our next stopping place was Pernambuco, where we anchored

side of the Light House, about two miles from the entrance to the harbor. I had the pleasure of going on shore and while there, an Englishman came to the hotel where I was, and said to the landlord, "Did you hear of that Yankee ship off here? they say her cargo is worth ninety-five thousand dollars." The landlord said, "Here is one of her crew, perhaps he can tell you something about her." I was only too glad to answer all the questions he asked, and without bragging any more than was lawful. From Pernambuco home was a pleasant, uneventful passage, and we arrived at Edgartown in April, 1842, bringing the second largest cargo of oil ever brought to Nantucket. On a fine Sunday morning, the Joseph Starbuck glided into her old berth on the south side of Commercial wharf from whence she started forty months before. There being some regard for the Sabbath in those days we were not allowed to take our chests from the ship until the following morning, when all hands were summoned to unlash the sails. The writer of this did not arrive on the scene until all the sails were over the side except the mizzen staysail. True to his professional instincts the mate gave me a scolding for being tardy, and then lent me his jack-knife to cut the sails from the hanks. When that was done, Mr. George Starbuck informed the crew that their voyage was ended. Passing down the plank to the wharf, I saw the fine old gentleman for whom the ship was named talking with my father. As I was going by them, Mr. Starbuck grasped my hand and said, "Are you going by without speaking to me; have you had a pleasant voyage, etc.?" The Joseph Starbuck passing by her congeners, lubricating and illuminating as she went, ended her brief career very near the place where she first came into being. The hardy whalers who built up New Bedford and Nantucket are disappearing from our midst one by one, and but few of the old clan are left.

The separation from friends and loved ones and the hardships endured on their long weary voyages, may have caused them to look prematurely old in some cases, but the longevity of sea-faring men as a class compares favorably with that of men who have followed other vocations. Herman Melville's book, "Moby Dick," gives the most comprehensive account of the sperm whale and his habits of any book I ever read. English critics say that Mr. Melville is one of the American writers whose works are above criticism. I had the honor of entertaining Mr. Melville for a day on board of my ship in mid-ocean, and found him a gentleman in every sense of the word. He was on his way to California, in ship Meteor, of Boston, commanded by his brother. The whales have "struck off" and I must follow their example.

ONE OF THE CLAN.

Fifty Years Ago.

Just fifty years ago last Sunday (Sunday, Nov. 27th, 1842) occurred one of the severest gales known here. An incident of that occasion, which will be remembered by our older readers, was the loss of ship Joseph Starbuck, on the bar, off Coatsue shore. The facts of this disaster are of an interesting character, and we reprint them from Gardner's "Wrecks Around Nantucket," for the benefit of our younger readers:

"1842, November 27, (Sunday), ship Joseph Starbuck left this port with a favorable breeze, in tow of steamer "Telegraph," for Edgartown, where she was to load and proceed on a whaling voyage. There were on board, in addition to the full complement of hands belonging to her, a number of ladies, who were intending to accompany their friends to Edgartown, before taking final leave of them. The wind soon came out ahead and blew so strongly that the steamer could no longer make any headway. The tow-lines were then loosened, and the ship came to anchor within about a mile of the Tuckernuck Shoal lightboat, while the steamer returned to the wharf. In the afternoon the wind increased to a gale, and the ship, being light, rode so violently that one chain cable after another parted, and she drove furiously from her moorings in an easterly direction. To prevent her going to sea in her then unprepared condition, the mizzenmast was cut away, the foresail set, and every effort made to return to port; but so tremendously was the gale blowing from the N. W. that the attempt failed, and the ship drifted toward the eastern extremity of the Bar until midnight, when she struck and rolled over in the trough of the sea, the waves breaking over her frightfully and sending volumes of spray far above the mast-head. In this predicament, she was discovered from town at day-break next morning, on her beam ends, her single sail still offering a mark for the hurricane, and her hulk, with its living freight, lifting and falling with crushing force. Of course it was immediately resolved in town to put forth every possible effort to save the lives of those on board, and before 9 o'clock, steamer "Massachusetts," manned by a party of volunteers, was on her way to their relief. To many it seemed a hopeless adventure; the wreck lay about four miles from town and two miles from the nearest strand, while the sea upon the farther edge of the Bar where she lay and the vast extent of shoals near by ran almost mountains high, now rising into columns of angry foam, and anon leaving the subjacent ground nearly bare of water. Nevertheless, the steamer plunged through the accumulated perils before her, and in half an hour was made fast to the lee side of the ill-fated vessel by a warp necessarily of considerable length. Her paddles were kept backing sufficiently to keep the line taut, and the people on board the ship, to the number of thirty-five, were taken off by means of a single whale-boat, which passed to and fro no less than five times, transferred to the steamer, and returned to their friends in town, who had suffered the most intense anxiety. So excessively cold was the weather that the decks and rigging of the ship were coated with ice. The "Joseph Starbuck" was a beautiful and highly-valued ship. She was built at Brant Point in 1838 of live oak, and was copper fastened, had made but one voyage, and had now been fitted out for a second in the most liberal manner. The vessel alone was insured for \$24,000. The ship eventually went to pieces, nothing of any material value being saved."

Dec. 3, 1892

AN OLD TIME SHIP-LAUNCHING AT NANTUCKET.

During the year 1838 the new ship Joseph Starbuck was to be launched at 12 o'clock noon, from the ways on Brant Point. The occasion was made a gala day; the children were given a half holiday from school; and long before time of launching, it seemed as though the entire population of the island was hurrying toward the water front, to be on hand to witness the inspiring spectacle of a noble ship sliding into the water for the first time. Young James F. Chase was among those who were on hand bright and early. This son of our ocean isle was the cynosure of all eyes; for it was known that he was going with Captain Sanford Wilber in the new ship, and surely that was enough to make a hero of him. Old Joseph Starbuck was the owner of the craft, and oh, how his kind and strongly-marked face lighted up with a smile as, with words of encouragement, he watched the Chase boy vie with others in bringing sail cloth and coils of rope to make comfortable seats for their mothers and sisters who with others were standing on Old North wharf watching the proceedings! What a happy time it was. All seemed to take a personal interest and delight in the launching. Among that large crowd almost everyone had a relative, who in all likelihood, would in time go on the ship or be connected in some manner with her future welfare. What a scene it was. There were old weather-beaten salts, who had made their last voyage with Captain Wilber, and noticeable among them was the veteran Robert Ratliff, the old boss rigger, who had secured a point of vantage on top of one of the long spiles, and who shouted to the populace, "Be all ready to give her three cheers when she strikes the water's edge!" Some of the boys had climbed to the tops of the dismantled hulks that were tied up along the wharves, while others had perched themselves on the point of the old-fashioned wooden davits, and with the rest were eagerly awaiting the striking of the bell in the old south tower, which, at intervals, announced to the assemblage the time of day.

As the appointed hour drew near, the sound of the caulker's mallet ceased; the ring of the blacksmith's anvil was silent; the coopers' hammers were laid away on the top of the oil casks upon which the coopers themselves climbed. The long, old-fashioned oil trucks were hauled near the capstan of the wharves and were utilized as a sort of settee and the post of honor—the horse's back—was gladly made available by the younger sons of the island. The weather was perfect. A gentle southwest wind ruffled slightly the surface of the water in the harbor and caused the ensigns and ship owners' flags, which were flying from the mast-heads of the vessels around the docks, to flutter in the breeze. On board the ship had been rigged a sort of jury-mast over the vessel's taffrail, and attached to it were the national colors, while up forward on the knight-heads were two poles. On one of these poles was the union jack, and on the other was displayed the private signal of the owners—a blue-white-and-blue, vertical striped flag, which today floats over a New York ship, and denotes a Starbuck owner. Here and there, over the deck, were stretched canvas awnings, under which a favored few, in company with Capt. Wilber and the owners of the ship, were seated eagerly watching and awaiting the actions of the ship's carpenters. These were busily at work on the deck attending to the numerous details of the task at hand. Attention must be paid to the numerous guy ropes which were stretched to the projecting spiles of her wooden cradle, and like a fond mother's caress to her child, the men would bestow a parting touch to each rope as they left it. The clanking of the anchor chains as they were arranged in layers around the windlass, in readiness for the virgin plunge into the waters of the harbor, added to the general confusion.

Soon, however, all was ready, and Capt. Wilber, accompanied by his youngest son, proceeded to the bow of the ship, and the captain, uncovering his head, announced to the spectators his son would christen the ship, "The Joseph Starbuck, of Nantucket." Twelve o'clock now rang out from the belfry. The chocks and cleats were at once knocked away from the ship. At the suggestion of the mate, Mr. Henry Plaskett, a rush aft was made by her passengers which added an impetus to her motion, and ere the clock had ceased striking, the good ship slid from the ways. As her stern shot into the water, it sent a great wave across to the neighboring wharves and caused the small craft in the harbor to rock to and fro like cradles. At the same time a mighty shout was sent up by the multitude. All around a host of marine birds encircled the vessel, as though wondering what strange creature it could be, and one, more daring than the rest, alighted on the tip of the bow-sprit, fluttered for a moment, and flew away.

"Oh, how beautiful," exclaimed the Chase boy's sisters, "She floats like a swan." Orders came thick and fast from Capt. Wilber: "Run out a rope through the mid-ship chock for a breast line, and have a line ready to throw on the wharf!" he shouted. And then the old rigger's voice could be heard, "Give her three cheers, boys!" And the salutation was given with a will.

The launching was quickly and safely over. Ropes were passed from the ship to the wharf, and she was hauled under the shears at Commercial wharf, preparatory to shipping the masts. Tears came into Mrs. Chase's eyes as she looked from the ship to her boy. "Don't feel bad," was his comforting assurance, "She is a splendid ship, and we are going to have a good voyage, and we will have lots of money when we come home."

Old Captain Wilber had been a life-long friend of Mrs. Chase and of her husband. One day the captain called at the Chase cottage and imparted news to Mrs. Chase which at first tore her heart. A ship had been built for him, he said. He had decided to make one more voyage, and if she would consent, he would take her son to sea with him. The prospect thus opened before her, the long years of separation from her beloved boy, was a sorrowful one indeed, but finally she gave her consent. Any Nantucket mother would have done the same in those days. Joyful indeed was Mrs. Chase when a boy came rushing to her, as was the custom then, to tell her the glad tidings of the ship's return after a short, and one of the most prosperous voyages ever made from Nantucket, and never was the fixed compensation of one dollar given more cheerfully.

Dec. 2, 1899

Tillie E. Starbuck

Last of Starbuck Fleet Abandoned.

Dispatches to the Maritime Exchange tell of the abandonment at sea of the American ship Tillie E. Starbuck, which sailed from New York on April 10 last, for Honolulu. The information received did not go into particulars, but said that Capt. Winn of the Starbuck, and his men, arrived at Coquimbo on the northern coast of Chili, in a British ship, the Cambuskenneth, Capt. Cook.

It is believed that the American vessel was so severely injured in a great storm as to make it necessary for Capt. Winn and his crew to leave her for their own safety.

The abandonment of the Starbuck means the loss of a well known American clipper, the last of the Starbuck fleet, once a famous collection of vessels. The Starbuck was an iron vessel, one of the first sailing ships of this construction to be built in America. She was built at the yards of John Roach at Chester, Pa., 25 years ago.

Aug. 31, 1907

The "Spartan."

When Capt. Obed Bunker sailed from Nantucket in 1858 in command of the *Spartan* on a whaling voyage to the Pacific ocean, he carried with him a real Nantucket crew. William P. Bunker was first mate; George F. Turner, second mate; and there were sixteen Nantucket boys in the crew, among whom were Edward F. Chadwick, George William Gardner, Samuel Christian, Howard Gardner, Thomas James, Allen Smith, Isaac Hamblin, James A. Holmes, Benjamin Beekman, Daniel Folger and Seth M. Coffin. They have all passed away.

The *Spartan's* voyage was a long one, for she was gone 57 months—nearly five years. The records show that Captain Bunker's crew was composed of the largest number of Nantucketers of any of the long list of whaling vessels.

Oct. 31, 1935

Happened Sixty-Six Years Ago.

An event which occurred on the 20th of November, 1842, and which few of our readers will be able to recall, was the loss of the ship Joseph Starbuck on Nantucket bar, the details of which were related to the writer a few days ago by Capt. William M. Eldredge of this town, who is probably the only survivor of the band of persons who were on the vessel at the time of the disaster. Captain Eldredge was a lad of tender years and was leaving Nantucket on his first voyage, which, as it proved, was a short but eventful one. Since that time, however, he has made seventeen voyages "around the Horn," and today is a gray-haired man nearing the end of life's voyage, but still retaining a clear memory and possessed of remarkable vigor for one of his years, although laboring under the affliction of failing eyesight. He is an interesting conversationalist and the details of the loss of the ship Joseph Starbuck are still fresh in his mind, although six decades have passed since the event occurred.

This ship was built on Brant point and was considered one of the finest craft afloat. On Sunday, November 20, 1842, the ship left Nantucket with a favorable breeze, in tow of steamer Telegraph, bound for Edgartown, where she was to load supplies and proceed on a whaling voyage. In addition to the full complement of crew, of which Captain Eldredge was one of the youngest, there were on board a number of ladies, who intended to accompany their friends to Edgartown and there witness the departure of the vessel.

Soon after the ship left Nantucket the wind shifted to dead ahead, and blew so strong that the steamer was unable to make any head-way, so the tow-lines were loosened and the ship brought to an anchor about a mile from the Tuckernuck shoal lightship, the steamer returning to the wharf, leaving the ship to ride out the gale as best she might. During the afternoon the wind increased in force until it was blowing a hurricane, and the ship being light, she rode so violently that one chain after another parted and she finally broke adrift and was swept before the storm in an easterly direction.

To prevent going to sea in her then unprepared condition, the mizzen-mast was cut away, the fore-sail set and every effort made to return to port, but so furiously was the gale blowing from the northwest that the attempt failed and the ship swept on towards the eastern extremity of the Nantucket bar, which all on board knew was an impending disaster. About midnight the ship struck on the shoal, and as she was without much ballast or cargo, almost immediately rolled over into the trough of the sea, with the waves breaking over her continually and sending volumes of spray far above the mast-head.

A fearful night was experienced by those on board, but at day-break her predicament was discovered by a person who climbed the tower at Nantucket, on the look-out for something of the sort. The ship, lying on her beam ends with her single sail still offering a mark for the hurricane, could be seen rising and falling on the bar with crushing force, and no time was lost by the islanders in going to the relief of their distressed fellows. About 9 o'clock the steamer Massachusetts, manned by a volunteer crew, was on her way to the wrecked vessel, although to many it seemed a hopeless effort, as the storm was still blowing fiercely and the conditions near the bar were most hazardous.

The Joseph Starbuck was lying on the shoal about four miles from the town and two miles from the nearest shore, while the seas were running mountains high for miles around.

Notwithstanding the danger, the steamer ploughed on to the relief of those on board the ship, and within an hour had made fast to her lee side by a warp necessarily of considerable length, her engine being kept in motion to hold the line taut. There were thirty-five persons on board the ill-fated ship, all of whom were taken off by means of a single whale-boat, which made no less than five perilous trips between the ship and the steamer.

The weather was extremely cold at the time and the decks and rigging of the ship were coated with ice, making a somewhat ghastly picture as she lay there on the bar sheathed in white, and she finally broke up with nothing of any material value being saved.

She was built at the ship-yards on Brant point in 1828, with a hull of live oak, and was copper-fastened and considered a very staunch craft. Her owners had her insured for \$24,000, and she had already made one very successful voyage, being about ready to start on her second when she went to her doom.

OCTOBER 10 1908

Science

A Relic.

Nantucket had become so rich from the proceeds of its great fleet of over two hundred whaling vessels, that in 1833 there was a stir made in Portland to send out a whaler, and a company was formed with \$150,000 capital. They bought the ship *Science* of 388 tons burthen, engaged Capt. Whippley of Nantucket to take command, while all the other officers came from Nantucket. The ship made two trips into the Pacific, but was not a success, and the enterprise was abandoned. She was the first full-rigged ship to sail around Cape Horn from Portland. This was nearly twenty years before Captain William Leavitt sailed the first and only ship around the Horn from Portland to San Francisco. The ship was sold and ended her days in the merchant service. She was the only ship that ever sailed after whales from Portland. Her only relic known to be in existence is her medicine chest. It is the property of H. H. Hay, a veteran druggist, who bought it of William Lincoln. —Boston Transcript.

May 12, 1894

A Tale of the Sea.

Death to the living;
Long live the killers;
Success to sailor's wives,
And greasy luck to whalers.

The above toast appears on a handsomely engraved whale's or walrus' tooth, now in the possession of William A. Russell, of Hartford, Conn. The tooth is about eight inches long and two in width, and is perhaps the only relic now in existence of a whaling vessel called the Susan, which sailed from Nantucket in the early days of the nineteenth century.

The Susan was a whaling vessel which started out from Nantucket on its maiden voyage Aug. 21, 1829. It was on this voyage that the engravings on the above-mentioned tooth were made. Fred Myrick, the engraver, was a consumptive who died and was buried at sea. The Susan made seven voyages, all of which, except the last, started and ended at Nantucket.

It was on the last voyage, beginning Dec. 5, 1851, that the Susan met her fate. The thrilling story of its destruction and the hardships and misfortunes endured by the crew of the ill-fated vessel, is one that is not going the rounds in these days, except on the pages of a novel of the most adventurous type, and even then its amazing features rival some of those of a fictitious nature. It will take a vivid imagination to gain a fairly good idea of the untold hardships suffered by this handful of whalers. Wrecked in the land of ice and snow, thrown on a desolate island without food, except the scantiest bit of fish, and remaining there in that condition ten days, is only a passing glimpse of their experience.

As the story goes, these men, experienced whalers, and well acquainted with life in the Arctic region, started on a voyage which proved to be the last for some of them, from Nantucket, Dec. 5, 1851, on the good ship Susan. The crew was in charge of Capt. Veranus Smith, and every one was in the best of condition, and in good spirits, as sailors usually are. Little did they dream, on starting out, of the experiences they would pass through before seeing home again, although all knew of the things that were possible, in carrying on their hazardous trade of whale fishing. For about two years they pursued their enterprise, the same as on other voyages, and had gathered about 400 barrels of sperm oil. But in the spring of 1853 they began to find it difficult to make their way to the Arctic ocean, on account of the ice, which was now floating about after being broken up by the first heat of spring. At last they were caught in the ice, the terror of every mariner.

What an experience! Fastened tightly in the ice, unable to move one way or the other, with their ship damaged through many frequent collisions with the great cakes and floes of ice, and liable to be broken into splinters at any moment. Difficulties and danger beset them on every side, and as a climax came the total destruction of their ship. One day the Susan struck a large cake of ice, which did heavy damage to the ship. Later the crew discovered an opening, as they thought, and steered for it. When too late, however, they realized their mistake, and found themselves between two great icebergs. Before they could rectify their error the good

ship Susan was nearly swallowed up between them. As the two great masses of ice came together with a terrific crash the grim sailors made their escape in their small whaleboats, which had been lowered just in the nick of time. Their ship was crumbled to pieces like so much cardboard. The escape of the crew was truly marvelous, and the pages of marine history may be searched in vain for its equals.

The crew finally succeeded, after a desperate struggle, in reaching Company island. This is a desolate place, with no vegetation and no food of any kind except a few shell fish, which the starving sailors found along the shores, and of which they collected as many as they could. Immediately after the landing the castaways began the erection of a beacon light, with a fire on top for a signal to any passing ship. Two men were stationed on the top and these were relieved every two hours. The men subsisted upon what fish they could find, but even this was of the scantiest quantity and quality. Every day their situation was becoming more and more critical. The men still maintained their watch at the signal tower, but no vessel was sighted. Nine days passed, and the condition of the men was doubly critical. On the tenth day they had to resort to the last dreadful alternative—cannibalism. It was here that one of them had a unique adventure. It was agreed to draw lots to see who would be the first to die to save the others. The man drawn was to have a choice of the way he was to die. At the drawing the two men on the tower, one of whom was George A. Easton, brother of Thomas A. Easton, of this city, were represented by the captain and mate. The lot fell to the young mariner on the tower, George A. Easton. A relief was sent up, and he began to go below, little suspecting that death was awaiting him. He went down carefully, as ice was dangerous, and had proceeded half way to his death, when the joyous exclamation of "a ship in sight" was heard from the watchers on the tower.

Joy reigned supreme in that gathering on that eventful day. Mr. Easton, the man condemned to die, went below, but no attempt was made to carry out the result of the fearful lottery, on account of the arrival of the welcomed ship, the Black Warrior, of New Bedford, and neither was he told until some time after of his close proximity to death.

The Black Warrior had seen their signal of distress and sending a boat ashore took from the island what remained of the once buoyant crew of the ill-fated Susan.

Sailor Easton was afterward told of the narrow escape which he had, and no inducement could ever make him risk another whaling voyage.

The engraved teeth are now in the possession of Thomas A. Easton, of this city, who was also a whaler and an expert harpooner in his younger days. He is a brother of the late George A. Easton, mentioned in the above story.—Providence Telegram, Dec. 4th.

The "Biggest" Voyage.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Recent reference in your columns to the whaleship Henry, has led me to inquire what ship brought home to Nantucket the largest voyage on record. By this I mean what ship made the largest catch of either sperm or whale oil, or both, on the voyage; not the ship which actually made the most money, for I know that ambergris sometimes made a good voyage when there was not an unusually large number of barrels of oil. Such facts as these are interesting historically.

Subscriber.

Brooklyn, July 10.

[The ship Sarah is credited with bringing home the largest voyage on record. The Sarah left Nantucket on the 26th of May, 1827, on a cruise to the Pacific ocean, under command of Capt. Frederick Arthur. She returned in less than three years (on April 19, 1830) with 3,497 barrels of sperm oil, which was the greatest quantity of oil ever brought into Nantucket on one voyage.]

The Sarah was a lucky ship. On the 11th of August, 1830, she again sailed for the Pacific, under Capt. Benjamin Barney, and returned on January 14, 1834, with 2,093 barrels of sperm. Her next voyage was under Capt. Joseph Holley, sailing December 31, 1834, and returning November 3, 1837, with 2,326 barrels of sperm.

After this voyage the Sarah went to New York freighting, but returned to Nantucket and on July 14, 1839, went whaling again under Capt. William Upham. She brought home 2,646 barrels of sperm, arriving July 15, 1843.

Her last voyage was made under Capt. Frederick W. Myrick, sailing from Nantucket December 31, 1843. She caught 2,600 barrels of whale oil and then put into Tahiti and was condemned. The oil was shipped to Bremen.

The Sarah caught 13,162 barrels of oil in five voyages, and was considered one of the "luckiest" ships ever owned in Nantucket. She certainly had the honor of bringing home the largest voyage on record.—Ed.]

MORE GOLD, and a Successful Voyage.—The whale ship Sylph, Capt. Francis M. Gardner, arrived at this port on Wednesday last, from Oahu, Society Islands, Feb. 6, with \$25,000 in gold dust to her owner, Edmond Allen, Esq., Fairhaven, and \$6,000 to the master. She brings half a million lbs. of whalebone and 400 bbls. whale oil, shipped by whalers at the Sandwich Islands. The Sylph sailed hence in July, 1847, on a whaling voyage, and sent home 500 bbls. Sperm Oil from the Western Islands. She proceeded to the Pacific, and arrived at Panama at the commencement of the California gold fever, took a freight of passengers from Panama to San Francisco, at the highest rates, and thence proceeded to the Sandwich Islands, where she took on board a full freight for home.

New Bedford Mercury.

PARTICULARS OF THE LOSS OF SHIP SUSAN OF NANTUCKET.—A letter from Mr. J. Hamblin, Jr., first officer of ship Susan of this port, gives the following particulars of her loss:—

"On the 26th April we were steering N. before a fresh breeze from the South. At 1 A. M. we saw scattering pieces of ice, and the ship was immediately put under short sail to avoid coming in contact with them, and at 3 A. M. we were enclosed on all sides with heavy ice. At 4 A. M. we cleared the heavy ice, and steered so as to avoid the small floating ice, and at 10 A. M. it was calm and foggy, a heavy swell running from the South. We unexpectedly saw the land bearing N. W. distant 25 miles; at 2 P. M. a fresh breeze sprang up from the south. It was thick and rainy and large fields of ice were seen in all directions, nesting the ship. We steered to avoid them, and at 6 P. M. the breeze increasing and the swell heaving in heavily from the south, we saw the land bearing N. 15 miles distant, and an opening through the ice at the eastward. We steered east until 8 P. M., the gale increasing, and meeting with heavy barriers of ice we took in all sail, but the swell kept the ship constantly in motion and caused her to roll heavily. At 10, 40 P. M. a barrier of ice came in contact with the starboard quarter, stove in some of the plank and knocked the cabin bulkhead away, when all hands were called and put to the pumps. The ship was filling fast, and sail was then made on her to force her through the ice in the direction of the land to get as near as possible before we should be compelled to leave.

Wednesday 27th, commenced with strong breezes from the south. We steered N. and forced our way through the ice, and at 4 A. M. began to throw overboard such things as we could get at in order to lighten the ship. The pumps were constantly in motion, and water nearly up to the lower deck. We then thought it time to make preparations for leaving. We came into a small space of clear water and lowered our three boats, but the ice came down upon them and took them from us. There were six men in them at the time, two of which drowned by the capsizing of the boat. The ship now nearly filled with water, and heeling badly it was thought best to cut the mast away to prevent her capsizing, which was speedily done, and in so doing we lost the fourth boat, which left us with two boats only. A boat was then launched from the deck and Capt. Smith with five hands barely made their escape through the ice. An attempt was then made to get the second boat clear, but it was stove in, and we were obliged to take it in and repair the damage. The ice then closed on the ship and for 4 hours a boat could not come within 100 yards. The ice then left the ship, and the weather being more favorable another attempt was made to get the second boat clear, but it was again stove in, filled and capsized. We then took it alongside, and hoisted it up and repaired it as well as we could, and at about 2 P. M. abandoned the wreck with 21 men in two boats saving the clothing we stood in and about 140 pounds of meat, with one boat leaking so as to keep three hands constantly bailing.

After pulling 6 miles North W. sterly in the direction of the land, which we judged to be 40 miles distant, but not in sight, we took four hands from off the ice that were in the boat at the time the two were drowned, and continued on our course until dark. The land was then in sight, and meeting with ice we thought best to heave to until daylight.

Thursday 28th. As soon as day broke we again took our oars and pulled for the land, and on nearing it, we found a heavy swell and breakers heaving ashore, which prevented our landing. We then pulled N. E. along the shore about 6 miles, looking for a place to land, when a fresh breeze came suddenly from the N. E. with snow, and we then turned back, and at about 2 P. M. landed on the north end of Company's island, in lat 46.10 N. and about 150 E. lon. The loss of the ship may be attributed to the inaccuracy of the chart, for the island was laid down further west than it really lies. After landing we made a distribution of the provision saved and turned up the boats for shelter and got ready for the night, which was cold and severe, and several of the crew were frost bitten. The next day we went in search of food, but could find none but some small shellfish about the size of filberts, which we subsisted on from day to day until the 5th of May, when we were taken off by the Bark Black Warrior, of New London, Capt. Bartlett, and treated with the greatest kindness by him and his officers for which I feel truly grateful."

Jan. 18, 1854

Where is The Log-Book of Ship Levi Starbuck?

From the New Bedford Standard.

Where is the log book of the whaling ship Levi Starbuck that tells the story of the voyage that extended from 1857 to 1861? A Chicago law firm will pay well for this log book for information that it regards as valuable, but search in this city, Nantucket and other places where log books are collected has failed to disclose the book.

It is believed that the log book went to the bottom of the ocean along with the ship when the Levi Starbuck was captured and burned by Captain Semmes of the Confederate privateer Alabama.

Robert Merrick, of the Chicago law firm seeking to find the log book, has been in New Bedford, visiting the Free Public Library, the Old Dartmouth Historical Society Museum, spending some time at Nantucket and in other places, seeking information that will throw light on the book if it is still in existence. Old log books were sold by the wagon load as so much junk before the collectors began to value them, and the log of the Levi Starbuck may have gone through this channel to the waste paper market if it did not go to the bottom with the ship.

The Levi Starbuck was built in Mattapoisett in 1833, named for a prominent Nantucket merchant. She was of 376 tons and made many successful voyages. On the voyage out of New Bedford Nov. 3, 1857, when she sailed for the North Pacific in command of Captain William Jerne-gan, the ship remained at sea for nearly four years. She returned to New Bedford Sept. 16, 1861. Her owner and agent was E. W. Howland, and the ship brought home 871 barrels of whale oil and 2,750 pounds of whalebone. She had previously sent home 313 barrels of sperm oil, 625 barrels of whale oil and 14,900 pounds of bone. It is the story of this voyage told in her log book concerning which Mr. Merrick seeks information.

The Levi Starbuck sailed from New Bedford on the next voyage Oct. 28, 1862, again for the North Pacific, this time in command of Captain Thomas Mellen, under the same owner and agent. Five days out of New Bedford, on Nov. 2, 1862, the ship was captured by the Alabama, her nautical instruments and stores were removed and she was burned and sunk. The crew were taken on board the Alabama, remaining in irons for 17 days, until they were landed at Martinique, from which place they took ship to New York.

The New Bedford Whalemens' Shipping list tells the story of the loss of the Levi Starbuck, included in which is the statement that Captain Semmes took \$220 of the ship's money from Captain Mellen, later returning to him \$20 in recognition of the master's honesty in acknowledging there was specie aboard the ship.

At that period whaleship log books were chiefly valued by the ship masters as indicating where whales had been found on previous voyages. It is a fair assumption that the log book telling the story of the 1857-1861 voyage under Captain Jerne-gan was on board the ship when Captain Mellen took her out, only to lose her to the Confederate privateer five days later.

[The Levi Starbuck sailed from Nantucket on her first voyage, July 27, 1833, under the command of Capt. Shadrack Freeman. She made a Pacific voyage and returned October 13, 1836, with 1,885 barrels of sperm.

She sailed on her second voyage under Captain John C. Lincoln, leaving Nantucket, August 27, 1837, and returning November 29, 1840, with 2,375 barrels of sperm and 25 barrels of whale oil.

On the 26th of May, 1841, the Levi Starbuck sailed on her third voyage in command of Capt. Joseph P. Nye, and arrived back March 31, 1845, with 856 barrels of sperm and 865 barrels of sperm oil.

Captain Nye commanded the ship on her fourth voyage, sailing from Nantucket, July 16, 1845, and returning April 19, 1850, with 1,448 barrels of sperm and 136 barrels of whale oil. The Levi Starbuck was then sold to New Bedford parties and thereafter sailed from that port.—Ed.]

Log of "Walter Scott" Records School of 5,000 Whales.

What is believed to have been one of the largest numbers of whales ever seen in one group—5,000 of them, in the South Pacific, in 1841—is reported among whaling entries brought to light by the Historical Records Survey of the Works Progress Administration, in a search of old Nantucket sailing logs.

The record is found in the log of the ship Walter Scott, captained by Cromwell Bunker, which left Nantucket on October 31, 1840, bound for the Pacific Ocean on a voyage of nearly four years' duration. The log is in the antique collection of Augustus L. B. Fisher, lower Main street, Nantucket.

There are many interesting entries to be found in the old logs in the Whaling Museum in Nantucket, the Athenaeum Library and in private collections, covering a period of more than 100 years from the middle of the 18th century to Civil War days, during which time whale fishing was the principal industry of the island.

The logs generally were kept by the captains or first mates, some of them hand illustrated in the margins by the keepers of the logs, depicting men and places seen in their travels, war implements of cannibal tribes, whales and other denizens of the seas.

The entries tell of the hardships and privations of those early sailing days, the almost daily threat of death from storms, hostile cannibal tribes, marauding privateers of other nations, pain-crazed whales and sickness.

The Susan of Nantucket.

In a communication to the Boston Globe of recent date, William C. Russell, of Hartford, Conn. in reference to an article appearing in that paper September 25 under the heading of "The Revival of the Whale Industry," writes as follows:

"In this article you mention an invention by a Frenchman of an acid harpoon that was on board the America of New Bedford and the Susan of Nantucket, but not used.

The mention of the Susan of Nantucket reminded me that I had a whale or else a walrus tooth, that was given my father by one of the owners of the Susan about the year 1835. This tooth is beautifully engraved (on one side a full-rigged bark with sails furled) and over it, "The Susan off the coast of Japan." Alongside the vessel lies the carcass of a whale, and in the distance are whale boats with sailors harpooning others. On the opposite side of the tooth is engraved a bark under full stress of canvas and the inscription, "The Susan on her homeward-bound passage," also this toast:

Death to the living,
Long live the killers,
Success to sailors' wives
And greasy luck to whalers.

There are other engravings, a spread eagle, the Star Spangled Banner, and an inscription says the engravings are by "Fred Myrick, on board the ship Susan, Sept. 1, 1829."

From what I have heard when a boy, this sailor was a consumptive and died and was buried at sea on this voyage. Should anyone know where or how I can learn anything regarding the Susan of Nantucket, I should be pleased to hear from him."

For the benefit of Mr. Russell and others who might be interested in the contents of his communication, we give below all the information at our disposal concerning the bark Susan of Nantucket:

On August 21st, 1826, the Susan sailed from this port under command of Capt. Frederick Swain, on her maiden voyage—a Pacific ocean cruise which ended October 22d, 1829, when she returned home with 2581 barrels of sperm and 121 barrels of whale oil. It was on this voyage that the engravings were made on the tooth now in the possession of Mr. Russell.

Two months after the termination of her first voyage—December 26, 1829, the Susan again sailed on a Pacific ocean cruise, still under the command of Captain Swain, arriving home August 9, 1833, with 2180 barrels of sperm. Three months later—November 17, 1833, the Susan went out for the last time under command of Captain Swain and returned with 1406 barrels of sperm oil, May 14, 1837.

In December of this year she sailed in charge of Capt. Reuben Russell, and arrived home May 28, 1841, with 1892 barrels of sperm oil and 477 barrels of whale. The Susan did not remain at home a great while after sailing in her again December 9, 1841, on a long cruise ending May 27, 1846, and bringing home 1405 barrels of whale oil and 637 barrels of sperm.

On her next voyage she was commanded by Capt. Charles B. Ray, sailing November 16, 1846, and arriving home August 16, 1851, with 744 barrels of sperm, having sold 120 barrels.

The Susan met her fate on her next voyage, sailing from this port December 5, 1851, under command of Capt. Veranus Smith. She was lost going to the Arctic ocean off Company Island, April 26, 1853, with 400 barrels of sperm oil on board.

In all, the Susan sailed from Nantucket on seven voyages, and previous to her loss had returned home with a total of 8034 barrels of sperm oil and 223 barrels of whale oil—an excellent record.

The Susan was of 349 tons burthen, and Aaron Mitchell was managing owner up to the last voyage, when David Thain assumed charge.

OCTOBER 22, 1904

James Stuart

REMINISCENCES.—Under this head the San Francisco *Alta California* gives an interesting account of "queer craft with queer histories" that in early times graced the water front of that city. Among them we note several familiar names, including the brig Fame, the Harvest, Ganges, and one or two others of our old-time whalers, which were broken up and otherwise disposed of in that section. In mentioning the James Stuart, the following anecdote is given, which will be of local interest:—

"This vessel was built in St. Johns and was, previous to her arrival here, a whaler and commanded by Chandler B. Gardner, now alive in Nantucket. The late Matthew B. Cox was a boy in her under Gardner on his first voyage to sea, and he often related the style in which he was disciplined with seven others on bread and water at the Bay of Islands when homeward bound, after a three years' cruise. The boys wanted one more day ashore, stopped below and refused to help get the anchor. Five minutes were given them to make up their minds. Refusing to come on deck at the end of that time, they were kept there three days on hard tack and water. Although Captain Cox did not relish the joke at that time, he used to tell it with good nature many years afterward to those circled around him at his quarters at the Pacific Mail Dock. Both Captain Cox and the old ships have passed away after many years of good service."

June 10, 1882

Auction Sales.

Sch. Susan at Auction.



WILL be sold at Public Auction on Wednesday, Sept. 14th, at 4 P. M., if not previously disposed of, the fast sailing schooner SUSAN, as she now lies at Nantucket. Said vessel is just off the railways, having had her bottom put in complete order, had a new fore-sail last Spring, mainsail one year old, main rigging new last Fall, gaff-top-sail nearly new, jib good for two years, patent windlass, best kind, well found in cables and anchors, and in every other respect. Being an extra fast sailer, she is a very desirable vessel for a mackerel catcher, fisherman or coaster, sixty-seven tons burthen, bottom copper fastened, draws eight feet of water when loaded, and can be run two or three years at very little expense. Sold for no fault, but to close an estate. For further particulars call on DANIEL RUSSELL, Nantucket.

Sept. 2, 1889 M

Scotland

SHIP FOR SALE.

WILL be sold at Public Auction, on Thursday, the 13th day of March next, at Wood's Hole, Mass., where she now lies, at 1 o'clock, P. M., (unless previously disposed of) the ship Scotland, of Nantucket, just returned from a sperm whale voyage.

The S. was built at Medford, Mass., in the autumn of 1845, of the best materials, and heavily copper fastened, for the present owners. She has made but one voyage to the Pacific, and is now in most excellent order. The ship's bottom was stripped, put in complete order, and sheathed with Murtz patent metal, at Sydney, in April 1846. She has nearly a suit of new sails, (lent two months since,) and nearly all her running rigging was put on new, on her passage home.

There are belonging to the ship 15 to 20 coils Manila Cordage and whale lines, and a Manila hawser, 90 fathoms long, that have not been used, 500 to 600 lbs of Casks, Shooks and Ribs, 2 casks Clothing, 4 English Try Pots, one Copper Cooler, one excellent 8 d y Chronometer, together with all other appurtenances, belonging to a sperm whale ship, after a voyage.

The Scotland is 383 tons, will carry 3500 lbs, and sails very fast, having made the passage home from New Zealand in 87 days. The standing Rigging, and all other tarred Cordage, was made from best Russia hemp, by Messrs. Sewall, Day & Co., of Boston, and the Manila Cordage by the same manufacturers, both of which are pronounced by Capt. Smith (late master of the Scotland,) to be superior to any Cordage he has ever seen in use.

For any further information please apply to
HENRY A. KELLEY.
Mch. 3.—18. Nantucket, Mass. E

The barque Sea Ranger, formerly of this port, which was recently sold to Messrs. Rufus Greene & Co., of Providence, cleared at that port on the 5th inst., for Zanzibar. She takes an armament of two twelve-pounders, and one six-pounder, with a full supply of shell, shot and canister, with which to defend herself against Jeff. Davis's pirates, should she fall in with any of them, and the Captain has orders not to lower his flag, but in case of an encounter to fight to the last. She also takes two twelve-pound howitzers, with 800 rounds of shot and 25,000 pounds of powder, for the King of Muscat.

The Loss of the Susan.

William C. Russell, of Hartford, Ct., who has in his possession the valuable relic of the ship Susan of Nantucket, recently referred to in these columns, has received the following information regarding the loss of the vessel from the Rev. D. C. Easton of Rockport, Mass.:

"The ship Susan was lost in the ice in the Arctic ocean in the fifties, and the crew cast on Company Island, where they suffered untold hardships. They were rescued by ship Black Warrior of New Bedford. My brother, George A. Easton (dead) was one of the crew. His widow, Mary J. Easton, nee Cobb, is living in South Manchester, Conn. My brother Thomas A. Easton, Providence, R. I., can give you details of the wreck and rescue. I was a small boy. My father was Stephen Easton, Nantucket, Mass. Possibly you know my brother Stephen Easton, Jr., Brockton, Mass."

Speaking of steamer Mary & Helen, at Honolulu, April 8, which steamed through the Strait of Magellan, and was reported as the first whaler that ever made that passage, the Provincetown Advocate says:—"This is a mistake. Capt. Harvey Sparks, of Provincetown, made the passage in schooner Mary E. Nason, in December, 1868. This is certainly the first whaler and probably the first sailing vessel that ever made the passage."

The Boston Post adds: We are inclined to think some of the "oldest inhabitants" of New Bedford and Nantucket can tell of a homeward bound whaleship which, many years ago (before 1868,) came through the Strait of Magellan—from the west to east—and made a quick run of it, too. As to merchant sailing vessels, the writer of this paragraph passed through the Strait—from east to west—about July, 1849, or 1850, in the brig Sea Eagle, and there were several other sailing vessels which also passed through the Strait the same Summer. The Provincetown Advocate, in speaking of the first sailing vessel to pass through the Strait, must certainly have lost sight of the historical fact that the old Portuguese navigator Magellan, from whom the passage takes its name, passed through it with sailing vessels A. D. 1519, or three hundred and sixty-one years ago. Since that date, scores of vessels have made the passage, though it is true that whalers have generally preferred the outside route round Cape Horn.

The steamer certainly has a great advantage over sailing-ships on such a voyage, as she might avoid some of the difficulties of anchoring and getting under way again, in case of meeting contrary or baffling winds while in the Strait. We are not certain whether any Nantucket whaler has ever made the passage through, but shall be glad to hear from any of our old seamen who can enlighten us on that point.

Since writing the above, we have learned that the ship Spartan, Capt. Cromwell Morseland, of this port, passed through on the passage west, in 1847; and the ship Washington, Capt. William Clark, of Hudson, went through on the passage out, in 1832, anchoring at night.

Sch. Sophia, a staunch and finely modelled vessel, which went ashore on the West side of our Island in February last, and was subsequently purchased by Mr. John Cook Jr. and others of this place, and thoroughly repaired on the beach, was launched yesterday in fine style. We understand she is intended for the Whaling business, and is to be immediately fitted out under command of Capt. Abraham Swain.

Whaling Barque "Morning Star" To Be Museum Exhibition.

Few Nantucketers were aware that the whaling barque "Morning Star," out of New Bedford—the whaler that brought Reuben G. Coffin, of Nantucket, back to the island in 1891 on her voyage from St. Helena where his father was the U. S. Consul—made port here again on Friday, May 30, at 3:30 p.m. She came in very quietly, on board the steamer Nantucket, in the form of a beautiful model, made by Elmer Tanner of East Boston in 1920. This full-rigged model, perfect in every detail, will be on loan to our Whaling Museum throughout the summer, and, perhaps, for a longer period.

For several years now, this exceptionally detailed model has been in the Museum of the City of New York and, according to Mr. Williamson, that museum's curator of maritime articles, is a particularly fine example of the art of model making.

At one time the property of Francis Lee Higginson III of Boston, she was later owned by Edward H. Dodd, Jr., vice-president of the book publishing firm of Dodd Mead & Co., whose family for years owned a house here on Orange Street. When his friend, George A. Sanderson, bought the old house at 9 Macy's Court last year, from Mrs. Grace T. Ramsdell, Mr. Dodd presented the "Morning Star" to Mr. Sanderson, provided he would bring her to Nantucket. Hence, her recent arrival.

Transportation of an intricate and delicate ship model is a tricky business at best. But she arrived safe and sound, in extraordinarily able hands. Boxed in a huge carton especially made to accommodate her, she was driven over in the car of Walter B. Squire, Director of Transportation for the United Nations. Mr. Squire was Mr. Sanderson's house guest over the Memorial Day weekend.

Edouard Stackpole, president of the Nantucket Historical Association, was at the dock to greet her arrival, with Dr. William E. Gardner, vice-president of the Association, and chairman pro tem, and Wallace Long, custodian of the Whaling Museum.

A note of irony attended the "Morning Star's" voyage here. She spent the night in the lobby of the New Bedford Hotel, not far from the dock from which she embarked on so many successful expeditions from 1853 on. One can safely assume that New Bedforders interested in such matters will take a rather dim view of her berth on Nantucket.

The model is 44 inches long from the tip of her bowsprit to her stern, and the mainmast is 33 inches from the base frame to the lookouts. Her beam is 13 inches. It is a built-up model, framed in exact scale to the original barque. The deck includes the full complement of whaling boats, tryworks, and all the rest.

When the 12-year-old Nantucket boy Reuben G. Coffin, returned home to Nantucket in 1891 to go to school, his father, James B. Coffin, American Consul at St. Helena, ar-

ranged for the skipper of the "Morning Star" to take the lad. It was a three-months cruise, and during her passage the ship's crew took two sperm whales. Some of the teeth were presented to the young Nantucketer, and they are now still in the possession of his family.

It was not until six months after the whaleship had sailed away that Consul Coffin and his wife were informed that their young son had reached his destination safely. Reuben G. Coffin grew up to be one of the best known merchants of Nantucket, passing on only two years ago.

The model of the "Morning Star" is on exhibition at the Whaling Museum's library on the second floor of the old Candle House.

June 1, 1952

May 22, 1880

May 9, 1846

Nov. 10, 1904



The Syren, a British whaler, first of the whaling fleet, to venture into the seas of Japan in quest of the whale. This is a copy of an old drawing found in the late Lincoln Ceely's cabinet shop on Vestal Street.

T
61

FATE OF AN OLD NANTUCKET SHIP.—By late advices from the Arctic, we learn that the ship Three Brothers of New Bedford, formerly owned by and named for the Starbuck brothers of this town, was abandoned in the ice fields near Point Barrow in September, and has doubtless ended her career. The Three Brothers was engaged in the whaling service from this port through a period of more than thirty years, and nearly all of her voyages were very successful ones. She was built in 1833, and sailed on her first voyage in August of that year, under command of the late Capt. George Alley. Her second voyage was in charge of Capt. Henry Phelon; and Capt. Joseph Mitchell, 2d, still living, commanded her on two successive voyages between 1841 and 1850. While under command of Capt. Charles Cleveland from 1855 to 1858 inclusive, she made four successful seasons in the Northern Seas, obtaining about 6000 barrels of oil. She continued in the business from this port until 1865, when she was sold to New Bedford owners. Until now, her good luck has followed her, and she was one of the very few ships that escaped the general wreck in the Arctic season of 1876.

Nov. 3, 1877

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

A TELL-TALE HANDKERCHIEF.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As a verification of that ancient saying "Murder will out," allow me through your columns to relate a singular (and I believe a true story) of an incident told to me only last week, which happened many years ago, and in which an embroidered and initialed pocket-handkerchief held the place of a dumb detective. In the year 1828, the ship Topaz, Captain Brewster, of Boston, was on her homeward voyage from Calcutta. When in the vicinity of the island of St. Helena, she was boarded by a boat's crew from a long, low and rakish piratical schooner. The officers and crew were compelled to walk a plank overboard; the two passengers, brothers of the owner, were set up as targets and riddled with bullets until dead; and the ship, which was loaded with saltpetre and other East India merchandise, set on fire. Within a year of this event an American sailor, hailing from Salem, Mass., being in Cadiz, visited a bar-room, and while drinking at the bar, a number of Spanish sailors entered, and calling for stimulants, one of them laid upon the counter his (?) pocket-handkerchief. The initials and embroidery were recognized by the American as similar to one given by his sister to her lover who was one of the crew of the ill-fated Topaz. The handkerchief formed the nucleus of evidence which led to the arrest of the pirates, several of whom were afterward hung in Cadiz. Under the piratical black flag, with its skull and cross bones, and its supposed motto, "Dead men tell no tales," the sea rovers felt comparatively secure, but they little dreamed that a pocket-handkerchief would be the cause of their detection, and that as a consequence they should dangle between heaven and earth on a gallows as high, perhaps, as Haman's.

W. C. C.

June 25, 1887

Loss of Ship Union of Nantucket 105 Years Ago.

All Nantucket knows that in the early part of the last century the Nantucket whaleship Union was struck and sunk by a whale, but few have ever read the details of the story, except as handed down by tradition. Walter S. Allen, a grandson of the commander of the Union, Capt. Edmund Gardner, is now living at New Bedford and he has in his possession his grandfather's manuscript, giving his own story of this remarkable whaling casualty. Upon the one hundred and fifth anniversary of the mishap (October 1st) he furnished the following to the New Bedford Mercury, which we have taken the privilege of reprinting, owing to the local interest attached to the tale. Mr. Allen says:

"My grandfather, Edmund Gardner, was born in Nantucket in 1784 and in 1800 took up the traditional occupation of Nantucketers and started to sea to pursue the trade of whale fishing. After a number of voyages in subordinate capacities he was offered the command of the ship Union of Nantucket in 1807, and started at the age of 23 on his first voyage as master.

Sailing from Nantucket on September 19, 1807, he was only eleven days from port when his ship was struck by a whale and so badly damaged as to sink in three hours. Taking all his crew in boats he started to bring them to the Azores, a matter of seven hundred miles over autumn Atlantic seas, a distance which was successfully covered in eight days. In 1826 Captain Gardner retired from the sea and came to New Bedford to live, and died here in 1875, at the age of ninety-one years.

After active life was over for him, he devoted a part of his spare time to writing an autobiography, and from this manuscript the following transcript, covering the loss of the 'Union' and the trip in open boats for eight days before reaching the Azores, is copied. It is exactly one hundred and five years today since the 'Union' was lost. — Walter S. Allen."

Captain Gardner's account of the loss of the Union follows:

"Everything was hurried up, being late for the coast of Patagonia, and finally sailed on the 19th of the 9th month, 1807. Nothing particular transpired until the 26th instant, when a severe gale from the westward commenced. We scud under short canvass three days. At noon of the third day the wind moderated so that we spread more sail. The sea was high and running after us. At about ten o'clock the wind having veered more free, I told my second officer to put another compass into the binnacle. He went down, got the compass, was just coming from the gang-way, when the ship struck something heavily. The officer came near being thrown into the after hatchway, he catching by coamings. I immediately went out and looked over the stern of the ship, where I saw and heard a large whale spout twice. Sail was immediately taken in, for all hands was brought on deck by the concussion.

The ship was brought too, with the starboard bow to windward, hoping the wound would be out of water, or partly so at least. The pumps were set to work, our company twisting up casks to get down to the wound. In the meantime I went into the fore peak, where shocks were stowed, removed some of them, got down to the place broken, which was three feet wide and four feet long, at which place the water had flowed so as to wash over the wound or broken part. 'Twas ten feet from the stem, and six below the wales. I readily perceived 'twould be useless to attempt to save the ship from filling with water. I had one man with me with a lanthorn.

The outside plank, two timbers and ceiling plank were stove in. I sat down where I was then and calmly made up my mind what was next to be done. Came to the conclusion to do all that could be done, with the blessing of God, to preserve the ship's company. I then went on deck, told my first officer to quit levisting and come with me to the cabin. I then informed him 'twas impossible to save the ship, for she would go down, let us do what we would. I then said to the mate 'twould be useless to be frightened, but pursue a straightforward course to save the ship's company and ourselves. I then directed him to head up a small cask of bread and have it ready to go into the boat, and that I would prepare a small cask of water to go into the other. Both were put into the boats before lowering.

'Twas very rugged. Got our boat down—five men (one officer) in the same to keep her clear of the ship, with a line fast to the ship. I then lowered the second boat, with four men including an officer. Kept five men, the mate and myself on board to get another boat from where 'twas stowed. Got that one out, when we all left the ship.

I had previously told the ship's company to take all the fireworks they had and all the tholepins. Had a compass in each boat, a quadrant, lanthorn and everything that could have been useful to us, except spy-glass and trumpet, but as it proved, neither would have helped us. The ship's main royal made a sail for each boat. We left the ship at midnight, two hours after the accident, laying by with a warp fast to the ship. Had concluded to remain by the ship until morning. At 1 a. m. the ship rolled and turned over. As she went over, I heard the dog cry, which was the first time I had thought of him. Should have taken him with me had I thought of him, he having been with me on the ship on a previous voyage.

When the things began to wash from the ship we left, for fear of their breaking our boats. We kept before the wind till morning; then made sail for our boats and directed our course for the Azores or Western Islands, that being in full view before me from the time I had made up my mind to leave the ship.

The time we left was the first of the 10th month, 1807, latitude 38.40, longitude 41.52. On that day we saw a schooner far to windward under double-reefed sails, but, blowing heavy, could not get to her. Finding it difficult to keep together with three boats, came to the conclusion to let one boat go, taking eight persons in each boat. I then directed each man to put on what clothes he wanted or needed, then clear the boat of all surplus clothing, for it absorbed much water, causing too much weight for the boat. We were continually wet after leaving the ship, the water washing in on us.

The wind the following night veered to the southwest, blowing heavily, and we had to lay by through the night. It rained powerfully; the lightning ran down in streams around us, and a more dismal night was never experienced by any of us, and 'tis doubtful if any of the survivors have seen a more dismal night since. In the midst of all this terrific scene the boat in which I was shipped a sea, filling the boat half full of water. Each man, with a bucket, threw out the water till free, when no more of any consequence came in.

But through a long, dark and dismal night none could build on longer time of life than five or ten minutes. Our trust was in Divine Providence to bear us up and protect us from leaven. Never was it more fully brought to my view than at this time: 'They that go down to the sea and do business on the great waters, these see the wonders of the Lord in the mighty deep.'

It was fully impressed on my mind from the beginning that we should be favored to reach those islands. At the time I left the ship we were more than a degree south of Flores, deviated by course between Corro and Flores to be enabled to make a fair wind to one of them should we be favored to make them as expected. Had an observation daily. Our daily allowance of water was three quarts divided between sixteen, at noon of each day, after determining the latitude; also one cake of bread to each man for the same time. I soon found they could eat no more bread without they had more water. Some of them begged for more water, which I promised when the land should be in sight.

On the 8th of the 10th month, 1807, the wind came from nor'-nor'-east; 'twas thick and dark with squalls. It was really a dark day—our water nearly exhausted, night approaching, my boat leaking so that one man was bailing water from the boat continually. All but the one man throwing water from the boat and myself, were lying down.

I saw him that was bailing earnestly looking, the sail preventing me from seeing what he did. I asked him what he saw, and his reply was: 'I don't know; something black.' I then looked under the sail and saw land, a more pleasant sight never seen. I had wakened my company and told them the land was in sight. I then made a signal for the mate to come down, he being to windward. When he got within hearing I asked him if he saw the land, but he had not seen it. Immediately several of the men

called to know if they could have more water. I gave to them three quarts, the same as had been daily served to them at noon. 'Twas now 4 p. m. I then told them they should have more when we got into the land. On first seeing the land, 'twas thirty miles distant, bearing from east by south to south-east. The wind breezed on strong, with thick weather and rain. Had seen nothing for two hours, when the lights broke out suddenly on shore near the lea side. I then made a division of the last of our water.

We lay by and rested from nine in the evening till midnight, then began rowing from the southwest part of the island of Flores. By the south the shore was inaccessible, perpendicular rock for some hundreds of feet in height. I knew of no landing place short of Santa Cruz, on the northeast part of the island. We passed a landing place on the southeast part of the island not known to me, before 'twas daylight.

On coming to the landing at the principal place of the island, the inhabitants came with the produce of the island, to market, supposing our ships were near by behind the land. A gentleman by name of William Graves was there on the landing. He acted as interpreter for me. He informed the inhabitants at the landing of our situation, when our boats were taken to a place from which they could be taken up from the water to a place of safety.

By Graves I was introduced to the U. S. Consul, whose name was John Merulana Musquito Permental, and was by him furnished with everything necessary for myself, officers and ship's company. After landing I cautioned all my ship's company to be careful not to indulge too freely in their thirsty state, to injure themselves, but take little and often till their thirst abated. I made it a point to drink once in half an hour. I watched the time, and what I drank was about equal to three wine glasses full. 'Twas two days before my thirst was fully allayed. One of my ship's company indulged too freely and we came near having a serious affair with him.

We got on shore at 9 a. m. After dining I lay myself down, to 'tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,' and slept about five hours. During the time I was in my boat I slept little; many nights did not sleep at all, but in the day slept some. Such was my anxiety and that of my company to find relief by some ship or vessel that they saw many in the night, after calling to me, 'Here was a ship'; they could see her plainly. When I came to look and saw nothing, they could hardly be made to believe 'twas all imagination, and could then be quite disappointed.

I had Lascar, sailor, with me, the same that had been in the ship on a previous voyage, who talked brokenly, sometimes hardly intelligibly. I had a young man with me that previously had tried his hands making money, by taking six and a quarter cent pieces and manufacturing them into twelve and a half cents, passing them for the same. Among sailors anything that's disreputable is learned as it were by magic and treasured up. While in the boat, Lascar said to the young man, 'Well, green boy, what think now, making nine penna out of four penna hap penna?' Lascar thought it was time to make up accounts."

[It was six weeks before Captain Gardner and his crew were able to get from Flores to Fayal, and there he was obliged to remain until January 27, 1808, when he left in the brig Joanna for New York, arriving March 10, 1808, and finding passage in the ship Aldebaran, reaching New Bedford in sixteen hours.—W. S. A.]

Globe

The Globe Sailed From Nantucket 100 Years Ago.

One hundred years ago this week there was lots of hustle and bustle here on Nantucket. Whaleships were fitting out for long voyages and among them was the ship Globe, which put out from this port on the 20th of December, 1822—one hundred years ago next Wednesday.

The story of the voyage—thrilling in the extreme—has been published several times under the title of "The Globe Mutiny," and it is one of the tales that will always survive in connection with the history of Nantucket as one of the leading whaling ports of the world.

The Globe set sail on the morning of December 20, 1822, under command of Capt. Thomas Worth, and a month after her departure four members of her crew (headed by a boatsteerer, Samuel Comstock) mutinied, murdering Captain Worth and three of his officers named Beetle, Lumbert and Fisher. The mutineers then carried the ship to one of the Mulgrave islands with the intention of destroying her.

After taking out her provisions, however, the mutineers quarrelled and shot Comstock, having previously hanged one of their number. Comstock's brother George—a lad but seventeen years of age—assisted by Gilbert Smith (one of the boatsteerers) and five other members of the crew, escaped from the ship and arrived safely at Valparaiso.

On learning of the mutiny, Commander Hull, of the fleet of U. S. ships then in the Pacific, sent the schooner Dolphin, in charge of Lieutenant Percival, to the Mulgrave islands after the survivors. He found only two men living, Cyrus M. Hussey and William Lay, the others having been killed by the natives.

Hussey and Lay finally reached Nantucket safely and published a narrative of the mutiny. The ship was finally broken up at Montevideo in April, 1830.

"The New Bedford Whaler" and "Whaler's Pluck."

From the New Bedford Standard.

The old wheeze about the whaleman who told another whaleman that all he wanted from him was civility and that of the commonest, damndest kind—a wheeze which has many variations, all of them apparently wrong—has a rival. It is about the whalemen, who, on their return from a cruise, announced that they had no oil on board, but that they had a damned fine sail.

It is evidently an old story which at least two poets have thought worth perpetuating in verse. The latest to make use of it is John Masefield, whose poem "The New Bedford Whaler," from "Salt-Water Poems and Ballads," published by the Macmillan Company, runs as follows:

There was a 'Bedford Whaler put out to hunt for oil,
With a try-works in amidships where chunks of whale could boil,
And a fo'e's'le, wet and frowsy, where whalers' crews could gam,
And her captain came from 'Bedford and did not give a cent,
So over the bar from 'Bedford to hunt the whale he went.

But never a whale she sighted for eight and forty moons,
She never lowered her boats in chase nor reddened her harpoons,
So home she went to 'Bedford, where her owners came to ask,
'How many tons of whalebone, Cap, and how much oil in cask?"

The captain turned his tobacco inside his weathered cheek,
And he said "At least, the Bible says, blessed are those who seek.
We've been at sea four years and more and never seen a whale.
We haven't a lick of oil on board, but we've had a darned good sail."

So much for Masefield. He may never have seen John Paul's (Charles Henry Webb) "Whaler's Pluck," but there is a striking resemblance between it and Masefield's own poem. Naturally Webb, as a Nantucketer, made his whaler a Nantucket ship, but the theme is identical:

A whaler from Nantucket town
He had the worst o' luck;
He sailed far south around the Horn,
But not a whale he struck.

Three years he cruised, north, east and west,
From pole to torrid zone,
And when he laid his course for home
He'd neither oil nor bone.

Yet as he sailed around Brant Point,
He set his pennant high,
And when he tied up at the wharf
He lustily did cry:

"We've come home clean as we went out,
And we didn't raise a whale;
An' we ain't got a bar'l o' oil—
But we've had a damn fine sail."

There are prose versions of the incident. A clipping, dated 1905 and already growing yellow, narrates that:

Cady Herrick presided at the dinner of the Albany chamber of commerce and made his first speech since he ran for governor on the Democratic ticket. Referring to his campaign, he told a story of a whaler which was met upon its return from a long voyage by the owner.

"Got any ile?" asked the owner.
"Not a barrel, replied the captain.
"Any bone?"
"Not a bone."
"What have you got?"
"Well," said the captain, "we've had a blamed good sail."

It will be observed that Herrick's whaleman had a blamed good sail, Webb's a damn good sail and Masefield's a darn good sail. Like the other whaling yarn, which every now and then gets into the papers, and precipitates a furious controversy whenever it does, this one is salted and peppered with profanity to suit.

See another article

Daniel Webster

AUCTION SALES.

BY GORHAM MACY, AUCTIONEER.

SHIP DANIEL WEBSTER.

Wednesday, the 16th inst., at 10 o'clock, in front of the Commercial Insurance Office, the ship Daniel Webster as she came from sea, together with all her apparatus for whaling; said ship was built at Mattapoisett in 1838, of first rate materials, is 194 feet on deck, 27 feet beam, and measures 236 tons, and she is in every respect a desirable vessel for the whaling business. For any further information respecting her please apply to **MATTHEW STARBUCK**, Nantucket, June 7th, 1852.

Ship Daniel Webster reported as having been recently crushed in the ice near Point Barrow, was one of our old Nantucket whalers, having been built for Jared Coffin and others in 1838, and was commanded on her first voyage by the late Capt. Joseph Plaskett. She went several sperm whaling voyages from this port and was sold to New Bedford about 1857, since which time she has seen hard service in icy latitudes both on the Atlantic and Pacific sides of the continent, having made some voyages to the Greenland seas.

ANOTHER SHIP successfully brought in by the Camels. The ship Daniel Webster, Capt. Plaskett,—one of our finest and largest ships, with about 2300 barrels of oil on board,—came down to the bar on Monday afternoon, the 17th inst. and anchored, about 4 o'clock. The Camels were towed out during the night and sunk, and at 9 o'clock on Tuesday morning the ship was in the camels, and ready to be towed into the harbor, they then drawing only 7 feet of water. But in consequence of the very strong wind that was then blowing from the S. E., it was not thought expedient to attempt to tow them; consequently the ship remained in the camels until Wednesday morning at half-past 9, when the steamer commenced towing them in, and at 10 o'clock and 45 minutes they were at anchor in the harbor. The camels were sunk immediately, and, at half-past 12, the ship was made fast alongside the wharf, and ready to be discharged.

Whaler for Sale.

THE SHIP DANIEL WEBSTER as discharged from her last voyage, has a large inventory, and can be sent to sea for a small outlay. For any information concerning her apply to **ZENAS L. ADAMS, Agent**, Nantucket, March 18, 1857. New Bedford Mercury please copy.

LOSS OF THE DANIEL WEBSTER.—The San Francisco Examiner has the following:

Capt. Gifford, late master of bark Daniel Webster, of New Bedford, before reported wrecked in the Arctic, and his brother, E. G. Gifford, first officer, have arrived at San Francisco in schooner R. B. Handy. It appears that when the Daniel Webster was about midway between Icy Cape and Point Barrow, an opening in the ice pack was seen toward the north. Observing this open water, and following in the wake of the Eliza and the Abram Barker, Capt. Gifford decided on attempting to reach the open water on the north side of the ice pack, off the coast of Wrangell Land, where the Corwin succeeded in reaching a short time afterward. The two leading vessels went far enough to discover that they were in a crevasse, or gap, which had closed at the northern end, and was gradually closing in all around. They turned and made a run back for open water, and must have passed the Daniel Webster in a fog, as they got past her on their return trip unobserved, and the Webster went on to destruction. About the second of July the Webster became entangled in moving ice, and both anchors were dropped, but failed to take hold. The ice was moving northwesterly, and the Webster was drifting helplessly with the pack. When about opposite Point Barrow, and about eighteen miles off shore, the ice closed in on the helpless vessel in immense blocks of sixty to seventy-five feet thick, and crushed her like an eggshell, so that she became a total wreck in a few minutes. The natives, observing the critical situation of the vessel, soon made their way to her over the ice, and as Capt. Gifford and his crew threw out a portion of the ship's stores and movable property on the ice, the natives took possession of them. The captain saved his quadrant, chronometer, a large amount of provisions and two boats. The crew took the two boats to Point Barrow, which place they reached after great labor and difficulty. The natives took possession of all the stores, but gave Capt. Gifford a small amount on arriving at Point Barrow, but the crew were obliged to live on walrus. After consultation, Capt. Gifford, with twenty-two men, finally decided to go down the coast with one of the whaleboats, and Mr. Kerrigan, one of the mates, and four men, decided that they would remain with the other whaleboat, and take their chances of life with the natives at Point Barrow. Capt. Gifford's party suffered fearfully on their trip down the coast. They kept their boat in the water when they could, and at other times pushed it over the ice. At last they were obliged to abandon the whaleboat, and endeavored to make their way by walking and wading. When they reached a shallow strip of water they were obliged to plunge into the ice-cold stream and either wade or swim across, and having neither wood nor fuel for fire, they suffered fearfully of cold in their wet clothing. At last the men became so weary and disgusted that they all deserted the captain, except his brother. The crew started back to Point Barrow, preferring to take a certainty of life on walrus and bear meat to an uncertain chance of finding the whale fleet, and prospect of death by starvation. They had made about sixty or seventy miles from Point Barrow when the crew resolved to retrace their weary steps, and the whaling fleet was anchored about fifty miles farther down the coast. Capt. Gifford and mate bravely assumed the risk of reaching the fleet, and finally came in sight of the steam whaler Belvedere. Some natives volunteered to take the wearied and half-famished men to the ship, where they were kindly received and cared for, and finally were transferred to the schooner R. B. Handy, just about to start home, on which vessel they came to San Francisco. The crew were finally picked up by the whaling fleet.

Watchman

Schr. Watchman, Capt. Charles W. Hussey, sailed from this port Nov. 29th, for the Atlantic Ocean. The following is a list of officers and crew:—

1st mate, John B. Lawton; 2d do. William Mullen; boatswain, Joseph A. King; shipkeeper, Theophilus C. Backus; cook, Charles Godfrey; steward, Joseph Mello; seamen, Anotone Mathias Lopez, Jim Manuel, Orlando Sylvia, Alfred P. Backus, George A. Backus, Thomas B. Wade, John H. Williams.

1860

Watchman

Schr. Watchman, Hussey, which sailed from this port Nov. 29, 1860, for Atlantic Ocean, whaling, is reported at Centra Bay, Cape de Verdes, in January. She had a boisterous passage out. On the 11th of December, while scudding in a heavy gale, a tre-washed over her, and Mr. Theophilus C. Backus, shipkeeper, of this town, was lost. The W, had taken no oil.

1861

China

THE BARK CHINA.—In the Supreme Court in Cape Colony, September 1st, in the case of the bark China, of New Bedford, vs., the Table Bay Dock and Harbor Commission, to recover for the loss of the vessel which was capsized and her side broken in, on the 29th of July, on the Marine Railway of the defendants, the trial lasted four days, and resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff with damages assessed at £2,500 and costs. Damages were claimed in the sum of £3,500, for loss of vessel and prospective earnings, but the claim for prospective earnings was not allowed.

1874

OCTOBER 22, 1881.



